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The New AMERICAN WOMAN



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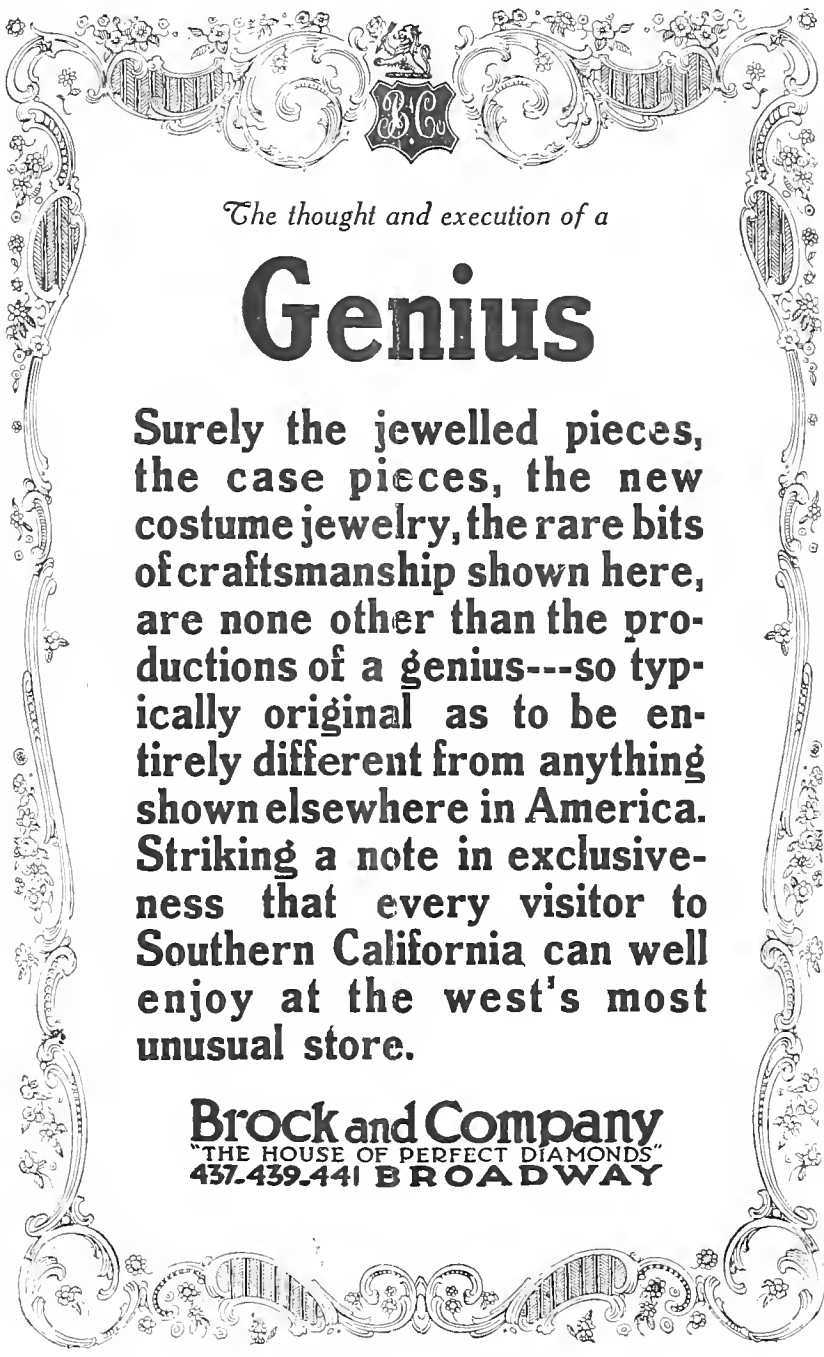
Remarkable Statue by G. B. Portanova, Unveiled at the Larchmont Hotel

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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. III.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY, 1918

NO. 1

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

American Ideals — Not Kaiserism Compulsory Health Insurance Violation of Sacred Rights

By Henry Van Arsdale

THE subject of compulsory health insurance is at present receiving much attention from the public and deservedly so; not because of any merit in the project, but because the citizenship of the commonwealth is aroused to the point of astonishment, that a plan so devoid of merit, and so far-reaching in obviously adverse results, could have been pushed to a place where its advocates expect to make it part of the organic law of this state, by means of a proposed amendment to our constitution. Three years ago the legislature authorized the Governor to appoint a social insurance commission. This commission was continued by the 1917 legislature and its duties, as defined by chapter 312 of the Statutes of 1917, are "to investigate and advise the legislature concerning a system of social insurance and to report to the next legislature." It is important to note that the commission was not authorized to engage in promoting the proposed constitutional amendment, which is a separate act, or to spend the taxpayers' money in propaganda work, which however seems to be the sole activity of its paid officials. In these three years the sum of \$47,500.00 of the taxpayers' money has been at the disposal of the commission and the results accomplished are set forth in a 340-page report.

On January 16th, 1918, the House of Representatives refused to sanction the appointment of a Federal social insurance commission and in the debate, (see the Congressional Record of January 16), it was shown that hundreds of volumes of similar reports, costing millions of the taxpayers' money are lying unused. If every reader of this magazine will secure a copy of the state commission's report, written by Dr. I. M. Rubinow, such a one will appreciate the point made that there is no more merit in the project itself than there is value in the unused reports referred to above.

Dr. Rubinow, a Russian physician educated in Germany, is undoubtedly the chief advocate of compulsory health insurance in this country. At the time of his employment in California he was the executive secretary of the social insurance committee of the American Medical Association, popularly known as the Medical Trust. Only allopathic physicians are members and a small, but very active, minority of the Association are politically engaged in Congress and in the various states in the effort to establish state medicine. Dr. Rubinow received a salary of \$600.00 per month and expenses while in this state and he came here to fasten upon our

people the system of compulsory health insurance advocated in his books on social insurance and referred to by him as "the German system." Dr. Rubinow's advice has necessarily dominated the activities of the California commission and his recommendations have influenced the members of the commission, perhaps far more than some of them realize.

In thus designating the system as "the German system" Dr. Rubinow is correct, for the scheme originated with Prince Bismarck, following the Franco-Prussian war of 1871, when he determined that a united Germany should end in a dominant Prussia. Coincident with the rise of the Kulturkampf came the necessity of meeting the growing power of that peculiar brand of socialism now known as German socialism and with it the discontent due to long hours, low wages and bad living conditions in the larger German cities. The conditions which brought forth social insurance in the land of its birth, do not and cannot exist in this country, but recent observers, such as Ambassador Gerard, for instance, agree that it has not only been a failure in Germany, as a system to relieve the indigent sick, but that it has been a great factor in producing conditions, which in their turn resulting in caste control of the masses, have ultimated in the attempt of this caste, through the present war, to dominate the world.

A child of ten knows the misery, suffering and destitution resulting from sickness. It does not require the report of state-paid welfare workers to bring the fact home; but to offer a scheme of German paternalism as the remedy excites astonishment. A democracy must necessarily strive to increase the self-reliance of its people, not to spoon-feed and coddle them. There is no place for Kaiserism or group-exploitation in our American ideals. The growth of the state is best promoted by the growth of the individual and whatever tends to take away initiative and substitute for it the opinion of state-paid experts in this, that, or the other thing, can only result disastrously.

Compulsory social or health insurance would divide the people into two classes. Those with small incomes are to be declared by law to be incapable of caring for their own affairs. They are to be compelled to submit to forced contributions, taken from their wages, to a fund which is to be administered for their benefit, when ill, by experts in the employ of the state. These experts will have power to

enforce their particular, or peculiar, medical views, order or not order a surgical operation, enter a man's house unbidden and supervise the control of what are the most sacred relations of life, for the measure includes dependents on the wage earner; coercion and compulsion will take the place of voluntary action. The judgment of the individual as to his own needs and the needs of his family, and the best way of meeting them, will be subservient to that of a state commission.

Hon. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, says:

"Compulsory social insurance cannot be administered without exercising control over wage earners. There must necessarily be a weakening of independence of spirit and virility when compulsory insurance is provided for so large a number of citizens of the state. To delegate to the government or to employers the right and the power to make compulsory visitations under the guise of health conditions of the workers is to permit these agencies to have a right to interfere in the most private matters of life."

Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, recognized universally as one of the ablest writers on the subject of health insurance, said in an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science: "For recklessness of utterances, for broad allegations contrary to the facts, for fatuous reliance upon foreign experience, the arguments in favor of compulsory health insurance have not their parallel in the whole history of social agitation and labor reform."

The sponsor of all compulsory health insurance propaganda in this country is a voluntary and self-styled organization in New York City, the American Association for Labor Legislation. One well-known labor leader, at one time a member, but who resigned with others for obvious reasons, has since renamed this organization the American Association for Labor Assassination! Dr. Rubinow, in addition to his politico-medical connections, was also on the advisory council of this association. The plan advocated as to the funds necessary to carry out the scheme provided that 40% was to be forcibly taken from the employer, 40% from the employee and 20% from the taxpayers generally. It is now announced that in California the revised plan is to take 50% from the employer and 50% from the employee and by an ingenious use of words to denominate the revised system as "a self-supporting system."

In this new announcement is really illustrated the group-consciousness of the professional "welfare" worker. Has the employer who is to pay anywhere from fourteen to twenty-two millions of dollars been consulted? Not at all. Have the wage earners, who will have a similar amount taken from their pay envelopes, given their assent? Not at all. Have these two, both of whom are to pay and one of whom is to be benefited, had any part in pushing the scheme? No, both are very much opposed to it. It is true that 67 votes were secured for it at the last convention of the State Federation of Labor, but as there are about a million wage earners in the state one is reminded of the three tailors of Tooley Street.

And then to call this prearranged, Star Chamber affair, composed of coercion, compulsion and force, a "self-supporting system!" Here we have in its essence the Prussianism from which the whole matter emanates. And urged on the voters of this state at a time when we are marshalling all our forces to defeat what President Wilson called "The Thing," on the battlefields of Europe! Hon. Jesse L. Phillips, superintendent of insurance of the state of New York, in the last annual address delivered by himself as president of the National Convention of State Insurance Commissioners, said:

"The doctrine of compulsory social insurance is not the product of American thought or the development of American ideals. It springs from a system of government which today is obnoxious to more than two-thirds of the civilized world. The thought which gave birth to compulsory social insurance in Germany was inspired by the desire to strengthen the power of the state rather than to develop and protect the liberty of the individual. In considering the subject we should not displace sound reasoning with sympathy and sentiment, nor accept fallacies for real facts. I am more convinced than ever that the proposition is fundamentally wrong and opposed to the American tradition of government."

It is gratifying to know that the responsible citizenship of the state is awakening to the real nature of this proposed legislation. In an article limited to space, as this one necessarily is, all that can be hoped for is that it will act as an incentive to further interest in the subject and to an examination into the proposed plan. Especially keeping in thought that the matter at issue is presented as an amendment to our state constitution. The constitution of the United States and of the several states carry certain guarantees in the Bill of Rights, which include the free exercise of religion and the protection of life, liberty and property. In relation to this Mr. Peter V. Ross, an attorney of San Francisco, has written:

"By inserting these guarantees in the constitution, the people have intended to place a check upon their own ill-timed and ill-advised measures, and they have designed to give to their actions the quality of justice and equity."

"People who do not understand or appreciate American ideals naturally chafe under these restrictions which the wisdom of the ages has incorporated in our organic law. Hence it is that the proponents of compulsory health insurance, when they find the constitution standing in their path, would cut away some of its most vital parts and persuade the people to surrender some of their most cherished rights—rights that have required centuries of struggle and sacrifice to secure. Such is the purpose of the proposed social insurance amendment to the constitution. It asks the people to abrogate as a scrap of paper their solemn compact that every individual shall have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of

happiness; and it would permit a certain class of wage earners to be forced under a health system prescribed by their self-constituted guardians."

"But perhaps you say that compulsory health insurance contemplates no invasion of constitutional rights. Why then are the proponents of the scheme entreating the people to change or amend the constitution and clothe the legislature with unlimited power in a matter so intimately affecting personal liberty. The principal feature of compulsory health insurance as contemplated by the friends of the constitutional amendment is medicine and surgery for those wage earners whose incomes do not exceed one hundred dollars per month. The payment of wage benefits in time of illness is secondary; medication is the primary consideration. State medicine is the ultimate; one health system for all people regardless of their individual desires and inalienable rights."

"You say that this is not the plan. Then why ask the people to amend the constitution and grant authority for such a plan? Authority already exists for any reasonable or commendable system of health insurance. This cunningly camouflaged amendment to the constitution has no right or legitimate purpose."

The proposed amendment will be one of twenty on the ballot in November. Find it on the ballot and vote No. This will leave future legislatures free to deal with the changed social conditions which will follow the victory of the allies in their present war and will keep Kaiserism out of our state constitution for all time.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

The Convention at Oakland

The Seventeenth Annual Convention of the California Federation of Woman's Clubs will meet in Convention at Oakland on March 26, 27, 28 and 29, 1918.

Questions of great moment and subjects of vast importance will be presented for consideration and adoption by this chosen body of representative women, who have built wiser than they knew. Men everywhere, in California as throughout the whole nation, have learned to rely upon women for demonstrations in good government which ages of divided effort have been unequal to encompass.

The Federal Amendment, now pending in the U. S. Senate, is the last lap, when American women will be required to lead, or to follow as they may be able, or otherwise inclined. Women are no longer a second rate power. They are the equals of men, though we confess, that the paucity in numbers of great women in evidence do not altogether justify this claim.

But men are themselves few in number, who have achieved great things in matters of government, and they have had hundreds of years the advantage of women in this field of usefulness.

Efficiency now is the watchword. We should not regard the claims of any women for advancement only because she wants the place, nor the petition of any man because he needs the office. His or her **qualifications** for the office should be, and these will be reasons that will enlist the support of intelligent voters.

The individual members of the State Federation will do well to think upon the subject of efficiency, and pledge themselves to heed the call of those only who generally know what will rightfully be expected of them as servants of the people, as members of the legislature or in any other public office. No other candidate need apply.

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The Susan B. Anthony Amendment

An Open Letter to the People

By Ida Husted Harper, Editorial Chairman Leslie Suffrage Bureau

Editor New American Woman:

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the strongest influences in securing the large affirmative vote for woman suffrage in New York was the strong support of the Amendment by the press of the State. It was the greatest victory ever won for woman suffrage, as more women were enfranchised than ever before at one time, even in an entire country, and, what is the most gratifying feature of all, this was the free-will offering of the majority of the men, while in other countries the vote has been given to women by an Act of Parliament.

Perhaps, however, the most important result of the election is the immense impetus given to the effort for an Amendment to the Federal Constitution, which is the ultimate goal of the vast majority of suffragists. The National Suffrage Association was organized in 1869 by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and other leaders for the express purpose of securing such an Amendment. It has never deviated from this object and its representatives have appeared before every Congress since that date to urge their claims. They soon learned that Congress would not act until pressure could be brought to bear from States which had made the experiment, therefore they began campaigns for amending State Constitutions, which have been continued up to the present time. Equal suffrage existed in eleven States before New York was added to the list. Each of these adjoined one or more where it already had been tried and its results were well known. This fact in itself is a convincing answer to the arguments against it.

Women should not be compelled to go on for years bearing the heavy burden of these State campaigns. Not in any other State have they as many experienced leaders as in New York and probably not in any other can they raise proportionately the amount of money they have raised here. This campaign of 1917 cost about \$700,000, all contributed within the State and principally by women. There were not more than two hundred in the City and State who received salaries. The money all went for necessary and legitimate expenses, maintaining headquarters in many places, advertising, circularizing voters and the creating of the most complete political organization of women ever known. For the past three or four years thousands of women have given their services gratuitously. This situation would have to be duplicated in all of the thickly settled States to carry an Amendment. Favorable conditions existed here which are not likely to obtain in other campaigns. The War Work of the women, their registration, etc., were a tremendous asset and the men expressed their appreciation in their ballots. The Socialist Party is stronger here than in any other State and was a large factor. One at least of the dominant parties favored the Amendment. The Trade Unions voted for it. The assistance of President Wilson was a powerful influence.

No such combination of circumstances would be possible in any other State.

There should be careful consideration of what it means for the women to appeal to the individual voters. It means that they must beg and pray for the support of thousands of ignorant immigrants and of men of every creed, race, color and condition. It means that they must go on their knees to the liquor and vice interests and to the intemperate, immoral and degraded of every kind. In the North and in the South it seems as if every man should wish to spare women from this humiliation instead of forcing it upon them in order to obtain their enfranchisement. It seems as if the men in every State should wish to set their women free from the drudgery of these State campaigns in order that their services might be utilized along the many channels of social welfare where they are so much needed.

In a number of States the Constitutions are so worded that they cannot be amended and in various others new ones can be made only at intervals of many years. In some of them only one Amendment can be submitted at a time and in still others one cannot be re-submitted until five years have elapsed. If one State every year adopts woman suffrage, which has been the average for the last seven years, it will require thirty-six for the women in all of the States to be enfranchised. If two States each year are gained, which is the most that could be hoped for, eighteen years will be required. Long before that time every progressive country in the world will have given suffrage to women and the United States will come in at the very end of the procession. This is unthinkable.

If the position is taken that three-fourths of the State Legislatures shall not enforce their will on the other one-fourth, then it must be accepted that the Federal Constitution never shall be amended. Those who maintain the State's right to determine its own electorate declare in fact that the men of the State shall decide who shall vote and may hold the women forever in a disfranchised condition if they choose to do so. It does not mean the right of the **people** of the State, but simply the right of the **men**, and this is absolutely contrary to the principle of individual representation on which our Government is supposed to be founded.

It is generally conceded that universal woman suffrage is inevitable. Why insist on the State-by-State method, which will make it impossible during the present generation, when a Federal Amendment would end the contest within a comparatively few years? After it has been submitted by two-thirds of each House of Congress it must then be accepted by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States. Their members can be elected on this issue and the men of the State will have an opportunity to direct how they shall vote. Should it be adopted each State will still be entirely free to make its own re-

quirements for voting, except that it shall not disqualify solely on account of sex.

A Federal Amendment offers the easiest, the speediest and the most dignified method for obtaining the suffrage. The women of all the States are joining in this movement for action by Congress. If all the newspapers and all the politicians in the United States should oppose it they would not be swerved from this position. Why then prolong and intensify the struggle which has already continued for seventy years? Why should Congress wait until urged by the President to submit the question? Why should it not receive its mandate from the people of the country?

In behalf of the women everywhere who want the suffrage, we earnestly request that you will extend to this Federal Amendment your valuable support and help to create a public sentiment which will justify the members of Congress from your State in voting to submit it.

Very truly yours,

IDA HUSTED HARPER,

Editorial Chairman Leslie Suffrage Bureau.

Heretofore a large majority of persons who visited the public library asked, "What shall I read?" Now they go straight to the magazine department and ask for the files of the *New American Woman*.

There is nane (none) ever feared that the Truth should be heard

But they wham (whom) the Truth would indite.
—Burns.

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Zion—Yesterday and Tomorrow

By May Whitney Emerson

"Go, view the Land!" commanded Joshua in the year 1451 B. C. The recent crusade and conquest of Palestine, led by General Allenby, has made it possible for an entire race, without a national home for 2000 years, to obey Joshua's injunction.

There are 13,510,270 Jews on earth today who,—in view of what is hoped and planned for them by the allied Christian nations,—may well lift up their hearts and sing:

"Arise thee! Let us go up to Zion, unto the Lord our God. For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob and ransomed him from the hand that was stronger than he!"

Let us glimpse "The Land" to which Jacob is invited to return.

From the sea, coming via Alexandria, we sight a long, low line of yellow sand dunes surrounding Gaza whose gates a modern Sampson has just lifted. North, on a sudden high bluff shines the snow-white town of Jaffa, Solomon's sea-port 3000 years ago. East, above a veil of mist covering the valley of Sharon, a peak of the Judean hills seems to float in the intensely blue sky. At the summit is a point of dazzling light—like a diamond in a mesh of tulle. A sun-ray has picked out Mizpah,—hoary old Mizpah of the many battles,—its white dome shining

"like a throbbing star"

Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose"; Mizpah, where Samuel the Seer gathered the Israelites before the battle of Eben-ezer, year 1120 B. C.; where Alexander the Great made his stand before entering Jerusalem as its "conciliatory conqueror" in 333 B. C.; where Judas Maccabeus halted his army for prayers before the battle of Emmaus, year 165 B. C.; Mizpah, where only yesterday, one as great as these gathered his brave Londoners together and waded out through mud and sleet to "take over" the holiest of all Holy Cities.

"The Land," small in extent, would slip easily into the borders of New Hampshire; having nearly the same contour. It has an average height of 1800 feet, and up through its center, north to south, runs a mountain-wall with eleven high peaks called "the Towers." Hermon, highest and farthest north, Hermuk, Tabor, Olivet, Jerusalem, and Hebron, farthest south, are the chief Towers.

West of the "wall" are long green-gold slopes and twenty to forty miles of plain, cooled in summer and warmed in winter by the Mediterranean sea-breeze. This is the temperate zone of Palestine with abundant water.

East of the wall, at Jerusalem, there is a sudden descent of 4000 feet in five miles into the Jordan valley which is here fifteen to twenty miles wide, with a climate like Egypt. Here also is abundant water. The valley was once a long lake or a broad river and the land is inexhaustably fertile, competent to produce all tropic fruits and flowers. Under proper cultivation the plains of Jordan from river to mountain might be today what it was in Herod's

(Continued on Page 11)

Why Vote? An Anti-Suffrage Monologue

By Ethel M. Johnson



Copyright 1918 by Ethel M. Johnson

FRIGID looking female appears on platform. She is dressed in extreme style, very short and very narrow skirt, absurdly high heeled French shoes, picture hat, lorgnette, white poodle on ribbon lead, large bow on his collar. She stares around politely at the audience for a minute, then begins in crisp and somewhat icy tones:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen: It is with extreme reluctance that I come before you this evening and stand upon a public platform, for I hate to see my sex made conspicuous. But the pernicious activities of certain obstreperous women who go about seeking to overthrow society and destroy the sanctity of the home, compels me to do so.

"The question of suffrage is a basic one. To upset the natural and existing order of things would be to turn the whole universe topsy turvy. Men and women are fundamentally, psychologically, physiologically, phrenologically, and biologically different. Scientists who have studied the problem for years have discovered that men are men and women are women! That fact, Ladies and Gentlemen, is irrefutable!

"I shudder to think what a dreadful calamity it would be for the ballot to fall into women's clutches. In the first place, they wouldn't use it if they had it! In the second place, they'd all vote the same as the men in their families and so just duplicate the present vote! In the third place, they'd all vote different from the men in their families, and that of course would mean trouble! In the fourth place,

the laws they'd enact would ruin the country! In the fifth place, they couldn't enforce a single one of them! And in the sixth place, it would make men of them!! So you see for yourselves, ladies and gentlemen, what a frightful state of confusion would result.

"Women don't deserve the ballot anyway, because they can't fight. And everybody knows that the backbone of civilization is war. Why, you can see yourselves, that so far from fighting, I couldn't even march." (Points to shoes and takes mincing step.)

"The proper place for women is on a pedestal. We can accomplish a great deal more by sitting on a pedestal than in any other way. Besides, it is more comfortable and dignified. Women don't need the ballot at all, for they have everything they want as it is. I have always made it a point to have whatever I wanted—and I have always got it—always. All this talk about desired reforms is nonsense, absolute nonsense. I speak from experience, ladies and gentlemen. Do I look as if I required shorter hours or higher wages? Certainly not! I admit that my social duties make large demands upon my time and money; but I am entirely satisfied with things as they are.

"Woman's sphere is the home. And it is a very broad and important sphere, including the matinee, whist-parties, pink teas, grab-bags, and an infinite variety of absorbing interests that demand all the time a woman has. If there were sixty hours in the day, I should still be swamped with obligations.

"But just suppose for a minute women had the vote. Think of talking about public affairs at a social occasion! Or rather don't think about it, it makes one's head ache. Think of the storms and whirlwinds there are in the western states where women now vote, and ask yourselves, Ladies and Gentlemen, if you want to introduce cyclones and tornadoes into New England! And then think of losing all that is sweet and tender and soft in women, especially all that is soft! It was intended that women should be clinging vines and that men should furnish a support for them. To give women the ballot then, would be to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Perhaps to be more exact, I should say, to kill the gander that lays the golden egg—or, if not to kill him, at least to irritate him so he wouldn't lay any more. Ladies and Gentlemen, let us unite to avert such a dire misfortune!" (To dog, "Come, Fifine! let's go.")

Countenance, encourage and advance able men and women in all places and professions. Contribute to the cultural opportunities of those who labor unceasingly in obscurity.

Those who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful.

"They helped everyone his neighbor; and everyone said to his brother, 'Be of good courage.'"

Female Voter: How are you going to vote, my dear?
Ditto: In my green velvet walking suit and matched hat.
—Orange Peel.

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer



By Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from January Number)

COLONEL Stonehill, deputy district attorney of San Francisco, had been a captain in the Southern Confederacy, but by common consent everybody called him Colonel, after the manner of those gallant, loving-hearted, Southern people, who seem never to weary in their friendly intercourse with each other.

It is hardly fair at this distance of time to relate in *hoc verba*, a reply so tart and withal so withering as was my rejoinder to the Colonel's bold announcement to the jury—she is a woman, a charge self-evident and made conclusive by the presence of the youngsters who had followed me to the Courtroom, and sat near me listening to my defense of womankind.

The defendant had plead an alibi. And the amazing part of it all was that it was true; that at the time the prosecution sought to prove the defendant guilty of setting fire to his house or cabin, that he might obtain \$500 insurance, he was actually working with a gang of men for the Spring Valley Water Company, laying water pipes in South San Francisco.

I summed up the testimony, raced through the flimsy self-serving evidence offered by the State, and closed by charging the prosecution with deliberately seeking to convict the defendant at the bar, as a sort of vicarious atonement for several other small fires on Telegraph Hill, which had aroused the resentment of a powerful insurance company.

At all events I pressed down hard upon the rich and mighty, put on the soft pedal in speaking of the poor and lowly, and played the demagogue for a few minutes after the manner of lawyers generally, and closed my speech in mezzo-quavering tones not unlike the gifted Lillian Burkhardt in her palmiest days, somewhat as follows: Gentlemen of the Jury: It now rests upon you, who never met face to face this unfortunate defendant until you took your seats in this jury box; upon you, whose names this despairing, friendless man had never even heard before you were called as jurors to pass upon the facts in his case; upon you, who at the beginning of this trial were utter strangers to him, to say the word, whether or not he shall walk from this court room a free man; and to you I confidently submit his fate, knowing that under like circumstances upon the same testimony, that this hounded, perse-

cuted defendant would find you not guilty. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.

The district attorney followed briefly but emphatically; he tore the alibi to shreds, scattered it to the winds, and roared like the bull of Bashan something about the "criminal class, the fire bugs and arson fiends that infest our fair city," and demanded a verdict from the jury then and there. To my amazement, to the surprise of the Court, whose instructions clearly favored the prosecution, the jury took the District Attorney's advice, and without leaving the box, acquitted the defendant "then and there."

My experience as a jury lawyer in criminal cases has been singularly successful. Strange, that notwithstanding this fact, I have refused more criminal cases than I ever accepted, partly because the clients who sought my services were unable to pay, but largely because I dislike the forum, dislike the contact of witnesses, the badgering of lawyers, and the glare of the morbid crowds who gather in Court rooms like human buzzards to feast on the misfortunes of their fellows, or to wallow in unholy passion as they listen to the salacious testimony of some man's sister, who had killed her lover, or followed the shameful details of a once-loved wife, who had shot to death her husband's friend for some trifling offense which her unwifely conduct had probably invited.

None of these things interest me, nor do I think they should interest self-respecting people of either sex. Such exhibitions of depravity should be heard within closed doors. In the interests of public morals courts are bound to administer the law, and the elastic rules of law designated as police power are amply able to deny the morbid putrid crowd of loafers entrance to the courtrooms. Art. VI. of the Constitution of the United States declares that: "in all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury," etc. But it is the spirit and not the letter of the law which most concerns us.

(Continued in March Number)

A TOAST TO THE FLAG

Here's to the Red of it—
There's not a thread of it,
No, nor a shred of it
In all the spread of it
From foot to head,
But heroes bled for it,
Faced steel and lead for it,
Precious blood shed for it,
Bathing it Red.

Here's to the White of it—
Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it
But feels the might of it
Through day and night:
Womanhood's care for it
Made manhood dare for it,
Purity's prayer for it
Kept it so White.

Here's to the Blue of it—
Heavenly view of it,
Star-spangled hue of it,
Honesty's due of it,
Constant and true;
Here's to the whole of it,
Stars, stripes, and pole of it,
Here's to the soul of it,
Red, White and Blue. —Anonymous.

Our Unfinished Work

Extract from an able address by Mrs. H. W. R. Strong, delivered before the Ebell Club of Los Angeles, on the occasion of "Flag Raising."

Ladies of the Ebell Society and our guests:

WHAT means this gathering here today? "The unfinished work," nobly begun centuries ago, engages our attention.

This nation founded upon a sentiment, which took up the cry "make way for liberty," must again

In the dimness of the remote past, at the dawn of history, in the north regions of the great European continent, we find our ancestors, a people filled with a savage spirit, with a thirst for bloody conflict, a people whose poetry and whose song was a fierce cry, wild and untamed like the beasts of the forests; fighting, warring, struggling, always conquering. Through this period they came purified by blood, with a consciousness of themselves, and a just estimate of their record; they bear in their hands an ensign at the head of the greatest standing army on earth—its colors, black, red, white.

Black, "Darkness through blood to light." This is the legend of the flag that precedes our own, which shines with a new glory. When we look upon its sacred colors, the black eliminated, leaving us the purification by blood, with the white, and added the canopy of heaven—we are filled with hope that one day our ship of state will go on and on—until each individual star after star, will overlap, will touch, until all color vanishes, and we shall have floating to the breeze of heaven, not that flag of truce that stays the battle for a time, but the pure white, denoting the blending of all colors, the emblem of the Prince of Peace, typifying that light of the world that shines with a glory never yet seen on land or sea; that flag which will mark the victory over slavery in every form, the consummation of peace on earth and good will to men.

America is the mother of a great race, a race where all men are brothers. Nevertheless we are a fighting people, fighting for truth, for freedom—for the oppressed. To insure peace we must be prepared for war. We must have a navy equal to all the navies of the world; we must have an army of citizen soldiers, equal to all the standing armies of the rest of the world; we must have a walled country more formidable than that which kept in check for centuries the Tartar horde—every city and town walled, every home a fortress, to such an impregnable degree that all enemies of humanity will flee from us—and honor our strength.

These things will be when the women of America stand in real life, shoulder to shoulder with those women whose sons were the walls of Sparta, "every man a brick," who received from their mothers' hands the battle shield with the injunction to "return with it or upon it."

In this period of revolutionary movement, there is no other peace but a full armed peace.

Some uncertain persons are calling for answers to certain questions.

Is war unholy? Can there be an unholy peace? This is unseemly. The hour has had its baptism of blood. America is consecrated to her task—the cause of humanity, world-wide democracy.

(Continued on page 15)



prove the stability of that foundation so seriously questioned by the passing events of war. The sacred trust, God given, and willingly taken unto ourselves, calls to us from battle-fields afar, from hundreds of thousands of victims of oppression and starvation. The bountiful hand of mother nature is stayed by tyranny that bids the helpless starve! We take up our task, and so long as oppression tyrannizes, so long as there remains one helpless struggling race, just so long as our unfinished work calls us to arms, we will press on.

"Stern Daughter of the voice of God, O Duty!"

We hear, and hearing obey."

ZION, YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

(Continued from Page 7)

time, a paradise of beauty and usefulness. What it is is a desert, parched and barren with oases near small water-courses, where live predatory Arabs in black tents resembling the Indian settlements of Southern California.

On the mountain slopes and high table-lands are all varieties of climate from tropic to snow-belt. Between Hebron and the desert of Paran all tropic fruits grow and ripen in perfection. Still, as in the days of Joshua, 3369 years ago, the grapes of Eschol are the biggest and best the earth produces.

Every fruit and grain which can be grown in any climate will, and does, flourish in Palestine. Here today one finds almost every tree and flower which he sees at home, wherever home may be. Pine and Palm, olive and apple, pear and pomegranate, plum and fig flourish on the same soil. Here is the maple, the oak, ash, alder, poplar; willows grow in splendid profusion wherever they find water. From mountain top to river brink huge oleander trees fill whole ravines with cascades of pink and white bloom. Here are eucalyptus and pepper trees, tamarisks, Pride of India, laurel, almond and walnut, date-palms, lime-trees, bananas, prickly pears and peaches touch elbows on the same or contiguous slopes. The list of flowers includes everything we knew from Persian lilac and heliotrope to water-lily and lotus, dandelion and duck weed.

Around Nablous (ancient Samaria) rose-water is made by the barrelful and attar of roses by the quart from immense fields of cultivated roses. There is a hill city built by Jewish colonists on the route from Haifa to Jaffa, the sole industry of which is flower culture and perfume-making, and this once barren, desolate mountain,—sold to these Jews 25 years ago because it was barren, desolate and useless,—is today furnishing a third of all the world's perfumes.

Every ounce of soil in which these flowers grow was carried from the valley to the top of the mountain by Jewish women and children while their men built stone terraces on the steep cliffs to hold the rich alluvial with which they have produced the city called Sommerin.

Wherever the Jew has gained a foothold in Palestine (there are 22 settlements there already), fields of grain and orchards of olives and figs are found, with vineyards on the terraced hillsides. Some of these terraces are incredibly old and have been repaired, refilled, and watered almost with tears until the desolate waste, which was Palestine fifty years ago, begins to "blossom as the rose." This is especially true around Bethlehem, a Christian town whose most important industry is carving mother-of-pearl rosaries and necklaces, knives and even portraits. Millions of little crosses are made by the children.

Galilee, around the Tower of Tabor, is as fertile as Southern California. It is a highland Paradise surpassed by none. Water abounds and vegetation is luxuriant. Yet here, as elsewhere under Turkish rule, mile on mile of glorious country lies untilled and useless. You may ride hour after hour in Galilee and see no sign of human habitation except the moldering heaps of dead and forgotten cities.

Two thousand years ago the population of Galilee

was 1500 persons per square mile. From one of the high Towers this region seemed "a continuous city with a single pave." "One could travel a year in Galilee and never sleep twice in the same place, for the cities numbered 365."

What must have been the splendor of Judea in the days of Herod when 250,000 sheep were annually slain for the Passover, "a sheep for every ten men."

Long enough "The Land" has rested, its people scattered to the four quarters of the earth. Fanaticism, barbarity, hate engendered by ignorance, greed encouraged by "false and abhorrent doctrines concerning God" are the elements which devastated Palestine and has kept her barren until yesterday; but tomorrow?

Shall not "the Virgin of Israel" rise, put on her crown and sit once more upon her throne, as was promised?

"I will cause them to return to the Land that I gave to their fathers, and they shall possess it. He that scattered Israel will gather him and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock.

"Behold, the days come that the city shall be built to the Lord; it shall not be plucked up nor thrown down any more, forever!"—(Jeremiah xxx-xxxi entire.)

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CONTENTS

	Page
American Ideals—Not Kaiserism	3
California State Federation of Woman's Clubs.....	5
The Susan B. Anthony Amendment, Ida Husted Harper..	6
Zion—Yesterday and Tomorrow, May Whitney Emerson..	7
Why Vote? An Anti-Suffrage Monologue, Ethel M. John- son	8
Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer, Clara Shortridge Foltz	9
A Toast to the Flag, Anonymous.....	9
Our Unfinished Work, Mrs. Harriet W. R. Strong.....	10
Wanted, a Governor For California, Editorial.....	12
What About the Income Tax, Editorial.....	12
White Lies, Vera Heathman Cole.....	13
Across the Editor's Desk.....	14
Sincerity, Vera Heathman Cole	15
Woman's Opportunity in U. S. Government Work, A. C. Hoff	16
The Psychology of the Movies, Georgina Townsend.....	17

WANTED A GOVERNOR FOR CALIFORNIA

No north, no south, no State division, such as "from San Francisco to the Oregon line" nor from the "Tehachapi to San Diego and Calexico" but just a governor for the whole great State of California, one who will be the friend of all the people, and who is not tied hand and foot, mind and thought, to the political juggernaut that has dominated the weak and bullied the strong, and lifted themselves from obscurity into high places for which they have no decent qualifications.

The writer remembers with undiminished admiration Governor George C. Perkins, who made the State Capitol a home of cordial welcome to the whole people, who in turn honored him as but few Chief Executives have ever been honored. They showered upon him the affection due from a kind father to his first-born son; such a governor was the "sailor boy." And, later, when California called him to the National Capitol, Senator Perkins continued to regard himself as the servant of the low-

liest as well as of the most powerful. Intensely human, always serving, he became in the U. S. Senate the idol of Californians as he had been the model governor of his State. "And gave to all the world assurance of a man."

DEAR PATIENT PEOPLE

"Which Shall It Be"

The several candidates already in the open, seeking the nomination for Governor of California, are not all mediocre, though several of them are wholly without the slightest qualification for the important office—Heney, for instance, and—but see the next number of the New American Woman.

Geographical division is out of the discussion, and it should be out for all time, for what matters it where a candidate lives, whether in San Jose or San Francisco, or in Los Angeles or San Diego, so long as he represents the best manhood of the State and is himself the best man for the office.

WHAT ABOUT THE INCOME TAX

We have been notified by the authorities at Washington, we have been warned by local bankers and bombarded by the ever vigilant press, to file our Income Tax Statement, and still we hang back, waiting and neglecting this important duty.

April 30th, 1918, has been fixed as the last day for payment, and after that the penalty will fall upon all who have not complied with the law.

The lightest penalty under the law that can be levied is twenty dollars, and one-half increase in the amount of the tax upon the income, while the maximum is one thousand dollars and fifty per cent of the tax. There are a great many good people, whose earnings, seemingly small, exceed the amount named in the Income Tax law. They have honestly regarded themselves as immune from the Tax. These are slackers from no intent to cheat the Government in its time of need, but rather because of the certainty in their minds, that their income is far below that upon which a Tax has been imposed.

Under the original Income Tax law, only persons receiving \$4000.00 annually were required to pay the tax. Later the exemption was lowered, until now the law requires every unmarried person receiving as much as \$1000 annually, and every married person receiving \$2000 to pay an income tax.

Thousands of persons have never heard of the changes in the law and who think that the income tax does not personally concern them. Accordingly, they have paid no attention to the appeals that have been made regularly from the Capitol of the Nation, from its local representatives, and from the daily press.

The New American Woman would impress upon its readers to fill out and file their statements at once. This is our plain patriotic duty and no patriot will longer neglect it.

WHITE LIES

"It was only a little white lie"—we have heard the expression so many times and laughed at it; it is not correct however, it may have not been a black lie but it was at least a grey lie; only truth is white.

We would be tempted to use little black lies oftener than we do, if we could erase them as easy as the "white lies" from our reputation.

The question of truth and falsehood is one that has two sides, however, and just because the other side is hardly ever discussed let us investigate it first, always. Was there a good reason for the lie?

No one has any respect for the cruel, brutal, tactless truth-teller.

There are so many things which do not have to be told, or which only cause trouble if they are told and we find people going around the world just glorying in their ability to tell these things.

Truth to my mind has as much a meaning or quality of protection as "love"; we would not find "love" telling things which would hurt, place in a questionable light, or harm, any human being.

One should not bring trouble upon another by thoughtless blabbing, and then try to hide under the banner of truth as an excuse.

The repeating of things harmful to our neighbor's character be they true or false, is unnecessary, and is as bad a fault as telling an untruth about them, for in so doing we have poisoned one mind against them and what more could we do?

When we are tempted to be thoroughly truthful about the faults of another, if we will stop long enough to put ourselves in that one's place, we will refrain from telling many things that are better unsaid.

On the other hand, if our neighbor cannot depend upon our word as a truth-teller, in the every day affairs of life, we need not expect to get truth from him in our dealings nor hold his respect. It is human nature to give what we get.

All the relations of men, one with the other are founded on Truth.

When one cannot be depended upon to tell the truth, he soon becomes the last man we have any dealings with, and rightly so.

Veracity is as important a quality in a business man or woman as is honesty.

We would just as soon be cheated in this world as to be lied to; lying is cheating anyway for it is robbing our fellowman of something he has a right to now, in most cases.

All things that are true, in the sense of being right and just, are rightfully the property of all men; all truth is universal.

When we seek to substitute an actual untruth for a truth, knocking down one brick from the foundation upon which the whole of man's relation to man stands, we are working harm both to ourselves and to our brother man.

One untruth or falsehood seems such a trivial thing when it serves our purpose; were every man to avail himself of this privilege what would become of our efforts toward civilization?

Were Truth not upheld all our business relations would count for naught as they are founded on truth, man to man; all of our social relations would

be a farce because belief in one another is the bond which links us together; in the spiritual realm all belief in the Almighty would be lost, for man learns belief in God only through belief in the goodness of his fellowmen.

Truth one with the other is the golden chain which binds men together and lifts them up to a belief in God.

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FRANCE

The mighty heroes of her past,
Are France's glorious seed.
In the hour of travail and of pain,
Within her sons they are reborn again,
To serve her in her need.

Like ancient Egypt's plague or ocean's wave,
On rolls the barbarous Hun.
"They shall not pass!" the oath is said,
"Till every son of France is dead,
"And silent every gun."

Some said she was decadent,
Casting aspersion on her fair name.
But now the names of Marne, Vardun,
Prove the false critics spoke too soon,
Still matchless is her fame.

Decay and Death lurk not within,
France fears no foe, near nor afar.
Burning brightly midst War's murky night,
Her torch is Freedom's beacon light,
Democracy's bright star.

JAMES T. EAGNY.

AND STILL THEY COME

With each day's mail come subscriptions to The New American Woman, and without an agent in the field, not a single one to plague you with requests for an interview, consuming your valuable time, the list of readers grows, and grows, and grows.

The editor is grateful for this evidence of appreciation. Meanwhile she knows that she should devote more time to the enterprise, she knows, too, that to do so she would be compelled to forego the practice of law, and forego the financial returns of a carefully managed law business. This would be a sacrifice which the editor dare not undertake just yet.

But if all our readers will re-assure us by renewing their subscriptions, doubling the size of their checks, we will prove up on every promise. Ask for sample copies. Will send the magazine three months on trial. Annual subscription \$1.50, 15 cts. a copy.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.



Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, brilliant writer and consistent advocate of suffrage writes the editor of the New American Woman as follows:

My dear Mrs. Foltz:

Every time that I have received a copy of your admirable magazine I have wanted to write you. I have been so busy, however, working for that amendment—sending out 5,000 letters where they would do the most good, among other things—that I have neglected it.

The women of the Western States, which have so generously given the suffrage, can have no idea of the tremendous opposition which is encountered in the Middle, Eastern and Southern States. We would like to see universal suffrage during this generation, which we will not do if it has to depend upon the State-by-State method. We expect to secure the ratification of the necessary thirty-six State Legislatures within the next two or three years.

It was the splendid response of New York women to the demands of the government for military service that won the suffrage for them. Had they not taken advantage of this unequalled opportunity they would not be enfranchised citizens and in a position to get this Federal Amendment from Congress. Canada has given the suffrage because of the war work of her women and this was the supreme reason why Great Britain finally capitulated. In every European country the women are demanding the suffrage because of the sacrifices of every kind which they have been compelled to make since the war began. Why should the women of the United States be the only ones in all the world to put aside their claim at this critical moment? Had they done so they would not deserve the vote should it be granted to them.

I am glad to see that you accept it as settled that the Federal Amendment will soon be submitted. You have observed its endorsement by the two National political conventions within the past week, which assures its acceptance by the Senate. We hope that a favorable vote will be recorded in that body before the first of March. You have noticed of course that there is no seven years' limit, but that it will remain submitted until it has been submitted by the Legislatures.

Fraternally yours,

IDA HUSTED HARPER.

SO SAY WE ALL

"I mean to stand upon the constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's and Truth's. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern the country's fate. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer or if he fall in defense of Liberty and the constitution of his country."—Daniel Webster in the United States Senate, July 17, 1850.

WIN-THE-WAR DAY

A Sacred Pledge

"211

The first anniversary of the entrance of America into the war for liberty against slavery, for democracy against German autocracy will be celebrated April 6, 1918.

Patriotic societies in Washington have proposed the following pledge to be repeated on that day by every man, woman and child:

"I affirm my undivided loyalty to the cause for which we fight—the cause of justice and human liberty. I gladly lay upon the altar of the nation's need my material possessions, my bodily strength and my mental powers, to serve and to save America and those ideals for which it stands, and to keep the Stars and Stripes on high with honor. I pledge my hand, my heart and my life."

Regeneration, the name of the statue which adorns the front page of the New American Woman was used with some discrimination as it may without a very far stretch of the imagination be said to symbolize or at least stand in harmonious relation with that New American Citizen, the New American Woman.

Regeneration stands for old ideals that have survived and in the transmutation called progress evolved into something finer and better than the preceding standard. It is this new civilization that the sculptor had in mind when he conceived his ideal symbolizing the coming race. Genius seldom comes together in groups, but on the occasion mentioned by the writer, at the atelier of the artist, Mr. Portonova, there were two sculptors, an artist, a poet and several mediocre lights, with that American nonchalance about acquiring a foreign tongue.

With true Latin courtesy and ardor he led the way to the room, bare to chilliness, where his statue, twice life size, reposed on its crude wooden base, and explained in his limited English the message he had tried to bring to civilization.

From the present conflict and struggles of nations, for the loss of the flower of manhood, and the present submerging of ideals, the artist sees, arising out of the awful conflict, a new, sublime Truth and Beauty.

While looking into the future with the vision of a mystic, his masterpiece is not dedicated alone to posterity, giving it all the glory, but embraces the masses who in the very now are in the grasp of war horrors.

At an elaborate reception given in his honor, at the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, Feb. 14, 1918, the statue was unveiled to the public and dedicated

by the artist to Liberty, to Humanity and to the Chief Executive of the Nation, President Wilson.

Regeneration then is the master conception and inspired ideal of the artist, who has sought in it to portray the motif and soul of universal thought and the sublime idealism of Truth.

Mr. Portonova is a native of Rome, Italy, and has been a resident of San Francisco only since 1914.

SINCERITY

One half of the troubles which we have in this world are caused because somebody, somewhere or somehow has been insincere.

Real sincerity is one of the finest characteristics a person can have and is sure to be popular because it is so very rare.

It does not take actual lying or prevarication to stamp a person as insincere and yet pretending something that one is not, is that in the heart if not in words.

We are so anxious to have people think well of us, so proud of our virtues and our talents and so ashamed of our faults and failures that we unconsciously fall into a habit of insincerity; and habits are hard to get out of one's system.

When we make-believe, we are cheating those around us into a wrong valuation of our character.

Those whose lives are touched by our lives have as much right to know what we are, what we stand for, and what they can expect from us under certain circumstances, as they would have to know our financial rating if they were doing business with us.

We would not expect a bank to lend us money if we could give no security; neither should we expect the trust of our fellowmen in the every day affairs of life, when our real character does not stand back of the things we pretend.

No amount of talking and bragging on our part will really change the impression which our real living makes. Emerson says: "What you are stands over you the while and thunders so loudly that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary." So what is the use trying to deceive?

It is what we really are that counts with our neighbor, no matter how much we may strive to cover up our deficiencies or "make character" by practicing insincerity.

Sincerity in small things is a pass-key to those of greater importance and value.

Sincerity is a quality which our brother man has every right to expect from us; since he has to live with us it is his right to know us as we really are.

Sincerity is one of the sweetest flowers in the garden of life and if it were more carefully cultivated the world would be much more sweet and fragrant.

Insincerity is one of the great big roots of all evil.

Things of character always right themselves in the end, but if we are not sincere it causes a constant re-adjusting on the part of those around us to fit what we are to the garment of our pretensions.

If all the petty lying and pretending were done away with, we could look into the eyes of our fellowmen calm and unafraid, giving them the best of ourselves and the best would come back to us.

Only in the degree that we are sincere will we

make progress in character building; when we spend our time trying to cover up our faults and failures, instead of facing them, there is no chance to overcome them.

It pays to be sincere, even with ourselves, for only when we give the right value and not an extravagant estimate to our virtues or our talents, can we realize their actual worth in our lives.

An ounce of sincerity is worth more than a pound of flattery.

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OUR UNFINISHED WORK

(Continued from Page 10)

There was war in Heaven, St. Michael and his angels fighting that old dragon, who was cast down to earth, where he abideth still; our country is at war; and who is not loyal to his country is disloyal—and there is no middle ground.

No battle for humanity has ever been lost, nor can be lost! No battle for freedom can be other than work for Him who is the God of battles. Let there be no more questioning, our call is to go forward.

When the Master was assaulted by an armed mob His first question was "are there any swords." "There are two." His answer, "It is enough."

In this is a lesson, be prepared for defense, but "do not live by the sword," have it in hand ready to unsheath when necessity requires.

There can be no legislative peace—swords made into plowshares by legislative enactment would mean annihilation. Obedience to law is right, but no law can be enforced without power behind to compel obedience—in fact, law had its origin and derives its force and authority from "immemorial practice and universal consent of the people."

Courts of law are battles as much so as the tournaments of the past where full armored knights measured their strength for a cause! Single combat has been followed by armies, single combat must again be in vogue but in a different sense; that combat with the foe within, which to overcome is a harder battle than taking a city; but when won, and each individual is self-governed, then and not till then will have been reached the highest government and the ideal realized. Then and not till then will wars cease, and our work be finished.

Madame Woolley

Gowns

BRACK SHOPS

PROMENADE 8

PHONE F 2410

Woman's Opportunity in United States Government Work

By A. C. Hoff, Civil Service Training Expert, Grosse Bldg.



Never before was the scope of vocational opportunity for women so wide, nor the chances for even untrained women to earn money so many and varied. The time has come when it is not only the duty of American women, but the opportunity also for them to step in to take the places which the men have been called to vacate. The advice of authorities on women in industry, however, is to the effect that adequate training is essential for efficiency today, and the war has brought into existence many sources of instruction

for women desirous of training for industry. The United States Civil Service offers such an opportunity.

From all the information that I have been able to get, and from the reports that I have perused, I believe Civil Service is in its infancy. As the Government finds it necessary to enlarge its field of endeavor in many departments, including Government ownership of railroads, telegraph and telephone systems, I believe the United States Civil Service army will be increased by thousands and thousands who have received their positions as a result of a competitive test and have been given their appointments entirely on the merit basis. The Government is beginning to recognize the fact that there are many departments in which women can do the work as well if not better than men.

An army of women in this country must stand back of the army of men who must fight for our liberty. This army of women must continue even after the demobilization of the men's army is effected. Experts who have

looked into the question thoroughly say that it will take years and years, after peace has been declared, to clear up the clerical work connected with the war. This means that Civil Service positions mean permanency.

Civil Service offers so many opportunities for women who have had no business training, as well as for those who have had adequate business experience. Thousands and thousands of new appointments have been made and are still to be made in Washington, D. C., and in the various districts as first-grade clerks, bookkeepers, clerk-bookkeepers, bookkeeper-typists, stenographic clerks, typists, stenographers, clerk-typists, Custom House and Internal Revenue officers and clerks, Income Tax Collection clerical work, War Tax Collection work, Ordnance Department, Quartermaster Department, and many other departments of the Civil Service. First-grade positions do not require either stenography, typewriting, or bookkeeping, nor does it require any former business experience.

Federal Civil Service is real Civil Service. Merit counts and merit alone. The work is pleasant; hours the best; promotion as deserved, according to initiative and executive ability; and the environment and working conditions are good. Permanency is the chief factor to be considered. All these things make the United States Government service the ideal vocation for capable men and women. Teachers, normal school and college graduates are finding in the Government service the kind of work that most appeals to them. There are hundreds of women all over the country who are capable of more than they are accomplishing. There are hundreds needed to back Uncle Sam in his tremendous undertaking. There are hundreds who desire a future in the business world, and there are hundreds who, if they get into the Government work now, are building a foundation for a big commercial future. Opportunity does not wait for us. We must be prepared and take it as it comes, or it is lost. I advise those not permanently settled, or not thoroughly satisfied with the work they are doing, to investigate the possibilities in Uncle Sam's service. Uncle Sam needs you!

Government Positions for Women

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The Psychology of the Movies

By Georgina S. Townsend

AFTER spending five years with the intricacies of orange ranching, which intricacies included the big freeze, three floods, and a famine from scale, I returned to civilization, which is Los Angeles, to find the moving picture to be second only to the automobile in wonderful advancement during that five years. I immediately became a movie fan. My reasons for so doing were various. I had lost all sense of anticipation while ranching, because it is beyond human endeavor to anticipate what California will dish up in the shape of weather to an inoffensive orange grower. I had lost all hope, because after having one flood wash me off the earth I had had two more wash me practically out of existence, so I was hopeless, and I did not have an illusion left to my name. Therefore I turned to the picture plays which are all illusion, to regain a normal state of mind. They proved to be worth while, —the moving pictures. They restored in a measure much I had lost in battling with the stern realities of ranching, and I became a regular patron to them for some time before I began to notice the audiences. Recently they have proved more interesting than the pictures.

What psychological effect will the movies have upon the present generation, was naturally a question which arose in my mind, as soon as I had grown rested and observant. I had come to them without much of anything left in my mind, except harassment. Being deprived of hope and anticipation and illusion one finds oneself bereft of about all that makes life worth while. I knew from hard experience that things do not come out right, regardless of how much one tries, so that at first the fact that every picture showed success for the ending, rather grated upon me, yet in course of time, I had that much of my illusions of life restored to me through the photo drama. I did not bring to the theater the absolute sophistication that seemed to mark the youngsters about me. They all knew exactly how every illusion in the picture is done. They know all the scenes shown. "That's the postoffice at Topanga," "There is the road in Laurel Canyon," "I saw them taking that scene on Spring street," and "Say, he's no good, I know the feller that sells him his cigars," were comments freely made by members of the audience. Evidently familiarity of the moving picture people, and the California scenery, has bred a certain amount of contempt in the youthful movie fan. Nothing of pleasure would seem to be left to them, because they know exactly what a villain does a certain thing for, and exactly what he will do next, and just how the heroine is going to escape. Why then do they attend? They can get no anticipation, and no illusion from what they regard so cynically. If the youth of seventeen of today can be neither amused nor interested in what they see, what shall we expect of them at forty? Will they be the better off for having no illusions, no anticipations and no hopes when they are young, to be crushed by the stern realities, the hard failures, and the doubtful successes of life? This is a psychologi-

cal development which it will be interesting to watch.

This youthful cynicism seems to be more prevalent in the higher priced houses, on Broadway, than in the five cent houses on the same thoroughfare. I have wondered about that. We go to see a star, and whatever he or she does, we accept as being the proper thing in photo-drama. Some of the things the stars are doing are really too absurd for words, so absurd that they are both clever and amusing, but not the slightest true to nature, nor to life. Then in some of the five cent houses they show just as absurd stuff, which is not greeted with laughter, but with guffaws at its absurdities, yet it is no more absurd than the stuff the stars are doing. But the class of people that attends the five cent shows is a different class from that which attends the ten, twenty and thirty houses. It is not such a blasé, sophisticated crowd.

It takes its shows more literally. It does not care how the picture is made. It is not looking at a picture. It is looking at life, and it wants its life pictures, true to life. It guffaws if it sees an absurdity upon life. It does not care who is doing the acting, because what it is looking at is not acting, but reality, and it has kept its illusions, and its anticipations and its hopes and brings them to the show keyed up to the highest pitch. The audience in a five cent show is the most interesting in the city. As a rule the houses are small, though showing fine pictures, and the voices of excited gazers can be heard throughout the place, and the comments made by them are funnier than a show, and the rabid desire of the young girls and women for murder, and revenge, and bloodletting is simply astounding! The young thing in front of me looks as though she would not hurt a fly, as though she would squeal at a mouse, and yet she sits watching two men knifing each other to death, drawing in her breath between her teeth, and shaking all over with excitement, and when the villain has been done to death by the trusty knife of the hero (I shudder to think what would happen to such an audience if by mistake the director had the hero done to death by the villain accidentally) she lets go of her breath, and says audibly to her escort, "My God, I'm glad he got him!"

And beside me sit two young things, a girl of seventeen and her sister of ten, and they watch the picture with much comment.

"Of course he loves her, and will get her. You watch him. Ain't he fine," the big sister admonishes. But obstacles to be overcome before he gets her are tremendous, and include a wonderful hair-breadth escape from a pit of death, with the heroine tackled firmly to the hero's waist by rope while he digs his way up the crumbling sands. Every step of this perilous ascent is commented upon vividly by the two beside me, and when the hero slips with exhaustion and almost falls back into the abyss but is deftly caught by the heroine, (the sophisticated youth at the higher priced places would calmly tell you how this was done, and would

thereby miss the thrill of his life,) the older girl screams out, "I pray to God he saves her." Her prayer is answered, for of what use would a director be, if not to save the situation, but the girls beside me are not thinking of directors, nor of the story which must come out right. They are witnessing life, as real and absolute as though they were living it. Yet one wonders what such girls would actually do, if such calamities should touch them in real life. Perhaps they will wring life dry of all its emotions by photodrama, instead of reality. If so, they will have been spared much misery and afforded great pleasure.

The newcomers behind me are a fond hubby, an excitable wife, and a child. "Now don't get excited," cautions hubby as wifey's breath goes with a sob. "Oh, why don't they go on," she pleads, as the picture flashes off at its most terrifying point, to show the caption, which she reads in a rush, and then must wait an interminable time until the rest of the audience has had time to read through. "I can't live if they don't go on," she wails. "Now don't get excited, darling," cautions the hubby again. "It will all come back in a minute." "But I can't wait," shrills the woman, and the child asks anxiously, "Will he kill him, father; do you think he will kill him?" "Yes, yes, petty, y-e-s-s," replied the busy father. Comes back the picture, and a long drawn breath from the wife results. Then she begins to really get excited. Her voice rises. "Oh, why don't he strike? Oh, the big boob, can't he see the other feller is going to kill him? Oh, why don't he strike?" And of course he does strike, at the exact moment when he should, knowing all the time that the villain was behind him, and the woman cries out in delight, "Goody, goody, goody."

Now what do you think of that? What is the psychological effect going to be upon us as a race of people during the next ten or fifteen years? We have got to be thrilled. In the higher priced houses, it must be absurdity which thrills us, stars shooting over office buildings, and jumping moving trains, taking flying leaps from automobiles over cliffs, anything so that it is of tremendous risks, and even then the sophisticated onlooker remarks that the trick was done so and so, yet he must have it even if it is done by tricks. In the cheaper houses, the thrills produced must be murder, and fights, and wife beating, and abuse of crippled children. It is the shilling shocker, the dime novel over again only a million times more intense. The youngsters so small they can not read the captions, go to see the pictures, and beg their elders to read 'what it says,' and they are as excited and as thrilled as the older ones.

Think of the perverted emotions developed by the moving pictures, and then wonder what the effect at large will be. Yet the movie fan does not want a fine story, and fine acting, with fine ideals exploited. No, it wants its thrills, and such thrills as they are likely never to experience in real life. For what one of us, looking at the pictures, expects to be held up and robbed, or beaten by thugs, or knifed by a jealous rival, or thrown over a cliff from an automobile, as we go on our peaceful way homeward. The very premonition of any such disaster overtaking us would frighten us into seventeen different sorts of fits. 'Tis an odd phase of life we are living through. Has it anything to do with the amazing record of young criminals?

"'Tis a problem perplexing very,
To the cannibal maid, and the missionary."
Indeed it is.


DYNAMITING BALLOON IN MIDAIR

Venice offers a very sensational attraction for St. Patrick's Day (Sunday, March 17th), when "America," Ed Unger's queen of the air, a monster gas balloon, will be dynamited over the Venice pier at a height of 10,000 feet. As a novel attraction this is one of the greatest aerial stunts ever staged and as it is on the present lines of military tactics, it offers a double attraction for the people of Southern California.

Unger will unleash the balloon at promptly 8:30 p. m., following the band concert, amid a glare of magnesium flares and a display of fireworks. Red and green lights will mark the course of the balloon through the air until one minute before the time fuse connecting the dynamite inside the balloon reaches its mark. During the interval of sixty seconds the sky will hold no trace of the big gas bag, for utter darkness makes the display and the explosion all the more intense and fascinating.

Everyone is interested in war and war subjects and in this aerial feat Venice is producing something that is in keeping with the times.

In addition to the big feature there will be hundreds of lesser but just as interesting features that will make your day at Venice one of keen pleasure. The "Green Ball" at the dance pavilion from 2 p. m. to midnight, with its many novelty specialties, the green balloon shower on the pier, "The Wearing of the Green" sung by Ethelyn Ostrom with the Venice band, the green decorations and the green ocean, will make Venice the green spot of pleasure on March 17th.



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PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

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NO. 2

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

President Wilson Defies Germany Triumphant Force Without Stint or Limit

First Anniversary of the War, Baltimore, April 6th, 1918

"FELLOW-CITIZENS:

"This is the anniversary of our acceptance of Germany's challenge to fight for our right to live and be free, and for the sacred rights of free men everywhere. The nation is awake. There is no need to call to it. We know what the war must cost, our utmost sacrifice, the lives of our fittest men, and, if need be, all that we possess. The loan we are met to discuss is one of the least parts of what we are called upon to give and to do, though in itself imperative. The people of the whole country are alive to the necessity of it and are ready to lend to the utmost, even where it involves a sharp skimping and daily sacrifice to lend out of meager earnings. They will look with reprobation and contempt upon those who can and will not, upon those who demand a higher rate of interest, upon those who think of it as a mere commercial transaction. I have not come, therefore, to urge the loan. I have come only to give you, if I can, a more vivid conception of what it is for.

The reasons for this war, the reason why it had to come, the need to fight it through and the issues that hang upon its outcome are more clearly disclosed now than ever before. It is easy to see just what this particular loan means, because the cause we are fighting for stands more sharply revealed than at any previous crisis of the momentous struggle. The man who knows least can now see plainly how the cause of justice stands and what the imperishable thing is he is asked to invest in. Men in America may be more sure than they ever were before that the cause is their own, and that, if it should be lost, their own great nation's place and mission in the world would be lost with it.

I call you to witness, my fellow-countrymen, that at no stage of this terrible business have I judged the purposes of Germany intemperately. I should be ashamed in the presence of affairs so grave, so fraught with the destinies of mankind throughout all the world, to speak with truculence, to use the weak language of hatred or vindictive purpose. We must judge as we would be judged. I have sought to learn the objects Germany has in this war from the mouths of her own spokesmen, and to deal as frankly with them as I wished them to deal with me. I have laid bare our own ideals,

our own purposes without reserve or doubtful phrase, and have asked them to say as plainly what it is that they seek.

We have ourselves proposed no injustice, no aggression. We are ready whenever the final reckoning is made, to be just to the German people, deal fairly with the German power, as with all others. There can be no difference between peoples in the final judgment, if it is indeed to be a righteous judgment. To propose anything but justice, even-handed and dispassionate justice, to Germany, at any time, whatever the outcome of the war, would be to renounce and dishonor our own cause. For we ask nothing that we are not willing to accord.

It has been with this thought that I have sought to learn from those who spoke for Germany whether it was justice or dominion and the execution of their own will upon the other nations of the world that the German leaders were seeking. They have answered, answered in unmistakable terms. They have avowed that it was not justice, but dominion and the unhindered execution of their own will.

The avowal has not come from Germany's statesmen. It has come from her military leaders, who are her real rulers. Her statesmen have said that they wished peace, and were ready to discuss its terms whenever their opponents were willing to sit down at the conference table with them. Her present Chancellor has said—in indefinite and uncertain terms, indeed, and in phrases that often seem to deny their own meaning, but with as much plainness as he thought prudent—that he believed that peace should be based upon the principles which we had declared would be our own in the final settlement. At Brest-Litovsk her civilian delegates spoke in similar terms; professed their desire to conclude a fair peace and accord to the peoples with whose fortunes they were dealing the right to choose their own allegiances. But action accompanied and followed the profession. Their military masters, the men who act for Germany and exhibit her purpose in execution proclaimed a very different conclusion. We cannot mistake what they have done—in Russia, in Finland, in the Ukraine, in Rumania. The real test of their justice and fair play has come. From this we may judge the rest. They are enjoying in Russia a cheap triumph, in

which no brave or gallant nation can long take pride. A great people, helpless by their own act, lies for the time at their mercy. Their fair professions are forgotten. They nowhere set up justice, but everywhere impose their power and exploit everything for their own use and aggrandizement, and the peoples of conquered provinces are invited to be free under their dominion.

Are we not justified in believing that they would do the same things at their western front if they were not face to face with armies whom even their countless divisions cannot overcome? If, when they have felt their check to be final, they should propose favorable and equitable terms with regard to Belgium and France and Italy, could they blame us if we concluded that they did so only to assure themselves of a free hand in Russia and the East?

Their purpose undoubtedly is to make all the Slavic peoples, all the free and ambitious nations of the Balkan peninsula, all the lands that Turkey has dominated and misruled, subject to their will and ambition and build upon that domination an empire of force upon which they fancy they can then erect an empire of gain and commercial supremacy—an empire as hostile to the Americas as to the Europe which it will overawe—an empire which will ultimately master Persia, India and the peoples of the Far East. In such a programme our ideals, the ideals of justice and humanity and Liberty, the principle of the free self-determination of nations upon which all the modern world insists, can play no part. They are rejected for the ideals of power; for the principle that the strong must rule the weak, that trade must follow the flag, whether those to whom it is taken welcome it or not, that the peoples of the world are to be made subject to the patronage and overlordship of those who have the power to enforce it.

That programme once carried out, America and all who care or dare to stand with her must arm and prepare themselves to contest the mastery of the world, a mastery in which the rights of common men, the rights of women, and of all who are weak, must, for the time being, be trodden underfoot and disregarded, and the old, age-long struggle for freedom and right begin again at its beginning. Everything that America has lived for and loved and grown great to vindicate and bring to a glorious realization will have fallen in utter ruin and the gates of mercy once more pitilessly shut upon mankind!

The thing is preposterous and impossible! And yet is not that what the whole course and action of the German armies has meant wherever they have moved? I do not wish, even in this moment of utter disillusionment, to judge harshly or unrighteously. I judge only what the German arms have accomplished with unpitied thoroughness throughout every fair region they have touched.

To Discuss Peace

What, then, are we to do?

For myself, I am ready, ready still, ready even now, to discuss a fair and just and honest peace at any time that it is sincerely proposed—a peace in which the strong and the weak shall fare alike, but the answer when I proposed such a peace came

from the German commanders in Russia, and I cannot mistake the meaning of the answer.

I accept the challenge! I know that you accept it. All the world shall know that you accept it.

It shall appear in the utter sacrifice and self-forgetfulness with which we shall give all that we love and all that we have to redeem the world and make it fit for free men like ourselves to live in. This now is the meaning of all that we do.

Let everything that we say, my fellow countrymen, everything that we henceforth plan and accomplish, ring true to this response, until the majesty and might of our concerted power shall fill the thought and utterly defeat the force of those who flout and misprize what we honor and hold dear.

Germany has once more said that force, and force alone, shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether right as America conceives it or dominion as she conceives it shall determine the destinies of mankind.

There is, therefore, but one response possible for us:

Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust!

LET US NOT DECEIVE OURSELVES—BY SACRIFICE WE PROVE SINCERITY

At the call of Mrs. J. T. Anderson, Chairman of the Third Liberty Loan Drive, twelve hundred and more women came in droves to the Alexandria last week and sat spellbound throughout three hours of patriotic explanation of the duty of every American citizen to sacrifice, to stint themselves and families and loan to the Government by buying its Third Liberty Loan Bonds and thus provide for every need of our boys "over there." The occasion was an experience and an inspiration which leaves nothing to be added.

To Mrs. Anderson much credit is due for the yeoman service she has rendered in organizing the women for the special precinct work. No less honor, though in a broader and still more difficult field, is due Mrs. Edwin Rankin Brainerd, State Chairman Woman's Liberty Loan Committee.

At the request of Mrs. Wm. G. McAdoo, National Chairman, Mrs. Brainerd has covered the whole State of California, called the women of every County together and spoken in person to them of their patriotic duty in this greatest crisis of the world war, to subscribe liberally for the Third Liberty Loan Bonds, and prove to California's gallant men the sincerity of women by their sacrifices in our common cause.

With claps of steel Mrs. Brainerd has bound together the women of Southern California in this supreme opportunity to show our faith by our works. If victory for ourselves and our allies shall depend upon the liberal subscriptions of the women of America, then we may rest secure and confident that we shall "go over the top," rank and file, and that our allotment will be oversubscribed long before the drive has passed its first half month.

The World Revolution Great Issues at Stake . . .

By Hon. John S. Chambers, State Controller of California



THE world war long since became in reality a world revolution, and from it there will continue to flow tremendous changes—social, economical and political—that will vitally affect mankind until the end of time. It is an upheaval that will mean in the end the elevation of the masses, the elevation of the people, the

abrogation and perhaps the elimination of classes, of special privileges, of undue wealth in the hands of a few. There is to come, and it is now in progress, a great adjustment. And the basis of this adjustment will be Justice. President Wilson in addressing a letter to the Democratic party of New Jersey, his home State, recently, urged them to abandon old party slogans, old party ideas, and to recognize that we are now confronted by a great change, that we must prepare to meet the transformation and that it is going to require a new order of thinking, a new way of doing things and a new conception of life, its purposes and its problems.

All thinking men and women appreciate the truth of the President's words. To any but the blind, it is apparent that the most tremendous effects are to follow this world revolution and so the urgency rests upon us to prepare ourselves for the changes as they materialize.

We must prepare to put our house in order. We must not be caught unawares. And so among the thoughts that come to me at this time is that along governmental lines we must begin to so shape legislation and administration as best to meet the adjustments that are bound to come, to meet them with the least shock and the least loss. I shall not endeavor in this particular paper to touch upon more than one of the great issues at stake and then touch in a very general way upon the topic.

I welcome this particular opportunity afforded me by The New American Woman to bring forward thus publicly thoughts upon this great problem and how best it can be met. The great problem is the tremendous increase in the cost of government—upon the part of the government at Washington, the governments of the various States and their political subdivisions. And the way in which it best can be met is through the education, the enlightenment of the people. And I firmly believe that in this great task of education the women will play a very conspicuous part. They are in a better position to do so than are the men, at least in the State of California. The women are organized, the men are not. That is to say, while the men are organized, there is far less co-operation between their organizations. The women on the other hand are in very direct touch with one another. A large number of clubs are members of the California Federation of Women's Clubs. A great many are not, of course, but all are known

and easily reached. There are, too, many other federations, such as that of the Parent-Teachers'. And as thus organized and with the opportunity at hand to be consolidated into a most effective mass, the women of California are in a position where they can bring to bear a tremendous influence upon political life in the Golden State.

I want to emphasize this point of view because I have the most earnest belief in it, based upon observation and experience. It has been my duty, if not my pleasure, during the past four years or so to talk and to write a very great deal upon the cost of government, to point out the unprecedented increase in expenditures, to show where some of the money has gone and to point out remedies. I have addressed many groups of men and I think with temporary effect, but the message that I have conveyed has stopped with each particular group. It has not been passed on from one organization to another as a subject sufficiently important to warrant general thought and concerted action.

On the other hand, I have found a better response in addressing women. Not that they always grasped the problem as easily as did many of the men, for the reason that the men are more familiar with such things. But they did grasp it sufficiently to see the serious import of the facts laid before them. And, as time has gone by, many have become not only as familiar with the situation as are many of the men, but more so; and I have found a disposition to pass the word along from one club or association to another. Because of an address I have made on this particular subject in one place, I have been invited by a woman's club in another town to talk there; and finally the thought came to me that here was the nucleus of a great organization that could take up this tremendous subject intelligently, actively and effectively, that could enlighten the people at large, that could force the putting on of the brakes.

And this is the appeal I want to make today to the women of California, especially those who are connected with any of the various organizations, to get together on this particular issue, as well as on other issues where they can agree, and bring the might of their power to bear so that we may be led out of the wilderness. In such a subject as I have suggested, there is room for meeting on common ground. There can be no difference of opinion as to the necessity of eliminating waste, whether it comes from extravagance, duplication, overlapping or inefficiency. We all agree that economy, if accompanied by efficiency, is right and proper. There can be no dissension on this point. And so this issue, which in my judgment is the most important before the people of California today, next to the winning of the war itself, is one issue at least, and a tremendous one, upon which the women of the State can get together and effect a reformation.

What I have said here is, of course, preliminary to a discussion of the problem of the cost of government itself, which I hope to take up in succeeding

ing articles. The one thing I desire to make clear in this paper is the great opportunity now within the grasp of the good women of California to serve their State and their country. I do not wish to be understood as saying we have not progressed and advanced in this State, for we have. But we have paid too much for it. And yet this is not a criticism of any one in particular or of any administration. We have progressed so rapidly along governmental lines, and particularly along lines of social betterment, that we have not had time to eliminate and co-ordinate. The hour is at hand when we should perfect the great work that has been started. And not only this, but there should be a complete survey and investigation of our various forms of government, to the end that needless expenditures may be eliminated. The State government of California has been in existence sixty-eight years and during that whole period there has been nothing like a real study of conditions with the object in view of weeding out all that was unnecessary and keeping expenditures within proper limits, such as any successful business corporation would do. And it never will be done until public sentiment forces it. So this, in my judgment, is one of the great duties and one of the great opportunities now confronting the splendid womanhood of the State of California.

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INDUSTRY

Vera Heathman Cole

One of the most important verses in the Bible is found in the first book of Thessalonians: "And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business and to work with your own hands."

Too many people are industrious in trying to find out the other fellow's business instead of attending to their own. Such industry is not worthy of much praise.

The person who is the most quiet is usually the most industrious.

When a person's hands are busy in good work it is harder for the tongue to get busy doing bad work.

A man was never fired from a job because he worked over-time.

A man who is so industrious that he does not let anyone around him have a chance for recreation, does not know how to enjoy life after he has accumulated his fortune.

Every man should share in the profits earned by the work of his own hands.

The man who works his brain along with his hands accomplishes more and better work than his neighbor who allows his mind to travel around at random while he is working.

Too many men think that working their fellowmen for all they can get out of them is industry.

A slothful man finds fault with his business, the world and the Creator, when it is only the devil of laziness within him which is to blame.

A man who wastes his money is usually not very industrious about earning it. He is generally looking for a snap.

Industry is a quality which should be cultivated even in the child if it is to be of any value in the man. A child who is allowed to spend money without any knowledge of its value will not be very anxious to get in and dig for it when he becomes a man.

Many women consider themselves industrious when they putter around the house all day doing the same amount of work that their neighbor has done in a forenoon.

Industry is condensing the most possible labor into the shortest possible time and doing it well.

A man who is known as a Captain of Industry and is also known to have the love of his fellowmen, has achieved a great success.

When industry becomes one with greed and selfishness it loses all of its praiseworthy qualities.

If a man is industrious in gaining the almighty dollar and takes no time for the cultivation of his mind and heart, his success has the appearance of tinsel to his fellowmen.

We hear men "cussing" those who have gained material wealth and position in the world; the amount of time used by the one in the "cuss" makes the "plus" in the bank account of the other.

It is better never to gain wealth than to sacrifice life—one's own or that of his fellowmen.

The saving of some part of his income is the first rule of the man who is truly industrious.

God put the good things into this world for man to enjoy; to him who puts forth the effort guided by strong, practical thought, to him will be the success. (Copyright 1918 Vera Heathman Cole)

A Plea for the Potato

By Aramantha Miller

SEVERAL philosophers have remarked that human nature is a curious thing. The potato situation is an illustration of this fact. Last winter potatoes were ten cents a pound in Southern California, and few of them were to be had at that price.

As we passed along the streets we gazed with longing eyes at the unattainable tubers so exasperatingly far from our pocket books and stomachs. Their hollow eyes stared back at us with a haughty glance which seemed to reveal their consciousness of the unattainable heights they had reached.

We dreamed of flaky baked potatoes, of savory German fried potatoes, of refreshing potato salad, of delicious scalloped potatoes, of aristocratic potatoes au gratin, and of potatoes treated in all the other multitudinous ways that apply to their particular constitution, until life without potatoes seemed not worth living.

Then all the gardeners, amateur and professional, great and small, experienced and inexperienced, were coaxed and urged to plant potatoes for the relief of a suffering world. This they patriotically did. What is the result? The market is full to overflowing of potatoes at two cents or less a pound, looking wistfully and sorrowfully at us to be bought, but we give them an icy stare and pass on to look in the bake shop windows and brood over the wheat conservation rules. We never longed for hot biscuits, white bread, "a stack of wheats," waffles and doughnuts so much in our lives.

Shall we not rise to the occasion, forget the allurements of the wonderful wheat berry and fix our minds for the time being on potatoes? Harvest time will soon come again and then our wheat rations will probably be increased—if it is possible for the Government to permit it. With proper use of other nutritive material provided by generous nature, we can exist for some time without our usual allowance of wheat products. We ought not to whimper at any necessary restrictions nor for a moment forget the distress of our brothers across the sea, in childish whining for our accustomed diet—even if we grow thin. It would seem that fat and even plump persons should search their consciences

carefully at such a time as this as Walt Mason so eloquently says, "Let's eat the scheduled vittles and show no jots or tittles of grouches, or blues."

Maize and the potato are the two greatest blessings which the New World has given to mankind. From its original home in South America—generally believed to be Peru—the potato has spread over the whole earth.

Its cultivation requires constant care and much hard labor. Preparing the ground, cutting the tuber into portions each having at least one eye, (which is a bud), planting, hoeing, weeding, irrigating (in California), digging, sacking and taking to market are the painful steps in the process of providing these homely vegetables for public consumption.

After our home growers have labored so faithfully to supply our needs shall we scorn to eat potatoes entirely or demand imported ones if we condescend to buy them at all? You say the local growers do not grade their product properly, and refused the price offered early in the season? They de-



served a fair profit for all their labor, which the present price certainly cannot furnish. It has been urged upon us times without number that the patriotic thing to do is to buy home products. But all food producers should be thoroughly informed of the fact that the general public buys food for its looks, thus the grading question will be easily settled.

Aside from its own particular characteristics the potato has some interesting family connections. It belongs to the nightshade family. Now the nightshade family has a skeleton in its closet,—poison! There is the sinister belladonna and the villainous henbane and the poisonous nightshade proper. Then there is tobacco—yes, tobacco, whose active principle, nicotine, is a poison of frightful potency. The tomato and egg plant are members of the family; cayenne pepper also belongs. The fragrant petunia is the "flower of the family."

This taint of poison in so many relatives is undoubtedly the reason why the potato was so long in attaining a recognized standing as an article of food. It was taken to Europe first by the Spaniards between 1580 and 1585, and by the English later.

For a long time it was believed to be poisonous and was cultivated in gardens as a curiosity. In the last half of the 18th century, owing to a series of failures of the usual crops in Europe, the potato was pressed into service and has never since lost its popularity among the majority, although there is now a disposition in some quarters to belittle its merits as a food. But most authorities agree that if properly cooked and eaten and not used in excessive quantities, this vegetable is worthy of the confidence which it has enjoyed for so many years. It was formerly considered suitable nutriment for poor people only, but today, served as *pommes de terre*, potatoes are on a plane of equality with the choicest food at any banquet.

The principal nutritive value of potatoes is in the starch,—from 15 to 25 per cent,—contained in the cells divided from one another by walls of cellulose. They also contain very valuable potash salts, a very little protein matter, and more important still, the necessary-to-life, mysterious vitamin.

Starch, to be digestible, needs to be thoroughly cooked—the cell walls must be broken down. Baking is the ideal method of cooking potatoes. The high degree of heat possible turns the water they contain into steam, which causes the walls of cellulose to burst, so that the starch is in a most available form to be acted upon by the digestive fluids. The baking process also retains all the nutritive substances without the loss so generally brought about by many other treatments.

After it is well cooked the potato should be well chewed, so that the starch can be changed by the enzymes of the mouth into digestible sugar. Steaming with their jackets on is a good way to cook the "earth apples." By this means all the food elements are preserved. Mashed potatoes are the most undesirable from a dietetic standpoint, because thus prepared they are so soft that mastication seems unnecessary and almost impossible, and they slip down so easily that the change of the starch into sugar is not properly accomplished—consequently digestion may be interfered with. But no respectable potato should be insulted by being partially boiled, finished with a touch of baking, and labeled "baked potato."

Few articles of food lend themselves to more varied ways of cooking than the potato. You can have them a la creme, au maitre d'hotel, au naturel, au gratin, Lyonnaise, baked, browned, buttered, mashed, scalloped, stewed, squeezed, glazed, plain boiled, creamed, chopped, fried, in croquettes, cakes, casserole, cases, and as a frill.

And in addition to all this, the spring "wheatless drive" will enable us to enjoy the results of using them in the manufacture of bread and biscuit, mixed with wheat flour or corn meal. The bakeries use potato flour, which requires a special process to furnish. For family cooking mashed potatoes can be employed. Less liquid is needed than with all flour. Experience shows that potato breads should be baked more slowly than those of all flour.

In view of all these innumerable evidences of its value as a food, who will not echo the sentiment, VIVE LA POMME DE TERRE?

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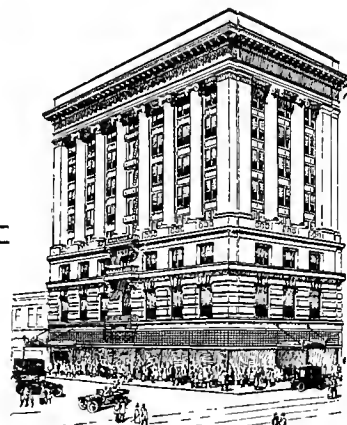
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Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer

(Continued from February Number)

THE jury had performed a plain act of justice. The defendant walked out of the court room a free man. At the corner of Kearney and Clay Streets I stood talking with the happy man and his clinging loving young wife, whose tear-washed eyes and unnourished body appealed to me as though they each were of my very own flesh and blood. Hastily I took from my shoulders a soft silk scarf and tied it around her quivering little frame. In broken Italian they thanked me again and again until I was quite bewildered to know how to reassure them that I had done for them only what was my duty, and which they would have done for me had our positions been reversed. We parted at last. I watched them as hand in hand they went toward the half-burnt shack on Telegraph Hill, for the alleged setting on fire of which my client had been unjustly prosecuted.

In their triumph I forgot my struggle to hold up against the mighty waves of prejudice and opposition which met me and mine at every turn and threatened to submerge my frail bark with all its wealth of precious human freight—five children—none of whom could swim alone, nor yet was old enough to earn the milk it drank.

No one will ever know (certainly not the women lawyers of the present day, whose paths, though not smooth by any means, are at least blazed, with here and there an oasis of welcome and a measure of financial success—and I would not have them know—) how I toiled and suffered and loved—yes, loved too, an ideal which slipped out into the dark night and left nothing but ashes in return.

Everything in retrospect seems weird, phantasmal, and unreal. I peer back across the misty years into that era of prejudice and limitation, when a woman lawyer was a joke, an executrix or administratrix a sort of *lusus naturae*; but the story of my triumphs will eventually disclose that though the battle has been long and hard-fought it was worth while.

The truth is that in my stubborn resistance to laws which inveighed against woman, and the wrongs which men themselves endured through a misapprehension of woman's rightful prerogative as the mother and the natural lawgiver of the race, I failed to note the slipping time which turned months into years and converted my little lads and lassies into men and women, making the good times I had promised them forever impossible of enjoyment.

However, I must dry my tears. I am not now and never have been in a mood for brass band celebrations over any achievements of mine. The feeling that possesses me as I write is that of having lost more for myself than I have gained for all women. I say truly, that all the pleasure of my young motherhood I sacrificed for woman's cause. ♀



Clara Shortridge Foltz

lost forever the opportunity to play with my children, to romp the fields and gather the flowers, to even listen with my little boys to the birds as they sang in the trees about us. In short, they lost the joys of childhood and I their delightful companionship. I am overcome with grief as in retrospect I gather them for a moment in my arms and then away to the unloved tasks I had set for myself

And Oh! how may the heart withstand the tragedy of death! With thoughts of unperformed duty to my beautiful and talented children I go my way sorrowfully. I think of them as they came to me, bringing "hope and forward-looking thoughts," and then of the graves of two of my little girls. They seem to rise and take form and flesh, and again I feel their soft arms about me—this Sunday midnight, March 7, 1918.

These brief and hastily recorded reminiscences are in no way pretended to be more than book-marks, so to speak. Sometime, it may be that from out the dozen or more scrap books that lumber my study an inquisitive biographer may write the history of the progress of the first woman admitted to practice law on the Pacific Coast. Modesty should hardly prevent me from suggesting that my name must necessarily "go over the top." In the language of Pope, "Let wreaths of triumph my temples twine."

The Story in Book Form

The almost perfect legal equality which women now enjoy makes it unnecessary for me to more than intimate future legislation that should be enacted. This I will do as opportunity affords. For the present we may as well proceed with the story of my busy and eventful life. Readers of the New American Woman are calling for the story in book form, and many subscribers have sent for "back numbers that they may read the whole history of the first woman admitted to the bar of California."

When I began these chapters I had not intended to publish an autobiography—nothing was farther from my purpose; but having started the "stuff" I at once discovered that old-time friends to whom I sent the initial copies of the magazine were reading it with interest, remembering many of the incidents related, which at the time of their occurrence convulsed the whole community.

Recently I received a letter from an occupant of an old people's home, wherein she related how lonely she had been until the arrival of a copy of the New American Woman. In that special number was contained an article entitled "Old People's Homes Out of Date—Home Colleges for the Adults." My correspondent urged me to carry out my ideas expressed in the article and added, "I always wanted to read law, but my folks thought I must be crazy, and in fact, made me the object of much unkind criticism," etc.

My ideas in regard to the unwisdom of shutting old people up in a big fine mansion provided by some rich old philanthropist were made public when I

(Continued to Page 11)

The Awakening of China

By Leon But-jung



The Dominant Lord—the Mother-in-Law

ONE fact is apparent to even the most superficial observer and that is that the Chinese are awakening. Trade is stirring all over the Empire today, and the time is rapidly approaching when she will enjoy an expansion the bounds of which will only be limited by the enterprise of her citizens. An ever-widening field for exploitation along social, industrial and religious lines is before them, providing they choose to take advantage of a system which is theirs to control. The resources of the Empire dazzle the imagination. The time when these unexplored and hitherto inaccessible fields of industry will be opened to the world will not long be delayed in its coming. Four hundred millions of people are beginning to feel the thrill of a new life within them. What awful strength there for good or evil behind so vast a multitude!

But let it be known, however, that this impending change is not of their own seeking. It has been forced upon them in many different, but all more or less powerful ways. Until recently the Chinese

have been satisfied with the status in which they have lived—a foe and at time a menace to civilization and the progress of the world, thus possessing and still holding a great country.

They have in the past accomplished marvelous results, but among themselves. Away back in the twilight period, when the Europeans were herding swine, the Chinese were counting the stars. The Golden Rule was handed down to them by Confucius hundreds of years before the gentle Nazarene walked the earth. At the time when not a man in north Europe could write his name the Chinese had a crude printing press that was turning out philosophy, poetry and fiction of a remarkably high order. Their junks discovered the western coast of North America, guided by a mariner's compass of their own invention, and the secrets of gunpowder and of paper-making were not withheld from them.

The Western world had waited so long for China to rouse herself from the sleep of centuries that the impression was prevalent that she would never awake. It is not surprising, then, that there should be a disposition to overlook the critical moment when the decisive change takes place. It is, perhaps, too much to say that China is already awake, but it is certain that she has opened her eyes and is taking notice of what is going on in the world about her.

It is a pity that most of the pictures screened with the Chinese atmosphere have been put by the producers generally in the fake life that was found in America only. Ask any foreign resident, no matter how long he stayed in the Empire of China, if there is any tong war in China. The truth is the Chinese have been, for hundreds of thousands of years, the most peaceful people among themselves that ever lived.

It is proposed to show the world at large the real life of the Chinese through motion pictures. It will impress the people more than they have learned from books or newspaper stories. Foreign residents who have been to China will no doubt give their kind recognition to any effort to have the Chinese put in a better light.

Chinese Women—"To Be Free or Die"

To the Chinese woman formerly her message meant duty and pleasure. She felt she had a purpose in life—to be a good wife and mother. In order to let her husband study, to give him an opportunity to rise,—for it is hard for an uneducated man to get a clerical position in any other way than by studying, and usually he studied until he was twenty to twenty-five years old—she loved and served her mother-in-law most heroically. She never argued whether the lady was worthy of her affection or not. She simply took it for granted that to love and serve the mother of her husband was a part of her duty as a good wife. She brought up children with care and interest. It was her duty

to make an embroidered hat or some soft slippers for her children. She never hesitated to cut a year's social enjoyment in order to attend to them. There was no such thing as society to her; the home was her social world.

But when her husband got through with his studying and rose to a higher position, when her sons and daughters were grown up and some of them were married, then she reached the third period of her life. She was now the head of her family, whether her husband was alive or not. She had in her care an estate of a few hundred acres of land and ruled over about fifty people or more—her sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, cousins, nephews, nieces, aunts and servants. A woman who commanded the respect of all the members of such a big community, who pleased everybody, who made everything work as harmoniously as possible, a woman of such standing must have been a woman of power and ability. This she acquired from her home training while she was in girlhood,—unlike the girls of some foreign countries. If she never went to school to study domestic science she knew her home economics.

Now she deserves the title, "the lady of the house." She will be cared for by her daughters-in-law and perhaps a few servants. She frequently goes to shows, visits friends and sees all the wonders of the world which she had not seen while she was young. This is the glory of her life, the only reward for her early sacrifice and care. Now the only thing she looks forward to is a long life. She eats the most nourishing food that humanity can discover, such as foffin mushrooms, birds' nests, etc.

The foregoing gives a little idea of the Chinese woman's practical knowledge of household affairs, her social grace, her moral character, her spirit of self-sacrifice, her power and ability.

The young Chinese woman of today is of a very different type. She desires to become independent like most American girls. Her motto is: "To Be Free or Die." She leaves her home and goes to different countries to learn a profession, to be a teacher, a secretary, a clerk in a store,—before long a lawyer or a stateswoman.

She thinks the title of a good wife or a good mother is hideous. She is seizing every opportunity to express herself. If marriage interferes with self-gratification, then be done with it. "To be free or die" is her motto. To be independent, to earn the pennies to support herself, is the pride of her life. She nevertheless can not help inheriting largely that spirit of self-sacrifice, that wholesome character, that sheer will and power and ability to do good which has glorified her foremothers to a certain degree. She may be a rebel against wifehood and motherhood, but she cannot change her nature. Strip off her bold pretension, you will find her still a woman, with her all of loveliness. In her good humor she can still be a good wife and mother. Temporarily she may seem stormy and uncontrollable, but sooner or later she will be able to work out her principles of life and be free.

BY FAITH

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving. —Whittier.

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STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A WOMAN LAWYER

(Continued from Page 9.)

championed the cause of old Elmira Starke, who for a simple infraction of the "Rules" of the Crocker Old People's Home in San Francisco was threatened with expulsion. The Trustees of the Home determined that "Mrs. Starke was not a pleasant person to have in the Home; that she was disobedient and disorderly," etc. The Lady Managers—all of them the wives of the ultra rich, who before the woman suffrage question had become fashionable, drew their skirts about them and smiled furtively at the bold assurance of the one woman who was not afraid of them; nor could she be intimidated by their uplifted brows, their pretended aristocracy—the nouveau riche whose gold-mounted harnessed thoroughbreds stood chafing in front of the City Hall, a liveried hackney perched on the high seat with whip in hand as if to strike the old real lady and her defiant counsel. I assisted her slowly up the steps to the court room where Charles F. Hanlon, the Beau Brummel of the San Francisco bar, representing the Crocker Trustees, awaited us, surrounded by a bevy of exquisitely gowned women indignant at Mrs. Starke's presumption and the assurance of her attorney.

Mr. Hanlon opened his case by stating that the action was a very simple one; that Mrs. Starke had been a tenant at will of the Crocker Old People's Home; that a three-days notice had been served upon her; that she had in the meantime been induced to go to Mrs. Foltz' office, since which event her (Mrs. Starke's) conduct had been worse than it had been before; that the "Lady Trustees" had finally been compelled to put her out by the present proceedings, etc.

But for want of space I cannot repeat here the reports of the trial of poor old Mrs. Starke and the points of law which I raised in her behalf, published in the big wide-awake dailies of San Francisco. However, since I may not give it in full my readers shall know just how cruel women managers of an institution such as I have mentioned can be—an institution which had engraved over its big front door the following,

"Cast me not off in the time of Old Age,
Forsake me not when my strength faileth."
Psalms 61, verse 9."

(Continued in April Number)

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CONTENTS

	Page
President Wilson's Address at Baltimore.....	3
The World Revolution. Hon. John S. Chambers....	5
Industry. Vera Heathman Cole	6
A Plea for the Potato. Aramantha Miller.....	7
Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer. Clara Shortridge Foltz	9
The Awakening of China. Leon But-jung.....	10
Editorial	12-13
Across the Editor's Desk	14
The Half Century Association of America.....	15
League of Nations to Enforce Peace.....	16

ASPIRANTS FOR POLITICAL HONORS MUST HAVE QUALIFICATIONS

The forthcoming State campaign will witness the daily exploits of men and women seeking nominations for office. We shall be obliged to choose from among these self-appointed aspirants. We dare not shirk this responsibility; to do so would enable the inefficient and the unfit for public service to land themselves and theirs upon the body politic.

If only party platforms were to be considered the task would be easy, for we could sit down in our homes or offices and read the written promises, weigh the sincerity of the candidates and choose for ourselves upon whom we may safely rely to carry out the people's will, and accordingly decide as to the ticket and the party we will support at the forthcoming primaries.

But there is something more than this, something which makes the task a formidable one. Webster, the great lawyer and statesman, said: "It is an ancient and undoubted prerogative of the American people to canvass public measures and the merits of public men." And though our hearts are torn with the world's conflict, and we are too distraught to think as well as we should as to the qualifications and merits of certain candidates for

the highest office within the gift of the State of California, still, we may not sit supinely down and refuse to examine into the character and the political history of the respective candidates.

Francis J. Heney first, not because he is first, except in his aspirations for an honor for which he has not a single qualification, nor one single reason to offer in justification of his pretensions. Mr. Heney has to his credit a certain directness of statement; that virtue, however, is about all that is noticeable in Mr. Heney, except his inordinate desire to exploit himself as a candidate for office at the head of every party known to politics.

Mr. Heney has been everything for office; he seems to be void of political belief, and the only real thorough conviction he ever entertained appears to be that he ought to have an office. Democrat, Republican, Progressive-Republican, again Democratic—he reminds us of the old lines,

"A man so various that he seems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long,
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was soldier, fiddler, statesman and buffoon."

A leading member of the Los Angeles bar relates an amusing incident wherein Mr. Heney unwittingly showed up in a most contradictory and equally ridiculous light.

He had been invited to deliver an address before the student body of the University of Southern California Law School, on the subject "Good Citizenship." The chairman of the evening had introduced Mr. Heney in the most complimentary manner, setting forth at length his great law-abiding qualities, and the marvelous heart interest which Mr. Heney had always shown toward the youth of our land, in their right understanding of their duties as citizens, and particularly young lawyers, whose province it would be to interpret and maintain it, etc.

Mr. Heney rose and stood facing the audience, which began amid the applause of greeting to laugh loud and long—when the chairman, looking for the cause of the unusual hilarity, chanced to catch sight of a huge bulldog pistol protruding from the speaker's hip pocket—and to make matters worse, his thin alpaca coat had caught above the handle and was there held as if to be ready for "direct action." Doubtless Mr. Heney was himself a law-breaker and could have been haled into a police court and punished for carrying a weapon without a permit. Such, then is Mr. Heney's idea of good citizenship.

DELUDED

Women, even more than men, have been deluded into thinking democracy is simply a form of political organization. It is not—it is a mode of associated living—a mode in which the largest possible sharing of responsibility and effort is made.

And we in this country can never attain true democracy until our women are more alive to their responsibilities than they are today.

A BETTER SOCIAL UNDERSTANDING— COMPETITIVE SCHEME UNWORTHY

"America cannot attain true democracy until women are more alive to their responsibilities; they are as guilty as men are for the stigmas and taboos from which they still suffer," says Prof. Goodsell, Associate educator at Teacher's College, in a recent address to the student body. Continuing, this experienced teacher asked: "To whom did the girl strikers turn in the last garment workers' strike? Did they go to a woman's organization? No, they went instead to men for the help they so much needed. And yet, we women talk of our greater sense of sympathy and justice, and claim to be more vitally interested in social legislation.

"The plain fact is we women, whose duty it is to reinstate our less fortunate sisters, are lacking in sex loyalty. There is no esprit de corps among us. I suspect it is because most women, like men, still are in the competitive stage of life—a stage that must give way to co-operation; and I believe most women have failed to advance beyond this evolutionary stage because they still are largely competitors for the favor of men. They have no confidence in themselves, and in the same degree they have none in other women."

The woman who has no confidence in the higher qualifications of her sex can never attain any worthwhile measure of efficiency. She has set her own limitations, and cast her lot with the inefficient and the loafer. Why, it is asked, do women prefer male physicians? It certainly cannot be denied, that the skilful, scientific, qualified woman doctor, in certain cases at least is superior to the best male physician. Nevertheless, it is everywhere observed that women prefer male physicians. And worse still, when asked for the reason they bluntly declare, "I have no confidence in a woman doctor." Of course, this is not the real reason, but that is another story! This magazine is not of the prurient class. We propose to let the world, including women, grow out of false thinking and without interference by the NEW AMERICAN WOMAN.

En passant, it has often seemed to the writer, that it is only women who are not members of clubs that employ women attorneys to attend to their legal business. This possibly may be attributed to the aristocracy of intellect, the deep and profound culture of Sir Rabin-dranath Tagore they so liberally cultivated while sitting at the adorable feet of the great Nobel prize winner, and the general spiritual exaltation and remoteness of the average clubwoman. Possibly they regard themselves as too far removed from women who have mastered the principles and encompassed the technique of either law or medicine to seriously consider them as lawyers or doctors.

Alma Whitaker, an exceedingly brilliant thinker and writer, in a recent article published in the Los Angeles Times, denounces the everlasting sex consciousness of women, which benumbs every other sensation and holds them slave-leashed to man by a thousand silly weaknesses.

Women's clubs seem bent on discussion of sex problems, and the worse the character of the disease the larger the crowd in attendance. The sins of sex are mauled over by these patrons of virtue and

good taste, and then like a flock of beautiful birds they rise and flutter forth with never a thought of the sin nor the sinner until some new adventurer or adventuress has committed another sex atrocity.

A wag has written something as follows:

"A woman cannot do the thing she ought,
But she will prate about it, talk about it,
Prove she can—in words."

EFFICIENCY RECOGNIZED

With this issue we begin the publication of a series of articles from the pen of Hon. John S. Chambers, State Controller of California, and candidate for re-election. In Mr. Chambers' decision to seek the nomination at the forthcoming primaries, he has conformed to the wishes of many thousands of our leading citizens—those who know of the splendid attainments of Mr. Chambers for the technical work of the office of State Controller. No man in that important place has performed the services quite to the satisfaction of the whole people as has Mr. John S. Chambers, and his re-nomination and re-election should be a foregone conclusion.

As a writer on political and ethical questions Mr. Chambers has hardly a superior. He has been most faithful in the advocacy of certain wise laws in reference to the property rights of women. He will doubtless receive the solid vote of the women throughout the State as an evidence of their appreciation.

Mr. President and Members of the United States Senate:

Fifty million women are looking at you! We have much to do. We are at war. We too are under orders; the Government has conscripted us. We are soldiers fighting with our allies for our country and civilization the wide world over. We are impatient for "equal justice." We would proceed upon our way unhampered by legal restrictions, unshackled by tradition. We stand here idle! Why stand you there waiting? The task is easy for you, and our burdens you should lift.

Though loyal to the core, we confess impatience at your delay; we have many plans for the good of the state; we long to begin them and yet we dare not leave our unfinished task; though weary we may not rest until the last lap of freedom has been run.

Gentlemen of the Senate: The vote upon the Susan B. Anthony Amendment is called for—What is your pleasure? The Vote, the Vote, Now! Carried. We thank you.

The New American Woman.

CHECKER BOARDS FOR SAMMIES

American soldiers in the front line will soon have "made in Los Angeles" checker-board tables. For the past several weeks the manual training department of all Los Angeles high and intermediate schools have been engaged in the construction of these tables, which will probably total a hundred. The tables are so constructed that they do not take up much room and can be made into writing tables. C. A. Kunou, manual training supervisor of Los Angeles schools, has been directing the work.



Mr. Leon But-jung, M. Acct., is a strikingly good-looking young man. With rich brown eyes, black hair, a yellow-olive tinted complexion, fine teeth and a Douglas Fairbanks smile, he arrests the attention of the most blase world-traveled observer. His splendid physique and height—six feet, one inch—indicate that China has not overlooked athletics in the training of her youth.

For six years previous to coming to America Mr. But-jung held a responsible position as secretary of a big commercial concern in Shanghai. He was accountant for the "National Review," an English weekly newspaper published in that city. Since coming to the United States he has lost no opportunity to secure ideas along all lines of American activity and has made many personal friends.

Leaving his home in Shanghai in 1913, he came directly to Muncie, Indiana. He entered the commercial department of the Muncie Normal Institute and became at once an ardent industrious student. He received his degree of Master of Accounts since which time he has been studying American ideas in finance and in various other departments of American endeavor. He speaks the English language fluently, and there are few Americans who can equal him as a penman and an accountant.

Mr. But-jung is at the head of a newly-formed corporation, The Pekin Feature Film Company, with offices at 624 Consolidated Realty Building, Sixth and Hill Streets, Los Angeles.

In the near future the company will produce high-class Chinese-American pictures, with the main purpose of creating a better understanding between the United States and the Chinese Republic.

His first story was written by the versatile Bill Stinger and put in scenario form by Mr. Francis Powers, author of "First Born." The cast includes a bright Chinese girl, Miss Chow Young.

Watch the columns of this magazine for full particulars.

PRE-HOOVER DAYS IN ENGLAND

Please don't buy sugar! Leave it to the poor
It only tends to make things sweet and messy
There was none in the days of Agincourt

And Crecy!
Potatoes, too! Why do you fondly yearn
For things which come to table hard or sodden?
They don't have them at the time of Bannockburn

Or Flodden!
Look to your dust-bins! and avoid the trick
Of senseless prodigalities and wastings
Think how they live in One O double six

At Hastings!
Surely the Ancients had not the monopoly
Of self-restraint? You, too, can play the man, eh
They simply did without things at Thermopylae

And Canne.
—The Passing Show.

HURRY UP! DIG IN!

Fill a pipe for Sammie,
Knit for him,
Sew for him,
Write him letters,
Think victory, fight for it!
The war is a fifty-fifty proposition—
One fifty shared by women,
Women loafers are also slackers,
Join the Red Cross,
Go to work and don't talk,
Take the children with you,
They will be happy with the Red Cross
folks,
And by your example,
They will learn to knit and sew,
And understand what love of country means.
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TO THE BOYS IN CAMP

The Red Cross sends this message to the boys in camp: "Do you know that the Red Cross is doing everything possible now to prevent your loved ones from suffering because of your absence? Are you anxious about the people at home? Is your wife lonely, inexperienced or worried? Does your kid brother or sister need advice? Rent due? Insurance due? Sickness? Family in need of assistance of any kind? Tell the Red Cross Field Director at your camp about it! Or, tell your captain to tell him! Then forget your worries." This is worth knowing. What the Red Cross undertakes, it performs.

THE HALF CENTURY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

This organization, formed for the betterment of men past fifty years of age, has had a phenomenal success. Organized in Los Angeles, California, November last, it now has a membership of over 2300. Its ultimate purpose is to establish branches in every city in the United States.

Among the many things the association purposes to bring about, is the abolishment of the arbitrary and unjust Civil Service limit in Government, whose various commissions will not employ a man who is past fifty. The Association claims that a man is in his prime at fifty, and should not be refused employment except for inefficiency.

The Association is also forming Farmers' Clubs, in units of 100, each club furnishing its own camp equipment and commissary. These clubs will be ready to go anywhere at the farmers' call. At a minimum wage of 30 cents an hour, they hope to explode the theory that it is necessary to import a lot of Chinese to do work which rightly belongs to the American citizen and taxpayer.

They also have a free employment bureau at the offices of the Association, 845-46 San Fernando Bldg., where all members are registered, and any employer wanting a first-class man in any trade or profession can find him there.

The Association has organized a battalion of Home Guards under command of Major Francis Woodward, and are now drilling every week to

meet any emergency for which the chief of police may call them.

A few public-spirited bankers and merchants purchased and presented to the fifty-year old boys fifty rifles, and Madame Jorgina, the famous coloratura soprano, has generously offered to give a grand benefit concert, assisted by Signor Donatelli's orchestra, at Shrine Auditorium, for the purpose of purchasing the balance of the rifles and uniforms to equip the entire battalion.

LOYALTY TO A PURPOSE

Marriage is no longer the only career open to women, so many of us are beginning to look beyond the competitive scheme of things to the point where we are trying to identify our lives with the common life of humanity. And that is the goal toward which we all must strive—a goal on the road to which sex loyalty is only a way point.

SEE THE JOKE?

A neighbor knocked at the lazy man's door and told him of a position he could get by going after it.

"Um!" said the man. "It appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the neighbor, "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days, but it is good pay and a chance for advancement!"

"Um!" said the man. "And who are you?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Um! You call yourself Opportunity, but you look like hard work to me."

And he slammed the door.—Pittsburgh Post.



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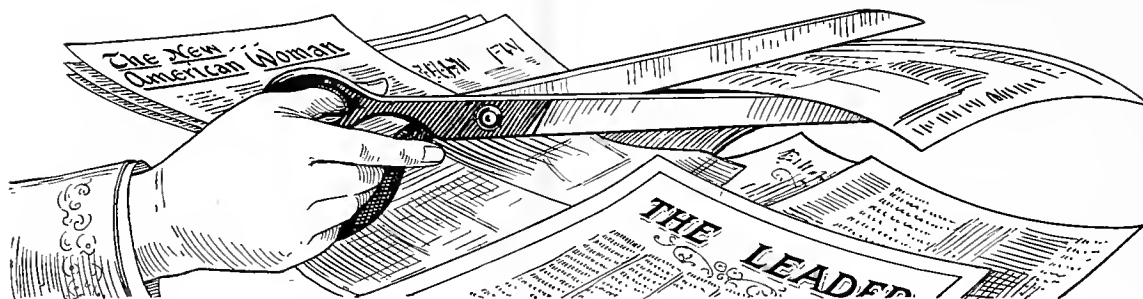
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LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO ENFORCE PEACE

One billion dollars, the largest single appropriation bill in the history of America, has just been reported to the House of Representatives by Chairman Padgett of the Naval Committee. Mr. Charles D. Duke, special writer for the Los Angeles Examiner, gives a few interesting sidelights upon the character and mental reserve of our Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Josephus Daniels, of whom he says: Secretary Daniels is on the job every minute. He is a refreshing picture of American democracy. When he came to his new job he was a "greenhorn," so they said. During the first administration of Woodrow Wilson folks spoke nicely to him as he passed along, then turned to their neighbor with a bit of a grin—the North Carolina editor was a "joke" as a Naval Secretary.

Presently the war came along and then it was found that the navy was better prepared than the army. Our navy jumped right into the thick of it without any commotion, without any fuss and feathers. A year ago, after the declaration of a state of war, our gallant ships put off across the Atlantic. Arriving on the other side, they reported for duty to the English admiral in charge. "When will you be ready for duty?" they asked. "We are ready now, sir," was the ready response, and forthwith the American navy settled itself to the relentless grapple with the U-boat.

Questioned as to the position of the United States navy after the war, unhesitatingly Mr. Daniels replied:

"Our navy most certainly will be among the most powerful in the world. Before the war we were generally classed as third among the nations of the earth in point of ships, armament, etc. But as a result of our building program we have changed position. We are certainly second at the present time. We shall certainly emerge from the war in that position, or it may be that we will lead all the world," he concluded with a twinkle of the eye and a suppressed chuckle.

"Suppose at the peace conference it is proposed to disarm?" was suggested.

"We shall probably need our navies then as much as ever," he replied. "I have from the beginning been an ardent supporter of the plan for a League of Nations to Enforce Peace. I firmly believe that that is the logical plan to insure the peace of the earth. It will be found best for all the peace-loving nations of the earth to band themselves together so that when any one nation becomes obstreperous the remaining nations can forcibly prevent war.

"It will then not be possible for any one nation to regard any treaty as a scrap of paper to be ruthlessly torn to shreds. We shall then have to police the world and our navy will be our policemen to keep order on the highways of life. We shall need to keep up our armaments right through the war, so that in the future we shall be able to maintain peace.

"For the present there is but one thing for us to do. That is to fight right ahead until victory comes. Winning the war is the great task ahead of the American navy, the American army, the American people. I am convinced that peace can come only through one of two ways.

"First—There must be a repudiation by Germany of her present position before the world, a complete withdrawal or backdown; or,

"Second—We must keep pegging away, with a slashing, smashing drive for overwhelming victory on land and sea over German imperialism and autocracy.

"On these lines we must battle until we are victorious. Germany must lose, America must win. That is the only thing we know; that is the thing we will fight for, and on these lines we will fight it out if it takes a hundred months or a hundred years."

The submarine menace was then touched upon, when the Secretary of the Navy gravely replied: "The submarine is the scourge of the world. The world will never be safe until the submarine has been banished from the seas.

Snakes of the Deep

"One thing is sure, however, the German U-boat campaign has proved a distinct failure so far as doing all that the Germans said it would do for them. First of all, they boasted they would starve out Great Britain. That has been shown to be impossible, for food is going to England all the time. Next they said we could not send an army to France—but we are doing it. On both these scores the U-boat has failed to accomplish what it set out to do. The occasional U-boat can and does sink an occasional troop or food ship; but as for submarines cutting off and sinking all troop and food ships, it does not seem possible.

"Vigilance is the one great insurance against the U-boat. Our boys have it to the very nth degree—that, plus expert watermanship and accuracy in gunnery and the rugged spirit, the will to win. Our boys have set out to keep the seas open and they will do so. Furthermore, we are perfecting these various combative devices, our destroyers are coming on in great numbers and our boys are learning how to deal with these snakes of the deep."

"PEACE COMES NO NEARER"—WOMEN WOULD REVOLT BUT CANNOT

Regarding the report that there is a great feeling of depression throughout Germany, and that the public men and army leaders no longer have the implicit trust of the country that they once enjoyed, a correspondent in the Christian Science Monitor says that the Italian victories were far from stimulating enthusiasm in Germany for the war. As a fact they did not react at all in Germany. The prevailing sentiment appears to be, "we go on having victories but peace comes no nearer." One critic at that time attributed this among other things to the lack of nourishment. There was plenty of food, he said, in the country, but it was badly distributed and in any case it was not nourishing. A trustworthy informant who was in Germany in the middle of December declared that the bulk of Berlin's population enjoyed neither light, warmth, clothing nor boots, and also suffered from a terrible lack of food. Practically no soap is available for washing purposes and the clothing is therefore excessively dirty.

At that time it was freely said that there would be a revolt, except for the fact that women cannot make a revolt. The work of the city was carried on entirely by elderly men and by women. Another informant, a lady whose reliability has been tested, and who has visited Berlin frequently in the course of the war, describing her impressions of the position in Berlin, said: "There are three distinct classes in Germany; the war party, who do not wish to give in and who try to make the people believe that

Russia is going to give the food and that they can bring victory about by an offensive in the west which will give them Calais; the middle class, who are making money and want commercial advantages more than any terms of peace, and lastly the masses, who loathe Hindenburg, who they think is prolonging the war, and want peace, no matter how—a very large percentage of the soldiers belong to this class. The lower middle, and lower classes are past caring what happens if only they have peace at once. They are suffering horribly, and the only word to describe conditions in Berlin is famine.

The rich do not care any longer what they spend on food, and those who have smaller fortunes live on their capital, careless of results, so as to keep going. They eat geese at 30 marks to 200 marks, ducks at 30 to 50 marks and butter at 13 to 24 marks per pound, but it is very hard to get these things, and they are often stolen en route. I was myself offered a ham at 230 marks. A family I know spent 2000 marks in food necessities in a month. Heating is reduced to a minimum, and Berlin is dark, cold and unspeakably wretched. People are past caring and do not buy the papers any more. They hate the Government. For the last loan the whole place was plastered with pictures of Hindenburg; within a few hours they had all been torn down." (This statement The Christian Science Monitor is able to corroborate from other sources.)

"Every available man, gun and shell," this lady says, "are being sent west, even some from Italy. I went to a cinema crowded with soldiers who went into roars of laughter at the sight of the Crown Prince. Apples in Berlin are 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ marks each. If



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you want to buy a dress, a coat or linen of any kind, you have to give up the old articles to the police and get in exchange a ticket allowing you to buy new ones. A coat and skirt costs 800 marks. A woman I know paid 280 marks for four yards of silk. Sewing cotton has practically disappeared; each reel costs 5 marks."

"MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD"

It has been the purpose and the practice of Mr. Hohenzollern to misinstruct the present generation of Germans. In "The School and the Fatherland," a manual for German school children, it is stated that "Germany's mission in history is to rejuvenate the exhausted members of Europe by a diffusion of Germanic blood." And an educational authority on East Prussia said:

"The whole history of the world is neither more nor less than a preparation for the time when it shall please God to allow the affairs of the universe to be in German hands."

As long ago as 1900 the Kaiser predicted that the German empire would become "as powerful and authoritative as once the Roman world empire was." He further said:

"I hope to be in a position, firmly trusting in the leadership of God, of carrying into effect the saying of Frederick William I., If one wishes to decide anything in the world it can not be done with the pen unless the pen is supported by the force of the sword."

But "mightier than the sword" is a dynamite bomb dropped from an aeroplane.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. III.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1918

NO. 3

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

California Gone Bond Crazy!

Expenditures Outrun Population—A Serious Situation

By Hon. John S. Chambers

State Controller



THAT my main purpose in writing this series of articles on the cost of government may be kept to the forefront, I will repeat what I said in my first contribution: this great problem can not be solved until we have an enlightened public opinion, until the people have been educated; and there is no single agency in a

better position to aid in this great work than the organized women of the State of California. They are confronted by a great duty and a great opportunity, and I believe when they realize it they will respond nobly.

In this particular article, I wish to deal with facts and figures. In the third article, which probably will be the last of the series, I hope to touch upon not only great problems that have been confronting us for many years, but the great problems that will confront us when this war shall have been ended. If it was necessary before this world conflict began to put our house in order, it is inconceivably more necessary now that we proceed to do so. But this we can not do unless we have some idea at least of how far we have strayed and the steps it is necessary for us to take to get back upon solid ground. In such an article as this I can not, of course, do more than touch the high spots, but I hope I can do it in such a way as to leave a clear birdseye picture of the financial situation, sufficient to enable the reader to grasp the seriousness of conditions, to see the necessity of immediately proceeding to correct existing faults and evils, to have the faith that this reformation can be wrought and then, to show his or her faith by deeds. "Faith without works is dead, being alone."

In this article, I shall use California figures as affecting the governments of the State, the counties and the cities, but I wish it clearly to be understood that I am not holding up either California or her counties or cities as particularly horrible examples. We may be worse off than some States; we may be better off than others, but even the best are bad enough off. I use California figures because they are available and understandable. Also I wish it clearly to be understood that I am not "hitting" at any particular official, administration, or party. I

am seeking to make plain the trend of the times. The fault, after all, in the final analysis, lies with the people themselves, lies with the system, or perhaps lack of system, that has gradually developed. No one official, no one administration, no one party can be held responsible.

I propose to use the period running from 1911 to 1917 inclusive, or seven years in all. I select this period as illustrative, but particularly for two other reasons. The first is that the present dual system of taxation in California began in 1911, whereby the State abandoned general property to its subdivisions and proceeded to raise the bulk of its revenue from the taxation of corporations. The second reason is that it was not until 1911 that the Controller was authorized under the law to gather data relating to the financial transactions of the counties and the cities of California, and so, necessarily, it was not possible prior to 1911 to make comparisons that were any way near accurate or intelligent.

I do not wish to be understood as even remotely intimating that the cost of government should not have been increased in this period. Necessarily, the cost of government would have increased under any conditions. The cost of government will increase with population, with new problems, with greater facilities for transportation and communication. This we can not escape. What I am protesting against is waste, ignorance, indifference. Someone remarked once upon a time that government was an institution to live under and not on. And he was right so far as he went. But neither should government live on the people, the taxpayers. By this I mean taking from them in the shape of taxes more money than is needed for the proper maintenance of the government and for proper development along governmental lines.

The State Government of California on June 30, 1917, had in its treasury an estimated surplus of \$8,000,000. I contend that such a huge surplus is an injustice to the taxpayer; that it is an invitation to extravagance. State governments, such as that of California, should have a surplus, of course—but not over \$2,000,000; that, at the outside, should be the limit. In other words, according to my way of thinking, we had collected from the people, through the corporations, \$6,000,000 more than was necessary for the support of the government and its protection against emergencies. It would have been

much better had this money remained in circulation among the channels of trade. But there is this to be said for this particular surplus. It represented vigilance, integrity and ability upon the part of the fiscal officials of the State, or, otherwise, it would not have been in the treasury. It would have been expended, and, obviously, for purposes not urgent, not even necessary, at least in large part. The fault as to this accumulation lies with the State's present system of taxation, which is too rigid. It is not elastic enough to give and take. Rates are fixed definitely by the Legislature, which meets only once in two years, and the Board of Equalization, even if it sees that more money will be raised than is needed, has no power to reduce the rates. As fixed by law, they must be applied undeviatingly to the returns filed by the corporations.

And now as to figures; let me take as my first illustration a year's expenditures by the State government and the governments of the counties and the cities. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1917, the grand total was \$187,334,683.85, as compared with a grand total in 1916 of \$175,868,482.94. Of the huge 1917 total, the State government expended \$34,886,139.73, as compared with a total 1916 expenditure of \$36,035,889.77; the counties in 1917 expended a gross total of \$79,055,350.99, as compared with a 1916 total of \$74,649,396.73; and the cities in 1917 \$73,393,193.13, as against \$65,183,196.44, in 1916.

As merely indicating in a very general way where some of this huge grand total of \$187,334,683.85 went, I note that \$39,306,535 was expended for educational purposes, or considerably more than \$12 per capita. This is a tremendous outlay. There is not a right-thinking man or woman in California today that is not willing to spend to the last cent for the proper education of our boys and our girls. We realize now, since this cruel war began, more than ever we did before, how much the future of our nation and of civilization itself rests upon the intelligence and the character of the generations that are to succeed us. But nearly \$40,000,000 a year is a very huge outlay. Certainly it calls for a comprehensive survey or investigation. If it should be found that we are getting value received for this expenditure, then all right. The people of California stand ready to continue the expenditure and to increase it as far as necessary. They realize that we can not measure education upon purely a dollar-and-cent basis. But if it should be found that money is being wasted in costly construction, in experiments, in fads and fancies, then curtailment should be the order of the day.

We expended in the fiscal year of 1917 upon highways, roads and streets and related purposes, \$28,964,345. We know how long our streets last. We know how long our new roads last. We know some of the cost of upkeep. There is no manner of doubt that we are far from receiving full value for public expenditures for objects of this kind.

We expended, also, in the State of California last year, upon a total bonded indebtedness of our three forms of government, exceeding \$237,000,000, over \$11,000,000 in interest alone! Think of it! Over \$11,000,000 in interest alone—or, to be exact, \$11,315,452. We have gone bond crazy in the State of California; at least, we were bond crazy. I think

the check has come. But before it came we issued bonds for any old purpose, running any old length of time, and bearing pretty near any old rate of interest. Bond issues should be held to matters of the first importance which would impose too heavy a present burden if undertaken by direct taxation. We must have bond issues for governmental purposes. I am not foolish enough to say that government can be carried on, with proper development, entirely by direct taxation; but such bond issues as we offer should be short-term serials, the life thereof not exceeding, and preferably being under, the estimated life of the proposed improvement.

Let me give just one illustration to force home the seriousness of this situation. In 1909, the good people of the State of California—not the State administration then in power, not any particular party, not any group of officials, not any particular official, but the good people of the State of California—voted to issue \$10,000,000 in bonds for the improvement of the harbor of San Francisco. It was expressly provided in that issue that not one single bond could be redeemed for thirty-six years. What a provision! This means that of the bonds of the first redemption, each \$1000 borrowed through this method by the good people of the State of California will cost at the end of the thirty-six-year period \$2880. Space will not permit more illustrations, more statements, more arguments, but they should not be needed!

Another fruitful cause of the increase in expenditures, applying not only to 1917 but to other years, is the assumption of new functions, more particularly by the State government than by the governments of the counties or the cities. New functions in California have come to us under the name of "commissions." We have heard a great deal about commissions in the past five or six years. These new functions include, for example, such bodies as our Industrial Accident Commission, our Commission of Immigration and Housing, our Social Welfare Commission, our Bureau of Labor Statistics, and so forth and so on. These represent the trend of government toward the betterment of the people at large. It can not be denied that many of our new commissions, and some of the old ones reborn under new names, have cost a very great deal of money; but neither can it be denied that many of them have brought back directly to the State government far more than they have cost, and that others have brought back indirectly to the taxpayers of California far more than they have cost. And there are some commissions which have done neither of these things, but have proved broken reeds.

Now, for the second illustration. I find that for the seven years ending June 30, 1917, the receipts of the State government increased 89%, and the expenditures 93.6%; the receipts of the counties increased 100.2%, and the expenditures 118%; the receipts of the cities increased 45%, and the expenditures 67.5%. For the three forms of government concerned, we thus find an average increase in receipts of 78%, and an average increase in expenditures of 93%. This difference might not be so significant were it not for the fact that during the particular period under consideration, the population of our State, based upon careful estimates, did not increase over 30%, and our total wealth, as based upon the assessment rolls of the fifty-eight counties

and taking into consideration the ratio of assessed to true value, only increased 41%. In other words, we have done here in the State of California what statesmen and financial experts always warn governments against doing. Our expenditures have increased far more rapidly than either population or wealth, and, no doubt, also faster than income. A very serious situation, and a trend which necessarily would prove disastrous if not checked.

Now, for the third illustration as affecting the State alone, and submitted more to show the need of readjustment of the State's governmental machinery, of getting it down to an efficient basis, or as nearly so as is possible under politics, than as bearing directly upon the increased cost of government. The budget of the State government of California at the present time has no actual standing in law. It is a budget developed by the State Board of Control and the State Controller, and has been made possible because of the large powers possessed by these two agencies of the government. They have been able to force this reform. There will be submitted to the people of California in November next, however, a proposed amendment making the budget system a part of our State government. I hope the people will vote for it, although, according to my way of thinking, it is but a slight step in the right direction. It does, however, give the budget a distinct legal standing, and possesses certain other features that are worth while. But it does not go far enough.

The total of the 1917 budget, as prepared by the Board of Control and the Controller during November and December, 1916, was \$41,725,247.31, to cover expenditures for all purposes for the biennial period beginning July 1, 1917. When the Legislature had concluded its work, I found that the grand total of this budget—a budget which had been carefully prepared by fiscal officials in touch with the affairs of State—had been increased by the Legislature—90% of whose membership were not in touch with the fiscal affairs of State—by \$4,373,598.35. It is only fair to say, however, that of this excess \$1,000,000 was set aside for the creation and maintenance of a State Guard, which the Governor has not yet called into existence and probably will never call. Another \$1,000,000 was for the emergency fund to supplement items in the general appropriation bill, if deficits should occur. This fund never before had exceeded \$100,000. Probably, half of it will be used because of demands in a large measure due to the war which were not and could not have been foreseen when the budget was prepared. The balance of the excess went for the creation and maintenance of a State Council of Defense, calling for \$100,000, certain road work calling for \$310,000, the San Francisco Normal calling for \$450,000, the Los Angeles and Long Beach harbor calling for \$250,000, a revolving fund for the Sixth District Agricultural Association calling for \$50,000, and the land settlement scheme calling for \$260,000.

Tabulations made after the Legislature had adjourned showed that the net total of the appropriation bills introduced in both houses in excess of the grand total recommended in the budget was, in round numbers, about \$28,000,000. The budget was based upon the estimated revenues of the State for the two years concerned. It was also ascertained

that the surplus in the State Treasury as of June 30, 1917, would be about \$8,000,000. So, if all of these appropriation bills had gone through, the estimated revenue would have taken care of the Board's budget, but the \$8,000,000 surplus would have been wiped out, and we would have been about \$20,000,000 to the bad, besides. Of course, the State government owns a great deal of property, real and personal, valued at about \$75,000,000, but this is necessary for the maintenance of the State government, and should not be sold even if authority were granted for the sale.

I lean more and more toward highly centralized financial authority in the State government, under full publicity. And I also lean more and more toward a one-house Legislature, in practically continuous session, composed of men familiar, or capable of becoming familiar, with State matters, and paid a decent salary for the work they do. Some way, at least, should be found for preventing the indiscriminate introduction of bills calling for money. There is little pretense made by the majority of legislators that they know anything of the fiscal affairs of the State government. Bills demanding appropriations for this or that purpose are introduced without any thought apparently of the effect upon the State Treasury, upon the State government, upon the tax systems, upon the people of California. Hence the need of highly centralized financial responsibility, under full publicity.

A TOAST

By George Morrow Mayo

Aboard a Battleship Stationed at Norfolk, Virginia.

And here's to the blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the Sons of the North advance!

And here's to the gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the Sons of the South advance!

And here's to the Blue and the Gray as One!
When we meet on the fields of France.
May the spirit of God be with us all
As the Sons of the Flag advance!

—Southern Woman's Magazine.

WHERE IS MY BOY TODAY?

Where is my boy today?
Somewhere on the stormy sea,
Which in the hollow of His hand,
Rolleth in mighty majesty.
A little longer his young life spare,
Oh God! of thee I pray,
Guide his ship safely past the lair,
Where the submarines lurking lay.

Where is my boy today?
Somewhere under our banner bright,
Over there 'neath the Stars and Stripes,
Fighting for Freedom and Right.
When the battle bugles blow
"Over the top," then if die he must,
May he fall with his face to the foe,
And his soul with his Maker I'll trust.
—James T. Eagly.

550 No. Serrano Ave.

Fallacies of Compulsory Health Insurance

By Hon. William E. Brown

California State Senator

Editor the New American Woman:

I AM in hearty accord with the sentiment expressed by the proponents of Social or Health Insurance, namely, to offer assistance to those who are struggling with adversity. My efforts as a member of the State Legislature will bear witness to the fact that I am for the "under dog" whenever possible, but while recognizing the sincerity of the proponents of the measure, I wish to call your attention to the fallacy of the plan they espouse and to point out the inadequacy and impossibility of its provisions to produce the results claimed for it. First, let us consider the soil from whence it sprang.

Prussian Origin

From seed planted in the nursery of Prussian Autocracy and carefully pruned and watered by Bismarck, the apostle of "blood and iron," it was finally offered to the German workingman as a sop and in lieu of proper wages. Of him our own Ambassador Gerard has said that he is the most exploited and befooled individual on earth.

The principle upon which Social Insurance proposes to operate is opposed to the fundamentals of American government and is based upon the Prussian theory of the absorption of the individual by the state. I am informed that one of the four California members of the Social Insurance Commission has publicly declared that health laws should be made compulsory and that individual opinions should not be considered. Here we have a good healthy start towards simon pure Prussian Autocracy.

Class Legislation

In addition to being of German origin and un-American it is class legislation. It is this because it proposes to institute a scheme of general taxation to the end that a particular class of citizens shall be provided for when ill and this regardless of the nature of the disease and its cause. In other words if one becomes sick through vice, immorality, or dissipation the rest of us, whether working or not, will be compelled to contribute to his support and not only his support but his dependents as well. This Utopian scheme will cost, according to experts, anywhere from twenty-seven millions to forty-five millions of dollars the first year. Of this it is proposed to compel employers to contribute 40%, employees must pay 40%, and the State 20%. From this estimate it will be seen that the taxpayers will have their tax burdens increased an amount somewhere between five and nine millions of dollars.

Compels Tribute

Now just for a moment let us see who are urging this specious and misleading plan of Social Insurance. Is it the workingman? No! Is it the employers? No! Is it the public at large? Oh, no! it is none of these. Who, then, is it that is so solicitous for the sick one and who desires to compel

him to get well and who intends to present the bill to the taxpayers and compel them to pay it? Who is it that intends to compel tribute money from the toiler and offer him a single method of healing and none other, and this whether he believes in it or not? Who is this despotic and autocratic self-appointed benefactor? Why, it is our old friend the American Medical Association, popularly known as the Medical Trust. In speaking of the hopes and plans of this organization a New York newspaper man said, "Compared with the Medical Trust the Standard Oil Company is as a puling infant."

Dr. Rubinow, who told us all about the advantages of this German system of Social Insurance, was the representative of the American Medical Association, the Medical Trust. Then there is another proponent—an organization calling itself the American Association for Labor Legislation, which is not a labor organization at all but composed of a lot of theorists financed by Rockefeller and Carnegie funds. The ex-president of this association is one Irving Fisher, who was the chairman of the committee of 100 of the American Medical Association which strenuously strove at Washington for a national department of health with a physician as minister in the President's cabinet.

Gompers' Reply to Rubinow

Answering Dr. Rubinow and others at the recent hearing before the Congressional Committee, Samuel Gompers said:

"First, let me call attention to the fact that these are not facts. They simply have their bases in a peculiar and speculative theory called by the possessors philosophy, but which might better be termed sophistry. From the viewpoint of these super-speculative theorists, when facts do not conform to the theory, it is so much the worse for the facts. . . ."

"The whole scheme, the whole fault, the whole philosophy, represented by Dr. Rubinow officially before this committee and by Mr. London as a representative of his political party, contemplate not individual development, not opportunity for initiative, for voluntary action, but regulation by the State. These people want to have laws enacted to make the other people conform to their concepts and recipes out of number.

"May I say this, that Dr. Frederick Howe, who has written a book dealing with social insurance, in making contradistinctions as to the systems in vogue in the United States and Germany, makes this very significant remark: 'Germany has so strengthened the state as to have devitalized the individual.'"

Works Hardship to Labor

Mr. Gerard, our former ambassador to Germany, says, "The workingmen in the cities are hard workers. Probably they work longer and get less out of life than any other workingmen in the world. The

(Continued on Page 10)

The King of Cereals

By Aramantha Miller

THERE is a wonderful grass whose origin and native home are not certainly known. Long ages before history began its dainty seeds were crushed or ground to flour or meal and baked into some form of bread. It was familiar to the prehistoric Swiss Lake Dwellers of the Stone Age; it was cultivated in the Valley of the Euphrates at the dawn of history; China used it five thousand years ago; all phases of its culture and preparation for food are painted on the monuments of ancient Egypt; The Code of Hammurabi more than four thousand years ago laid down rules for its sale; it was one of the main crops of the Israelites in Canaan.

It has been carried all over the earth by men in their migrations. It turns from green to tawny yellow on the uplands of India, in the Delta of the Nile, under the Southern Cross in Argentina and Australia, in the shadow of the Himalayas eleven thousand feet above the sea, and on North America's mighty plains. Harvest time comes every month in the year somewhere around the world, from Australasia in January to Burmah in December. In short, it is the most widely distributed of any cultivated plant and taking the civilized world as a whole, forms the principal food of man. You have guessed it—WHEAT, "THE KING OF THE WORLD'S CEREALS!"

So long has it been cultivated that apparently it has become dependent upon man for its continued existence. One scientist has asserted that if man were to disappear from the earth wheat would also vanish in three years.

What a wealth of song and story, of myth and parable has been called forth by the life history of the wheat! The sowing and the reaping are subjects that have appealed to painters of all countries. Millet put into his great picture of "The Sower" the faith in the harvest that is to be that every husbandman must have who commits the seed to mother earth.

We have the beautiful story of Ruth, the gleaner, the parable of "The Sower," the myth of Demeter and Proserpine, the harvest songs and the miller's songs of all countries, the curious customs connected with the cultivation and harvesting of the grain that are the outgrowth of the superstitions and folklore of all lands.

It is interesting to know that the unit of the English system of weights—a grain,—is the average weight of a grain of wheat taken from the middle of the ears; seven thousand of these equal one pound avoirdupois.

A distinguished food expert was quoted a short time ago as saying: "Wheat is a luxury and absolutely nothing else. Our predilection for wheat is solely a question of taste, comfort and convenience—it is absolutely nothing else. Wheat possesses over oats, corn and rice absolutely no nutritional quality for man or beast. It has no more protein and no better protein." This would-be hypnotist evidently considers as a most casual matter the

influence of thousands of years of habit and tradition, that are practically world-wide. He ought to know that to suddenly change the diet of a whole nation requires time; that there is nothing which more disturbs the minds and health of the people at large. He will find but few to agree with him that "wheat possesses over oats, corn and rice absolutely no nutritional quality." The use not only of bread but of wheat bread has come down to us from prehistoric times and most authorities agree that the peculiar properties and the quantity of gluten in wheat make a lighter and more digestible bread than that made from any other cereal. In fact, no other cereal except rye can be made into a porous leavened loaf after being mixed with water and baked. And bread is the most universal human food except milk. But besides the world-wide use of wheat for bread, the variety of other forms into which it can be made is numberless; there are pastries, crackers, breakfast foods and the everywhere popular macaroni and other so-called "pastes," glorious dumplings and lowly noodles. But I must not dwell upon this side of the subject—so painful under the present circumstances.

Notwithstanding all this, we are going to cut our wheat rations to the limit requested by the Food Administration—which at present is six pounds of flour a month for each individual. We are going to forget for a season the unapproachable flavor of the wheat berry and practice eating all the substitutes that we fortunately can obtain to sustain us until the next harvest, thus enabling the necessities of our soldiers and of the distressed people across the sea to be supplied.

When the war is over we shall be so chastened by the discipline of economy in the use of food-stuffs and the rigors of "substitutes" that undoubtedly we shall appreciate as never before the splendid qualities of wheat, the crowned king of cereals.

AH, THIS EXPLAINS IT!

News Item—Speaking of the loss of life in a Paris church from a shell fired by a long range gun by the Germans, a semi-official dispatch forwarded from Berlin says it is to be regretted, but our attacked "fortress is subject" to "incidental" hits.

Fortified women,
Fortified tots,
Sweetly asleep,
In fortified cots.
Fortified sick
In fortified beds
Ach, vot a mark
From der skies overhead!
Fortified churches,
Fortified priests,
Fortified altars,
Fortified feasts,
Fortified gospels,
Fortified choir.
Mere "incidentals."
"Make ready! Fire!"

—San Francisco Call.

Actor Benjamin Chapin as Abraham Lincoln



WISEACRES have observed that certain fads, customs and fashions are repeated in cycles—sometimes in one generation of about thirty years, sometimes in two. While this is easy to believe about hoopskirts or high-heeled shoes, it would be a severe strain on popular credence if applied to the “coming back” of a great man—especially such a man as Abraham Lincoln.

A prominent citizen of Washington, who had often seen President Lincoln in the White House, had occasion to call there recently. He saw Benjamin Chapin walking through the South lawn as if he lived there. The gray haired gentleman clutched at a pillar for support, and gasped: “Great God! What’s that—the President?” his mind darting back to “the President” of fifty years ago.

The White House official with him tried to reassure him by explaining that the man who bore such a startling likeness to President Lincoln was really Benjamin Chapin.

“Benjamin Chapin?” the old man repeated, “why, it’s a miracle—a vision of fifty years ago. I’d like to shake hands with Mr. Chapin, but I’m afraid I’ll be disillusioned—he seems so real and beautiful to me now.”

“You needn’t be afraid, he will remain just as real if you talk with him—I’ll introduce you.”

After waiting for the taking of a scene for Paramount’s “The Son of Democracy,” the pillar of Washington society was presented to “The Lincoln Man.”

“How do you do, Mr. Lincoln?” the old gentleman said. It is a significant fact that hundreds of people when introduced to Mr. Chapin respond instinctively with: “I’m glad to meet you, Mr. Lincoln,” and never notice their error.

Mr. Chapin smiled—for this time the remark was evidently intentional as an off-hand compliment.

The Washington gentleman’s color came and went again.

“It’s Mr. Lincoln’s laugh—his beautiful smile, and even that twinkle!” he whispered to his White House friend.

Then, turning to Mr. Chapin again, quivering with emotion, he said:

“My God! but Mr.—Mr. Lincoln! I can’t call you by any other name. If I believed in reincarnation I’d say Abraham Lincoln had come back to us!”

“We do need him now, don’t we?” replied Mr. Chapin with feeling. “Let us hope that his wisdom and spirit may animate us all, for these are the times that try men’s souls.”

After taking his leave of Abraham Lincoln’s double, the aged man watched the taking of another scene, and said to a reporter:

“It is the more marvelous because there’s nothing gruesome about it all—nothing of the ghost, I mean. I have seen mere actors, ‘made up’ with putty and grease-paint, wigs and whiskers, grotesquely trying to look and act like Abraham Lincoln, but without any higher conception of the real man than so many goats!”

“Well,” the official explained, “Mr. Chapin has been, from boyhood, a fervent student and admirer of Lincoln. As the attitude of a man’s mind effects his physical make-up, all this had much to do, no doubt, with this strange resemblance to Mr. Lincoln. His quaint Lincoln ways, voice, smile, twinkle and all that, must be the outward manifestations of the ‘long, long thoughts’ of his youth and manhood.

“The final fulfilment of Mr. Chapin’s ambition is being realized in the release of the first section of “The Son of Democracy,” which will reveal the inner life, as well as the outward career of his immortal prototype—showing us the real Lincoln as he lived.”

HE THAT DOETH THE WILL

From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules,
And subtleties of schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;
Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry:
Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.

—Longfellow.

“A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,
A Garden stored with peas and mint and thyme.
And flowers for posies.”

—Wordsworth.

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer



Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from March number)

The case of the Crocker Old People's Home vs. Elmira Starke threatened to become another case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Delay followed delay while demurrers, motions to strike from the pleadings, motions for judgment, etc., followed, in the usual dilatory fashion. We fought every open attempt to oust Mrs. Starke and zealously guarded her against every subterfuge by which the Home could regain possession of her room, until we had been heard upon the merits of the case.

Finally, issue being joined, we discovered that not one of the judges before whom any one of the many questions of law had been raised and fought to a finish, would consent to try the case. Each one of them had an excuse, or at least attempted to excuse himself on the ground of other and more pressing cases upon his trial calendar; while two of the politically wise ones confessed prejudice which would disqualify them for trying the case, which by this time was a **cause celebre**.

At last, after much persuasion upon the part of Mr. Hanlon, counsel for the Old People's Home, Judge Low (his judicial eye upon the forthcoming election), consented to hear the evidence—though he could hardly have meant to try the cause and decide it according to the testimony, as events proved two days later, when without comment, he blurted out, "Judgment for the plaintiff," and immediately left the bench and hurried from the court room. Mr. Hanlon had delivered himself of a polished speech, wherein he exploited the virtues, the beauty and grace of the Lady Managers, who, arrayed **cap a pie** in the latest spring modes, sat near him eagerly listening as he praised them one and all in turn for their self-sacrifice, their long-suffering patience in their heroic labor of love, etc., ad nauseam, for the old and helpless.

None of them had testified on behalf of the "Home"; I dared not call them on behalf of the old mother whom they were attempting to evict from the 8 by 10 room which she occupied and had made attractive by dainty etchings of her own execution, and a rug which she had made with bits of rags, once elaborate gowns and beautiful petticoats, etc., which composed her wardrobe in the good old days

(Continued on Page 16)

VOGUE COMPANY

The Store of Truth, Courtesy and Correct Style

The Shopping Place of Those Who Know and the Reason Why

First—Vogue clothes are selected by expert buyers, whose lifelong training enables them to distinguish between the real and the shoddy.

Second—Vogue buyers are experts and specialize in the knowledge of best materials, perfect tailoring, smart and correct designs. A Vogue Company label insures you the very best.

Third—NO STORE IN AMERICA GIVES BETTER VALUES THAN VOGUE COMPANY. A \$25.00 suit or dress is individually selected with the same thoroughness and care as the \$100.00 garment.

Fourth—The shopping facilities are delightful everywhere—sunshine floods the store, and one cannot help but feel harmonious in light, airy, beautiful surroundings.

Fifth—Our suits, dresses, coats and gowns are shown on the second floor, where privacy, comfort, light, air and beautiful appointments are not equaled by any other store in America. You should visit this floor before making your Spring purchases.

Sixth—Our salespeople are kind, courteous, helpful and intelligent—trained to know your needs and to assist you in making satisfactory selections.

Seventh—"TRUTH, COURTESY AND CORRECT STYLES PREVAIL THROUGHOUT."



MERRITT BUILDING
BROADWAY AT EIGHTH

FALLACIES OF COMPULSORY HEALTH INSURANCE

(Continued from Page 6)

laws, so much admired and made ostensibly for their protection, such as insurance against unemployment, sickness, injury, old age and so on, are in reality skillful measures which bind them to the soil as effectively as the serfs of the middle ages were bound to their masters' estates. I have had letters from workingmen who have worked in America, begging me for steerage fare to America, and saying that their insurance payments were so large they could not save money out of their wages."

State Medicine

Here it may be asked what would the Medical Trust gain by the adoption of Social Insurance? Well, in addition to plenty of jobs there would be gained a great step towards the establishment of State Medicine, the ultimate goal of the political doctors—a goal that they never lose sight of.

Dr. James L. Whitney of San Francisco, in an article published in the California State Journal of Medicine, says: "Moreover, if the people at large could be interested in the matter sufficiently to make them act at all they would probably make the organization complete and arrive with one leap at state medicine. This latter result, a thorough socialization of medical practice, is a possible solution which is always brought up in any discussion. We must all of us feel that state medicine is very likely the ultimate goal." Again a recent number of the same journal contains the following from the pen of Dr. Rene Bine, chairman of the Committee on Health Insurance of the State Medical Society: "In

Your System Requires Purest Spring Water *Drink Plenty of* Arrowhead Water



The world's most palatable water—soft, sparkling, pure, delicious.

All size bottles from small split to 5-gallon demijohn.

Deliveries Everywhere
Arrowhead Springs Co.

60381—So. 381
Corner Wash-
ington and
Compton Sts.,
Los Angeles.

Interesting
literature free
upon request

April your committee on Social Insurance will report further on its work. It is going ahead upon the assumption that if the people of our State want and do vote for Health Insurance, the Medical Society of the State of California must help frame the final bill and practically dictate the actual medical features of the bill."

Army Camps

In view of this policy of the State Medical Society, a branch of the American Medical Association (the Allopathic Medical Trust), what are the prospects of medical freedom and the right of the individual to employ the system of healing in which he believes? An inkling of the conditions that would prevail under State Medicine may be gained from the experience of those at the various army camps where all are compelled to submit to the practice of serumtherapy—the injection of putrid animal matter into the blood stream of a healthy individual who, as a result, frequently begins to lose his health. Many students of this question are agreed that he who is thus treated runs a risk of becoming affected with one or more filthy and loathsome diseases. Since this risk exists, is it right, proper or sane to compel one against his will or fear to be thus inoculated? England in this matter is far more just than we are, as the injection of serums is not compulsory but optional.

Medical Freedom

A bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture declares that one of the epidemics of hoof and mouth disease in this country was caused by impure vaccine and also declares that it is impossible to guarantee the purity of vaccines. Those who believe in the efficacy of serumtherapy and are to run the risk involved should not be hindered, but on the other hand those who disbelieve and fear it ought not to be compelled to submit. State Medicine, like State Religion, will not thrive on Yankee soil. The former would be worse than the latter, for in State Religion one would have to listen but in State Medicine one would have to swallow as well.

If the proponents of compulsory medical treatment were wise they would realize that such procedure will retard recovery as it is self-evident that one would make more rapid progress if allowed the method of treatment he believes in.

Increase Poverty and Disease

One of the chief objections to this whole scheme of Compulsory Health Insurance is the fact that its provisions will not and cannot accomplish the results claimed, but on the contrary will produce just the opposite. The claim is made that Social Insurance will decrease poverty and disease, but let me show you how they will be increased.

In order to protect the insurance fund the employers will carefully scrutinize the physical condition of those seeking employment and thus those who are below normal, crippled and over age, will be refused employment and presently we shall have an army of unemployed, with poverty and disease, thus increasing the burden of taxation.

From Cradle to Grave

It is wrong to compel the State through general taxation to care for the individual from the cradle to the grave. Compulsory social insurance includes insurance for unemployment, maternity, old age,

and death, and it has been well said, "Once on the road we must go the whole way."

Social Insurance a Failure

Even Prussian authority is beginning to realize that its pet scheme of compulsory health insurance is fraught with danger, for we have the following from Vice Chancellor von Posadowsky, for many years the official spokesman for German Social Insurance and a conspicuous champion of compulsion, who, speaking in the Reichstag, said:

"I believe . . . there can be an excess in the application of the obligatory insurance which will be harmful to our people. To push this principle to the extent of seeking to assure the future of everybody would tend entirely to paralyze individual providence and the ability to take care of oneself. Nothing could exercise a more harmful influence upon the character of the people."

A student of the Prussian system of Social Insurance declares that "there is among the members of the German compulsory sickness societies a general scramble for cash benefits, with the result that 43% of such members annually draw these benefits for an average of twenty days each. It is absurd to assert that such lost time represented real sickness. About one-third of it is rather the result of cunning efforts by the insured to recoup their compulsory contributions. Compulsory social insurance schemes produce, encourage and maintain sloth."

Another authority, Villard, has the following to say: "Whichever way we turn, therefore, and from whatever standpoint we regard Social Insurance, drawbacks and serious objections are observed. Far from being a blessing, it is breeding a host of evils which greatly diminish if they do not outweigh its benefits. The cost is tremendous, for one must include not only the expense in dollars and cents, but also the economic loss caused by the rise in the sickness rate, the prolongation in the time of healing, the diminution of the chances of recovery and the failure to work to full capacity. Simulation and fraud are much more prevalent than formerly."

Pension Mania

Speaking of the pension mania, Hoche, a rector of a German university, has this to say:

"Thirty years ago it was still an unknown term, today it is a disease which, as a cancer in the organism of our working population, is rightly a cause of grave anxiety. This people's plague did not only arise after the enactment of Social Insurance legislation, but is directly dependent upon it."

Scheme Fails in England

Hon. Francis Neilson, ex-member of the British Parliament, a student of political economy, speaking before the Chicago Medical Society, December, 1916, said that social insurance in England is a dismal failure; that it was copied after the German system, and that Germany's system is a failure. He says that one has but to investigate all conditions to prove it.

Great Burden to State

The proponents of Social Insurance tell us that the State will contribute 20% to the insurance fund, but how about the State's share when State employees are considered? Here the State becomes the employer and pays the employers' rate, i. e., 40%, making a total of 60%.

(Continued on Page 18)

THE SOLDIER HORSE

By Florence Richmond

The cannon bellows o'er the bleeding lands,
And burdens the earth with blood-dripping biers;
The blatant war god screams loud his commands,
And all the torn waste is running with tears.

But in the death-roar is heard a sharp tread
Of iron-clad feet of the soldier horse;
Like demon he marches past trenches of dead,
And follows the flag by road of the cross.

In neighboring lands of once sacred trust,
Now turned to horrors of black, crawling mud,
He wades through gulches where war-trappings rust,
And gallantly braves the rivers of blood.

Oh, God! how he struggles beneath the weight
Of torturing shells, hot-blazened from hell!
But on through the fires of vengeance and hate,
He plunges and bears his brave rider well.

Relentless his tread, victorious his neigh,
As onward and onward, with bleeding bit,
He marches full speed the ghastly death way,
Unmindful the grave at the end of it.

Oh, brave soldier horse, on blood-sodden fields
Thou gavest to man thy strong servitude!
Through ages of time, when Peace fruitage yields,
All men shall thee praise in love's gratitude,
Thou brave soldier horse!

[There has been much inquiry as to the meaning of "The Red Star." It is an organization interested in securing relief for the suffering horse on the battle-field. An appeal for Patriotism—for Humanity. By helping the army horse the Red Star is doing a work of the utmost importance. Without the help of animals, soldiers cannot always be fed or supplied with munitions with which to defend themselves or defeat the enemy.—Editor]

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No. 3

CONTENTS

	Page
California Bond Crazy. Hon. John S. Chambers.....	3
Fallacies of Compulsory Health Insurance. Hon. W. E. Brown	6
The King of Cereals. Aramantha Miller.....	7
Actor Benjamin Chapin as Abraham Lincoln.....	8
Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer. Clara Shortridge Foltz	9
The Soldier Horse (Poem). Florence Richmond....	11
Editorial	12-15

PRESIDENT WILSON'S WORDS RINGING 'ROUND THE WORLD

"LET THERE be no misunderstanding. Our present and immediate task is to win the war and nothing shall turn us aside from it until it is accomplished. Every power and resource we possess, whether of men, or money or of material, is being devoted, and will continue to be devoted to that purpose until it is achieved.

"We shall regard the war as won only when the German people say to us through properly accredited representatives, that they are ready to agree to a settlement based upon justice and the reparation of the wrongs their rulers have done.

"When this intolerable Thing, this German power, is indeed defeated, and the time comes when we can discuss peace—when the German people have spokesmen whose word we can believe, and when the spokesmen are ready in the name of their people to accept the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the basis of law and of covenant for the life of the world—we shall be willing and glad to pay the full price, and pay it ungrudgingly. We know what that price will be. It will be full, impartial justice—justice done at every point and to every nation that the final settlement must affect, our enemies as well as our friends."

THE PRIMARY DUTY OF GOOD CITIZENS

In seeking to nominate the candidates who should go upon the ticket for the final election in November, first see to it that they possess a proper knowledge of the local circumstances of their constituents, and that they hail from that class of citizens who sympathize with good government, who acknowledge established rules of law and order, while at the same time, they demand progressive legislation which works for equal rights, equal justice to all.

In general, it may be stated, that there is not at this time any political question, which greatly concerns the State itself. Ours now is devotion to the duties which bear heavily upon us, the duties we owe to ourselves, our dear ones and the overwhelming duty of service to all humanity throughout the world. To win the cause of the Allied nations, to quench the thirst for broad and world domination of the mad Emperor, is the sole first aim of all patriots, and to this end we are united in common bond.

Proficient candidates are in demand. Where may these be found? Who among the list lately announced is qualified to represent the best of us, to legislate for the weakest of us?

California, disgraced by her representatives in the Assembly, the Senate laughed at by all the scholars of the country, should now in the year 1918, redeem herself by calling to her service the capable men and women to correct the evils, ambitious ignoramus, and self-seeking politicians have spread upon our statute books. We must repeal and forever abandon the system which prevents State and County Conventions, composed of properly elected representatives from gathering with their neighbors, and nominating candidates, whose character is known to them, and upon whom they may safely rely.

The statute books of California contain many useless unintelligible sections which should be repealed. A very few new sections and several amendments comprise the whole of legislation for the forthcoming session.

Community property laws must be amended. The silly proposal of a dozen bills to correct one evil should be dumped into the waste basket, and a bill composed of a dozen words should be introduced, reading as follows: "Upon the death of either husband or wife the survivor succeeds to the community property without administration.

A Public Defender should be provided for every County in the State, whose sole duty it would be to defend the accused poor and unfortunate. Such laws however should not be made applicable to civil cases. These are already provided for by Statutes, which have stood the test of time. An amendment to the Constitution of California, providing for a Chief Public Defender in opposition to the Attorney-General, should be proposed and submitted to the people for adoption. These and a very few changes in the statutory laws of California will be all the people require—fewer laws and better ones, must be the aim of intelligent legislators.

PERFIDIOUS MISREPRESENTATION

Statements that the trial of Thomas J. Mooney, convicted of bomb conspiracy on Preparedness Day in San Francisco, was a farce, that the testimony was prejudiced, that big business was responsible for his conviction, are false and more, they are malicious lies.

Mooney was tried by a jury of his own choosing; he had a host of witnesses in his defense; he had the privilege of testifying in his own behalf and of cross-examining each witness who testified against him.

Defended by able lawyers in all the proceedings and at every stage of the trial, Mooney, to use Lord Erskine's fine phrase, "was covered all over with the armor of the law."

No man ever had a more deliberate, calm and equitable trial, than that which was accorded to Mooney, and the jury's verdict unless perjured, could not have been otherwise than what it was.

As to the punishment of death for Mooney, that is quite another matter, viewed from a moral point of view. The death penalty serves no wise purpose; it is cruel and inhuman and cannot be justified by experience. But hanging in California is the law, and until the law is repealed it must be obeyed. Organized society must inflict punishment to accomplish its definite purpose. Punishment is an act of social defense. The crime of which Mooney was convicted calls for punishment that will have a salutary effect upon the bold and heartless bomb thrower.

"No wretch ere felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law."

FACE TO FACE WITH GOD

Those who experience for the first time the quake of the earth about them feel the first real sensation of brotherhood, the first real nearness to their neighbor next door and to the servant in the house. All is chaos for a moment, and then every sense, every emotion settles back and waits the issue, face to face with the Infinite.

The recent earthquake in Southern California, which in destruction of property was negligible, and almost without disaster as to loss of life, was nevertheless a most interesting experience, and one which cannot but enrich every man, woman and child who felt its uncanny touch.

With more or less interest they await another shock, confident that the same Divine principle which controls and regulates will command the situation and that again they will emerge from the shake-up with bigger ideas and a grander conception of the cosmos.

The beautiful mountain cities of San Jacinto and Hemet have been reborn by the groan of mother earth, and though they have suffered they have also enjoyed greater things by the shake-up. New life has entered the veins of men and women—new buildings and new enterprises are on foot which will lead to better things, and society generally will feel the impact of big ideas generated by the earthquake.

NEW PERCEPTION

When we have new perception we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish.—Emerson.

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Out of Tragedy Comedy is Brought

IN connection with an extraordinary episode in legal circles comes the statement of District Attorney Woolwine, of Los Angeles County, the popular candidate for Governor, that although there had been almost innumerable cases of man-killing by women in Los Angeles County, the records did not show a single conviction.

Accordingly, Mr. Woolwine stated that, "considering the enormous expense of a re-trial, with small if any hope of securing conviction, he had decided after serious consideration to move the dismissal of the case of the people against Marie Pinzon Edwards, charged with killing Senator Henry H. Lyons."

Of course, the woman, with or without cause, with or without malice, killed the man; that fact was presented to the jury by testimony unassailable, and recognized as the truth by the morbid crowd that sat with strained ears and eyes day after day drinking down the nasty details of the events that preceded the tragedy.

The jury disagreed, standing six to six, and this fact alone redeems the situation and quells the riot of indignation which every right-minded man and woman must feel. Presumably laws are made to be obeyed by all classes. However, it may be we should regard women as of no class, endow them with Satanic proclivities, adjudge man as the vicarious sufferer for her moods, and whether she wound him or kill him the jury of men should acquit her.

It is all too silly to regard seriously. And what must be the private opinion of the Edwards woman herself concerning the law and its executors? No doubt she laughs in her sleeve as she thinks of the bold defense she put up, how she defied society and the courts, and how the jury fell for it!

Miss Edwards went forth a free woman upon testimony which would have convicted any man charged with the same offense in any court of justice.

The same must be said of the woman tried in Visalia a few weeks ago, who murdered her husband's old-time friend for some offense, so claimed, which, as the testimony clearly showed, she must have herself invited. How could the jury have reached such a conclusion? we ask. She is guilty, as everybody knows. "Oh, yes, she is guilty, but that doesn't count when a pretty woman is on trial."

Each of these women went forth free of punishment for crimes which if committed by men, would have called forth verdicts of guilty. Jurors who thus set free guilty women, only because they are women, should be charged with perjury and branded as undesirable citizens.

It might have a restraining and salutary effect if a few of these methodical emotional brain-stormed man-killers were convicted merely, not hanged, just to keep things lively at the jail, while notices of appeal, applications for release on bond, for certificate of probable cause, are being made, that the convicted "victim of man's treachery" might not be compelled to suffer the added humiliation of a short term in the State prison while waiting the decision of the Supreme Court reversing the verdict and ordering a new trial.

Of course, by this time, the willing and the unwilling witnesses will have disappeared; the District Attorney will have sought for them in vain, and unable to locate them, he will come into court, make a gracious and a specious explanation of his position in the matter of a retrial of the fair young woman whose health had been seriously undermined by a too close confinement for long months in the County jail; that under all the circumstances he regards it a useless expenditure of the people's money to again bring the defendant to trial and he therefore moves a dismissal of the charges, which a kind hearted judge always grants. Oh tempora! Oh mores!

AN AMERICAN CREED

The city of Baltimore offered a prize of \$1000 for the best American creed, and the winning one is so good we reprint it:

I believe in the United States of American as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

UNDERGROWTH

It ain't the trees that block the trail,
It ain't the ash or pine;
For, if you fall or if you fail,
It was some pesky vine
That tripped you up, that threw you down,
That caught you unawares:
The big things you can walk aroun'—
But watch the way for snares.

—Douglas Malloch.

FEUD NIPPED IN THE BUD

"A merchant in our town put out a sign reading, 'Business as Usual.'"

"Yes?"

"His rival across the street put out a sign reading, 'Business Better Than Usual.'"

"How did the other fellow come back?"

"He didn't have a chance to come back. Just about that time Dr. Garfield issued his fuel order and both had to shut up."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

MIRAGE

They hear the rippling waters call:
They see the fragrant fields of balm:
And soft and clear above it all,
The shimmer of some silver palm
That shines through all that stirless calm—
So near, so near—and yet they fall
All scorched with heat and blind with pain,
Their faces downward to the plain,
Their arms reached toward the mountain wall.
—Rosalie Kercheval.

Slacker "A Dirty Dog"

Mr. J. B. Coulson, a banker of Pasadena, has put in plain Anglo-Saxon his idea of a slacker, and incidentally he expressed the heartfelt sentiments of every loyal American. At Exposition Park, speaking on behalf of the Third Liberty Loan, Mr. Coulson, in language forcible, if not so elegant as the *New American Woman* might be expected to use, poured hot shot into the ranks of pacifists and other laggards in support of the Government in its time of need, as follows:

"If you don't believe in this government, get out of it.

"You may have conscientious objections to taking life, but if you have them in regard to feeding and clothing our men in France this community is no place for you. The woman who keeps a brothel and the man who is a moral degenerate is a lady and a gentleman in comparison to the dirty dog who won't part with his money now. You won't live next door to either of the former. Well, then, why tolerate the other? It is your duty to drive out slackers and to do it quick. Public opinion will protect you and that is the greatest law in existence. It exceeds any *lex scripta* that was ever put down on the statute books.

"If you don't loan your government your money at 4 per cent now, tomorrow you will probable have to give it, and all you have of it, at that. If

you can't make a Christian of a man for love of Christ, make him one for fear of hell.

"To hell with Prussianism. That is not profanity, that's up-to-the-minute logic. The government is doing the biggest things of its history today. There isn't anything the matter with this country. There may be something the matter with you, but the country is all right. Last month Uncle Sam turned out 2,000,000 rifles and an equal amount of pistols. He also put in the line 270,000,000 rifle cartridges and 5,000,000 artillery shells. We have built three and a half times as many ships as England, the world's greatest shipbuilder, has produced, and we have put more U-boats on the seas than any other country. This country has built and delivered since last November 3500 airplanes, and we are training 100,000 men to fly them and the 22,000 that we will have manufactured by December. Twenty-eight days after we entered the war United States torpedo boats were in an Irish harbor and ready for immediate action.

"The Kaiser said that his mailed fist would never fail. I'll bet a dollar against 3 cents that it does. There is no business of any consequence except the winning of the war and if we don't win there won't be any business of any consequence at all."

Question—What is a slacker?

Answer—A man or a woman who is able to and won't buy a Liberty Bond.



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THE STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A WOMAN LAWYER

(Continued from Page 9)

when her husband, William Starke, of New York, a member of the wealthy Starkes of Revolutionary fame, was a trusted officer of the great Comstock Company and sole owner of the big Green Valley mines located in Mariposa County, California.

Mr. Starke had come to California in search of gold early in 1849. Two years later the pretty and educated young girl whose promise had made a hero of him, left New York and crossed the plains in a prairie schooner behind an ox team, to the then rough mining town of Sacramento, where Mr. Starke awaited her arrival. They were married in 1851 and at once began to lay the foundation for their future home.

Young Mrs. Starke was a musician of unusual ability. Her lyric soprano voice captured the miners, and with her rare beauty added to her accomplished mind, she soon became the acknowledged belle of the new Eldorado. The Starkes were the most sought-for and welcome guests of all the rugged people of the mining camps.

They were happy and prosperous, and being "to the manor born," the Starkes were the acknowledged aristocrats of the pioneers. But a terrible accident in the mines broke the health of Mr. Starke; business reverses followed; the "high and mighty" lords of the Comstock soon found the way to the rich deposits of William Starke's holdings and as quickly squeezed him out. With failing health he struggled on; his accomplished though inexperienced wife stood bravely by her husband in his misfortunes. She taught piano, sang for the miners and did her housework, cared for her children, and nursed her husband until he died, leaving her alone and penniless.

One son was left to her, but he wandered away and joined a traveling minstrel show, and after many heart-breaking attempts to earn her way she was induced to enter the Crocker Old People's Home, and through the assistance of the Mispah Club, a then popular musical organization of San Francisco, she became an "inmate" of that institution.

Mrs. Starke was then seventy years of age and very feeble. She was not equal to the changed environment and in course of time she resented the limitations, rules and orders of her inferiors. She sought to conform to the opinions and orders of the trustees; she tried to be agreeable and frequently entertained the old folks in the assembly room by playing on the piano and singing old-time and familiar melodies in which they joined.

But for cause good and sufficient to the "lady trustees," old Mrs. Starke was "undesirable as an inmate"; she was to be put out of the Home for reasons, stated in the notice, served upon the sweet-faced, graceful little old woman, which read as follows: "She, the said Mrs. Starke, is accused of violating the Rules of said Home by carrying food from the table to her room (she had carried an apple and a couple of soda crackers); for spilling coffee on the tablecloth; for criticising the management, and lastly (terrible to relate) she allowed a worthless son, a penniless minstrel, to visit her in her room

and lie upon her bed while she mended his clothes, and (oh horrors!) he sang negro songs to his mother, which disturbed the peace and dignity of said Crocker Old People's Home" (but which in truth delighted the old folks).

These were the charges upon which the "lady trustees" relied to eject the old real lady from a Home to which she had paid her money—or her friends had paid it, and where she vainly hoped to live yet a little while in seclusion and peace, gratefully accepting whatever of home comforts might be offered her.

The Home at this time was a three-story wood and brick building on the corner of Pine and Pierce streets, San Francisco. For architectural design and interior appointments it seemed well adapted to carry out the sentiments of the motto engraved over the entrance door—"Cast me not off in the time of old age; Forsake me not when my strength faileth," and which was again quoted in the by-laws. But so far from carrying out the spirit of their motto the "lady trustees," in the case of old Mrs. Starke, violated it in letter and spirit.

But the "lady trustees" put their foot down and declared that "it had been decided at a meeting of the trustees held for the purpose of getting rid of Mrs. Starke that she must go willy-nilly." I questioned the legal right of the trustees to eject her, and I claimed that if they had the legal right they had no moral right to do so. I maintained that Mrs. Starke was a tenant in common with other inmates who had paid their entrance fee, that she and each of them had a vested interest in the Home property during their life-time.

Mr. Hanlon contended that Mrs. Starke was nothing more than a tenant at will, liable to expulsion upon notice, just as any ordinary tenant failing to pay rent would be, and that the usual action of unlawful detainer was the proper remedy upon which they relied to oust the old lady from the Home.

As already stated the Court took Mr. Hanlon's view of the law of the case, and after the most hotly contested law-suit ever witnessed in a Justice Court in San Francisco, decided that the Home had the legal right to oust Mrs. Starke by proceedings in unlawful detainer. Accordingly Mrs. Starke was compelled to leave. I carried her to my residence at 321 Van Ness avenue, where my precious mother and family tenderly administered to her every want. I then instituted a suit to compel the return of the money to Mrs. Starke which had been paid into the Home by the Mispah Club for her use and benefit.

In the meantime the trustees had forestalled the suit, as it appeared, and had returned the money to the Mispah Club. Then I proceeded to join the Mispah Club as a defendant in the action, and another merry war was on, when an old friend and mining partner of Mrs. Starke's husband, reading of her pitiful story, came for her and carried her to his fine residence in Oakland, where she lived in comfort amid elegant surroundings and in harmony with those who could understand and appreciate her varied accomplishments and her many womanly qualities.

Out of the struggles to prevent the Crocker Old People's Home from ejecting the dear old "Sweet-heart," as I loved to call her, I certainly triumphed

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in making her cause known to the friend and former partner of her husband who provided her with a splendid home and every comfort until the day of her death.
(Continued in May number)

SUPPRESS INSIDIOUS PROPAGANDA

All women residing within the United States, regardless of their place of birth, their color or race, are expected to do their bit to win the war. We must bend every energy to this one end. Kaiserism must be demolished. The responsibility of the mothers of the race in this supreme task challenges the greatest sacrifice, the loftiest patriotism. In this darkest hour since civilization began women are on guard. In the righteous defense of liberty, in the furtherance of progress, and in the solutions of the mighty problems of peace that will vex society when once the war is at an end women must lead the way.

Upon the character, intelligence and patriotism of American men and women, rest the odds of this horrible war.

"Kaiserism must go down before the righteous and outraged democracy of the world," declared Mrs. Charles Thatcher Guernsey, President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in opening the twenty-seventh annual meeting.

Permanent Triumph

"We are living in a great and awful time. We are staggered when we contemplate what is involved in this tremendous struggle and yet we are glad to have some part in so magnificent an enterprise as now engages the liberty-loving people of the whole world.

"Whatever may be the changing, shifting scenes of today, we are sure that on some future morrow the great cause for which we are fighting shall permanently triumph.

"There is a most insidious propaganda among us today against which we should be on our guard. We have many citizens who have such hatred for England that they seem willing to aid the enemy if only they can deal Britain a blow.

German King

"They do not love Germany more but hate England most. But we will not be deceived by them. Anyone who is England's enemy is now our enemy. We understand them. They were glad when disloyal Irishmen struck England a blow when England was fighting Germany. Loyal Americans know full well why the American colonists rebelled against the mother country.

"The heart of old England was in sympathy with her English colonies. But it was the Hanoverian king, George III., who could not speak English without a German accent, who tyrannically imposed unfair taxes on the Americans. During the American Revolution we were fighting a German king and his German hirelings as we are fighting Germans today.

"Let me give you a sure sign by which to test traitors. When you hear some criticising England rest assured you are within hearing of a Hun. Our national motto today must be, 'Love me, love my ally.'

"As we stand for our flag, stand for our language. Henceforth candid American citizens should be compelled to go hungry unless they can ask for food in good old fashioned English."

FALLACIES OF COMPULSORY HEALTH INSURANCE

(Continued from Page 11)

Where is the money coming from to build hospitals in California? Employers will insist upon medical examination of all applicants for employment. Who will pay for this?

Counties, cities and towns will be compelled to increase taxes to contribute 40% to the insurance fund as employers. These facts combined with malingering, fraud, carelessness, improvidence and immorality will create a burden of great magnitude and in the end will only result in making worse the conditions which the plan seeks to remedy.

Prohibitive Administrative Expense

Concerning the terrific expense entailed in the administrative duties of compulsory Social Insurance, Mr. Sidney Webb has the following to say of the plan: "Regarded as a means of raising revenue, compulsory insurance of all the wage-earning population—with its elaborate paraphernalia of weekly deductions, its array of cards and stamps, its gigantic membership catalogue, its inevitable machinery of identification and protection against fraud, involving not only a vast and perpetual trouble for each employer but also the appointment of an extraordinarily expensive civil service staff—is, compared with all other taxes, almost ludicrously expensive to all concerned. The aggregate cost of collection is between 20% and 25% of the premiums received."

Summary of the Scheme

A little analysis of this Social Insurance plan together with information based upon actual experience elsewhere reveals the following facts:

A Prussian autocratic scheme which has admittedly failed in Germany; a scheme that instead of diminishing poverty and disease, will actually increase these evils; an un-American, an un-democratic scheme of paternalism that will devitalize the individual and breed fraud, sloth and incompetency; a plan of class legislation which contemplates that all the people shall be compelled to contribute to the support of certain wage-earners when ill, regardless of the cause, whether it be vice, dissipation or improper living; a plan that will compel a wage-earner to have one kind of medical treatment or none, regardless of whether he may have confidence in it or not. This virtually means the establishment of State Medicine; a plan that will add millions of dollars to the burdens of taxpayers and then fail in accomplishing the ends sought.

Visionary and Confiscatory

Let us profit from the experience of others who have tried this plan and failed and excuse ourselves from a gigantic burden which only makes matters worse. Let us defeat the Constitutional Amendment which seeks to confer upon the Legislature the power to create this visionary and confiscatory scheme.

It is gratifying to know that a few days ago Congress refused passage of a bill providing for a National Social Insurance Commission introduced by Representative Meyer London of New York, a Socialist, and the Massachusetts Social Insurance Commission has reported against and strongly disapproves of compulsory health insurance.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP GROWS IN GARDENS

A garden deepens your sense of friendliness with the whole green earth, and is, moreover, a great promoter of good-fellowship with humankind; the friendships that you make over your garden have sweetness and enduring roots. What generousities grow in gardens! What interchange of blossom and fragrance! Old friends bring you bulbs and roots, so that you have something of them growing green beside you; new friends come, bearing gifts of seed and stalk. I try vainly to tell off on my fingers the kindly thoughts of others that have taken root and blossomed within me: one gave me blue iris; one yellow pansies. . . . One hepaticas for the thicket; another, lilies of the valley and columbine; another, violets, blue and white. The sweet, old-fashioned pinks, the older-fashioned thyme; the deepest red hollyhocks, came from the most lovely little old lady my world has ever known; friends steal in with trowels and plant for us. . . . I come home dragging a market basket filled to overflowing by the autumn generosity of a neighbor; rich in hollyhock plants, lilies, dahlias, chrysanthemums. . . . Back of each blossom I see the friendly face of the giver. . . .

Nor do our lesser comrades lack welcome here. Little toads hop in and out among the green stalks, pausing sometimes to have their backs stroked with a straw; squirrels chatter in neighborly fashion from the trees; we are not altogether inhospitable to that uninvited guest, our neighbor's quacking hen, which renders us a rough version of The Lotus Eaters at hot noontides. Bumble-bees visit foxglove and rose; humming-birds and butterflies are there; and day by day the honeysuckle pastures the village honey bees.—Margaret Sherwood.

"And ever the right comes uppermost
And ever is justice done."

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of The New American Woman, published Monthly at Los Angeles, California, for April 1, 1918.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Clara Shortridge Foltz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor and Owner of the New American Woman, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles, California.

Editor, Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles, California.

Managing Editor, Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles, California.

Business Manager, Clara Shortridge Foltz, Los Angeles, California.

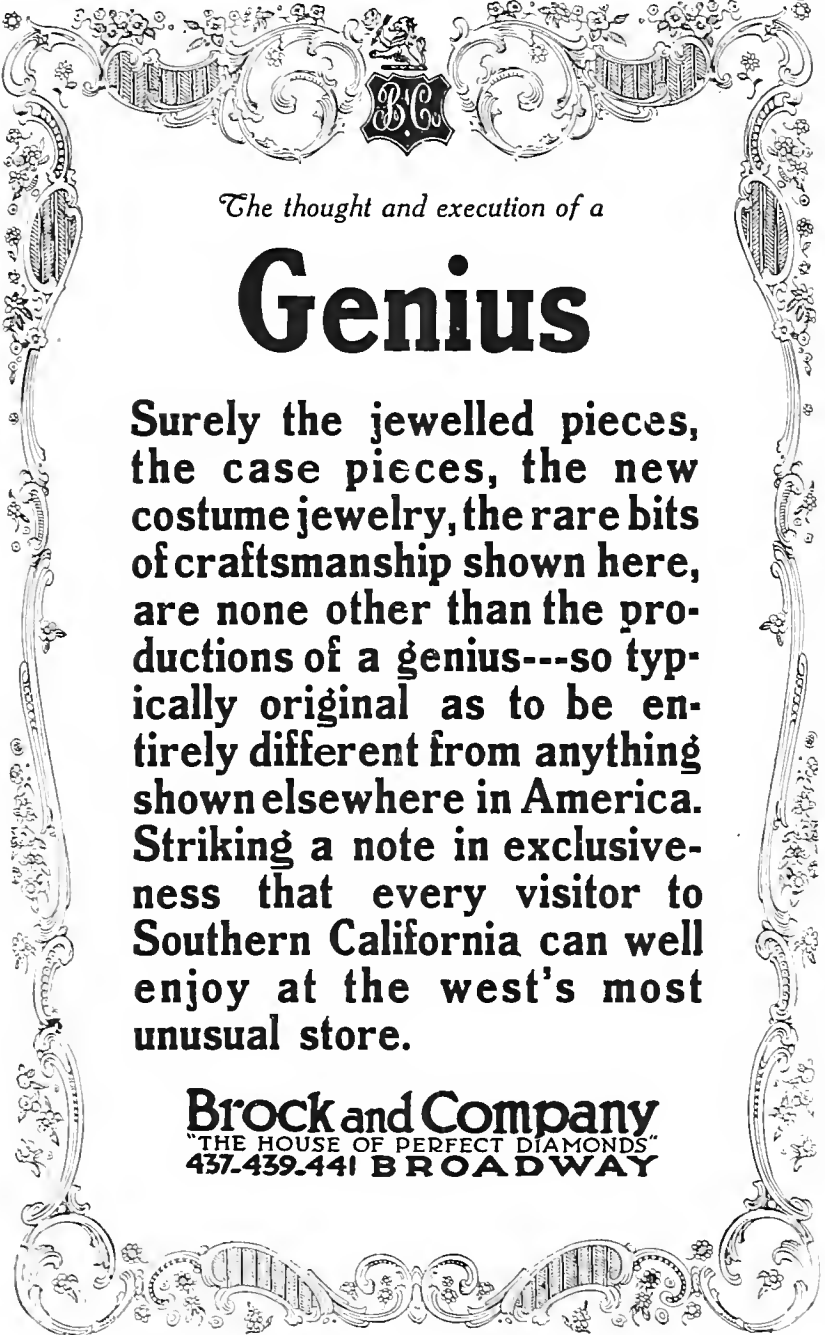
2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Clara Shortridge Foltz, 153 S. Normandie Ave., Los Angeles.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

CLARA SHORTIDGE FOLTZ,
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of April, 1918.

(Seal)
J. H. O'CONNOR,
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

(My commission expires Oct. 22nd, 1920.)






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“The Star- Spangled Banner”

By
Francis Scott Key

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs' bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
 Oh, say, does the Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
 In full glory reflected—now shines on the stream!
 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

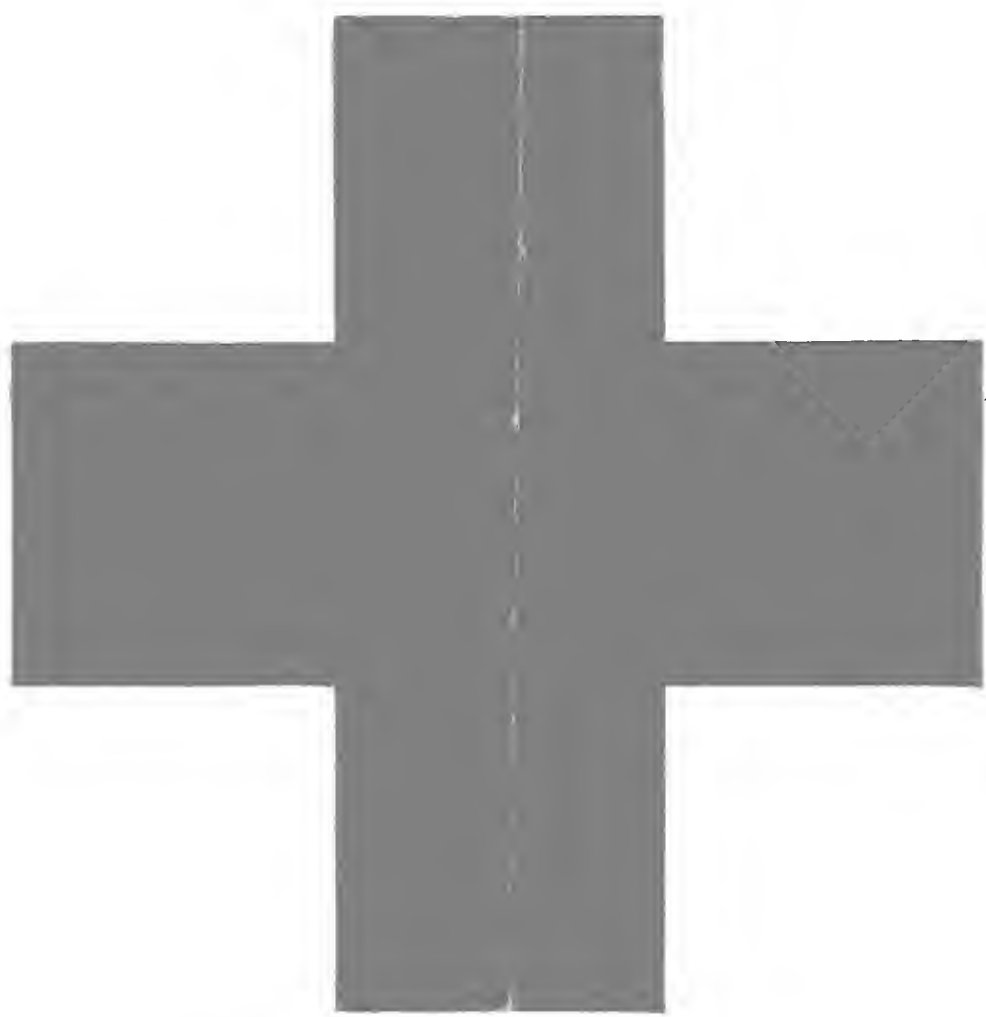
And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
 A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a Nation!
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"—
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Calif-



The *New* **AMERICAN WOMAN**



The Impartial Mother of the World

VOL. III NO. 4
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MAY, 1918

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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. III.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, MAY, 1918

NO. 4

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

Social Insurance Fallacies

By Frederick A. Knight, Attorney at Law, Long Beach California

TO those familiar with the history of the propaganda engaged in by those advocating compulsory health or social insurance, it need not be repeated that a great portion of the argument in the early days was derived from German sources, and Germany and her so-called efficiency were pointed to as one of the most conclusive arguments in favor of social insurance. Since war has been declared between this country and Germany, the chief advocates of social insurance have dropped all reference to German Kultur in connection with social insurance. There never has been a time, however, in the history of social insurance in Germany, or elsewhere, where it has been efficient in bringing about any desired results to those for whose particular benefit it is claimed to be a wonderfully good thing. In proof of this, an examination of the statistics of Germany and other countries which have tried social insurance will conclusively uphold this statement.

The advocates of social insurance have been throwing broadcast the statement that an amendment to the Constitution preceded the workmen's compensation act or industrial accident insurance. The fact is that the workmen's compensation act is now, and for several years has been, in operation in this State without any constitutional provision authorizing it as is now being proposed in the case of social insurance. There is an amendment to the constitution of that sort proposed and it will come before the people to be voted upon at the November election. Just what its purpose is is not clear, because the Legislature has authority to put workmen's compensation and industrial accident insurance in operation and has done so successfully.

It will be remembered that within the past few months the Industrial Accident Commission has deprived workmen of their free choice of physicians and health systems and for the district of Los Angeles has ruled that a few physicians of one school shall have all of the practice and that injured workmen must go to these dozen or so physicians for treatment.

It will also be remembered that the Industrial Accident Commission ruled in one instance that if a workman who had been injured would not consent to having his hand amputated he should receive no further benefits under the law.

It may be that the constitutional amendment in the matter of workmen's compensation is intended

to justify rulings of this sort which ignore the constitutional rights of a workman and reduce him to a condition of practical helplessness when he comes before the Industrial Accident Commission.

The Legislature is fully endowed with authority now to put in operation any rational system of health insurance just as it has already put in operation a system of accident insurance. The constitutional amendment giving the Legislature unlimited authority in the matter of social insurance can therefore have no other purpose than to equip the Legislature and the Social Insurance Commission with absolute authority in matters of health insurance and at the same time divest the wage earner and others of all constitutional rights. The result will be that when the individual wage earner stands before the Legislature or before the Social Insurance Commission he will stand divested of every individual and constitutional right which has been won in all the centuries that have passed since the Barons met King John at Runnymede and forced him to recognize at least some measure of individual freedom. And not only the wage earner himself will be deprived of these rights, but his family and those dependent upon him will be placed in the same helpless condition.

An examination of the proposed constitutional amendment designed to empower the State Legislature to enact a system of social insurance shows that the advocates of social insurance have gone Prussianism one better, for we find the last sentence of this proposed constitutional amendment to be:

"The provisions of this section shall not be controlled or limited by any other provision of this constitution, except the provisions thereof, relating to the passage and approval of acts by the Legislature and to the referendum thereof."

In this closing sentence we find the attempt to slip into that constitutional amendment a clause which would give a power beyond anything ever dreamed of in constitutional tinkering. If adopted by the people this amendment will wipe out of existence all the protective measures of the State Constitution without any such specific constitutional provision authorizing it, as is now being proposed in the case of social insurance.

Before going into details, it should be pointed out that the constitution of the nation and of the State always has been, and always should be, the one substantial fundamental anchor to protect the people of the State against ill-considered legisla-

tion and official oppression. I think upon this subject there will be no argument, and I believe there will be no argument upon the proposition that the constitution of a State or of the nation should be amended or changed only after the most careful and deliberate study by the people themselves.

Let us now glance at the results possible in California should this proposed constitutional amendment be adopted:

1st. Section 5 of Article I. of the California constitution provides that the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended except in cases of rebellion or invasion. If the proposed amendment under discussion is adopted the Legislature is clothed with power to provide that in cases arising under any of the innumerable phases of a social insurance law which may be approved by the Legislature no writ of habeas corpus may be issued, and thus, so far as the California constitution is concerned, one of the greatest bulwarks of American liberty, and one that has been handed down to the Anglo-Saxon speaking races ever since this privilege and protection was wrested from King John, shall be wiped away.

2nd. Section 6 of Article I. of the constitution of California provides that all persons shall be permitted to give bail except for capital offenses. This protection may be wiped out by the Legislature if the proposed social insurance constitutional amendment is carried, and the Legislature may provide that persons charged with the violation of any of the requirements of a social insurance act which may be adopted by the Legislature shall be imprisoned, and without bail.

3rd. Section 7 of Article I. of the constitution of California provides that "the right of trial by jury shall be secured to all, and remain inviolate." This section of the constitution of California, another measure which has been one of the greatest protections to people of almost every race since the dark ages, may be by the Legislature wiped out, and autocratic and Prussian methods may be substituted.

4th. Section 9 of Article I. of the California constitution provides that "every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press." This section of the constitution may be by the Legislature under the proposed social insurance amendment entirely ignored and the social insurance act adopted by the Legislature may provide that no citizen shall either speak or write or criticise the act or the procedure under any act which may be inaugurated.

5th. Section 10 of Article I. of the constitution provided that "the people shall have the right to freely assemble together to consult for the common good, to instruct their representatives, and to petition the Legislature for redress of grievances." The Legislature under the proposed social insurance amendment could require that men and women shall not assemble for the purpose of discussing the social insurance act or any of the activities of officials under that act.

6th. Section 13 of Article I. of the constitution provides that in criminal prosecution in California no person shall be twice put in jeopardy for the

same offense or be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. This section of the constitution under an ideal social insurance law (from the State-paid social reformer's standpoint) may take away these privileges and may try a man several times for the same offense, even though he be acquitted in a former trial, and he can also be deprived of his liberty and his property without due process of law.

7th. Section 14 of Article I. of the California constitution provides that "private property shall not be taken or damaged for public use without just compensation having first been made * * *." Should the proposed social insurance amendment go into effect, the Legislature may provide that the officials in charge of carrying out the various provisions of a social insurance act may take private property or damage it without giving any compensation to the party whose property may be taken under the pretense that it is necessary for the purpose of social insurance.

8th. Section 20 of Article I. provides that "treason against the State shall consist only in levying war against it, adhering to its enemies, or giving them aid and comfort." Should the Legislature desire, it would be empowered under the proposed social insurance amendment to provide that any act or violation of a social insurance law passed by the Legislature shall constitute treason against the State regardless of how slight the offense.

9th. Section 21 of Article I. of the constitution provides that no citizen or class of citizens shall be granted privileges or immunities, which upon the same terms shall not be granted to all citizens. The Legislature under the proposed amendment could exempt any class they desire from the operations of the social insurance law.

10th. Section I. of Article II. of the California constitution provides for the right of suffrage and protects citizens in their right to vote and participate in the government. Should the proposed amendment go into effect it would be possible to take away this right and to provide that certain individuals shall not be allowed the right of suffrage, or it might provide for a perpetual disfranchisement of anyone violating the slightest provision of any law enacted on the social insurance question.

11th. Section 22 of Article IV. of the constitution provides among other things that "no money shall be drawn from the treasury but in consequence of appropriation made by law * * *." If the proposed amendment is adopted provision may be made for drawing funds for the social insurance officials' use without any appropriation at all, as this section of the constitution may be annulled.

In addition to the changes which may be made in the above specially enumerated sections of the constitution innumerable unjust and un-American practices or enactments are possible in the event of the adoption of this social insurance constitutional amendment, among some of them being:

(a) The whole judicial branch of the State government may be made subject to the bidding of a commission or committee appointed under a social insurance enactment.

(b) All rights of appeal from inferior to superior courts could be abridged or abolished.

(c) All appeal from decisions or rulings of the social insurance profiteers could be taken away.

(d) The pardoning power of the Governor in cases of violation of a social insurance enactment could be taken away.

(e) Officials or officers of a Social Insurance Commission could be quartered in private residences for the purpose of enforcing any mandates of the Social Insurance Commission.

(f) Arrests could be made without warrants on an order of a Social Insurance Commission and those arrested held without bail.

(g) The right of men to hold public or private office could be restricted by the act.

(h) Contractual obligations could be annulled.

(i) The school system could be so encumbered by limitations as to make it practically useless, or what is worse, could make it a clinic for the exploitation of various health theories.

(j) All limitation could be taken off the levying of taxes.

(k) A poll tax could be levied on every individual in the State, for the purpose of supporting the horde of political hangers-on which could and undoubtedly would be put in office.

In conclusion let us say that in no one of the numerous amendments of the constitution of the State of California, or of the United States, has so destructive a clause been inserted as that which winds up the proposed social insurance constitutional amendment. It with one bold stroke attempts to wipe out the basic law of the State of California as set forth in the constitution of this State, and places the people of this State in the hands of a legislative commission. Wage earners, employers of labor and taxpayers would surrender all rights guaranteed in the constitution so far as they come in conflict with the desires of the social Insurance Commission and the State Legislature.

There will be no protection against compulsory medicine, compulsory surgery, nor interference with the most sacred relations of life. The agent of a State commission will have the right to enter the homes of the workers and no man can longer regard his dwelling place as his castle.

This is what Samuel Gompers had in mind when he said that "compulsory social insurance cannot be administered without exercising control over wage earners." And again, "Health insurance legislation affects wage earners directly. Compulsory institutions will make changes not only in relation of work, but in their private lives, particularly a compulsory system affecting health, for good health is not concerned merely with time and conditions under which work is performed. It is affected by home conditions, social relations and all of those things that go to make up the happiness or the desolation of life."

Irrespective of the merits or demerits of a system of social insurance and the claims made for it, in addition to the above on the constitutional feature, these things stand out as pre-eminent:

It is an experiment in a free country, with an origin now abhorrent to all men.

The cost estimated for the first year's operation by the Social Insurance Commission is \$27,596,-

000.00. (See their report, page 339). Every dollar of this will come from taxpayers, which is absolutely impossible to consider at this time when the demands for support of the Federal Government in the prosecution of this righteous war must be met.

The commission has had an appropriation of \$47,000.00 of the 'taxpayers' money and in three years has held but one public hearing. The State's money is being used to promote and advocate an experiment, and not to investigate every phase of its present necessity, desirability, and relation to all interests involved.

In November vote NO on this proposed amendment and protect the constitution, the inviolability of your home life, and your pocketbook.

HIS CLOTHES CAME HOME FROM THE CAMP TODAY

By Med Ransom

His clothes came home from the camp today,
The clothes he had on when he went away,
The jacket and trousers the schoolboy wore,
Things that the soldier boy needs no more.
His mother took them and put them away
In the room upstairs where he used to stay.

His clothes came home from the camp today,
The cap that he waved when he went away,
The coat that was snagged and mended with care,
The bright colored scarf that he liked best to wear.
She held them close to her heart today,
As she knelt alone in his room to pray.

His clothes came home from the camp today,
The shoes where the prints of his feet still stay;
His mother, seeing them through her tears,
Thought of the baby boots kept through the years;
And, with the relics of yesterday,
She put her soldier's clothes away.

—From the Southern Woman's Magazine.

THE ANGELS OF THE RED CROSS

(Dedicated to Them)

Salute, Red Cross, the noble band,
Who labor without price;
Who go from home to foreign land,
In their self-sacrifice.
Nor fear exploding shells that kill,
And swiftly speeding lead,
That soon the woods and meadows fill
With wounded and the dead.

And as they work, with love untold,
Or close a glazing eye,
Death's agonies no terrors hold
With Angels standing by.
They Angels are to friend and foe
With sympathy to loss;
God bless and ever keep them so,
The Angels of Red Cross.

Not always will the Reaper mow the warring hords
To satisfy the monarchs' insane lust for crime;
Not always swords, in useless hate, will clash with
swords,
While orphans weep and hearts are sad in every clime;
And though it seems, that Fate a vent for ill affords,
There shall be Peace supreme for all in God's own
time.

Adolph Danziger.

Social Insurance is German Kultur

By Charles T. Merritt

WHILE it is inconceivable to assume that Compulsory Insurance will ever find lodgment on this western continent, among the freeman who demands the right to the unrestricted exercise of his own best judgment in matters which pertain to his individual welfare, yet we may not go amiss and review some of the contentions assumed in its defense by its supporters, and in doing so note the strength of its advocates, and examine the foundation upon which the structure rests.

Possibly the greatest advocate of the measure is Dr. I. M. Rubinow, Executive Secretary of the Social Insurance Committee of the American Medical Association. He says:

"As a system carrying with it compulsion, State subsidies and strict State supervision and control, social insurance has reached its highest development in Modern Germany." The book "Social Insurance" was published in 1916, at which time Dr. Rubinow enlisted in the employ of the Social Insurance Commission of California as its Secretary.

After studiously seeking light upon the subject by delving into its pages, I was surprised to be confronted with contentions in support of a theory, which observation and usage had failed to establish. Page 65 contains table of accidents sustained in eight countries, indicating total number of accidents with fatalities, permanent and partial disability, in part, viz:

Austria. 1906—	26,639—fatal	885—Per Cent	3.32
Germany 1908—	142,965—fatal	9856—Per Cent	6.26
France. 1908—	404,318—fatal	1997—Per Cent	.49
Italy... 1902—	57,617—fatal	430—Per Cent	.70
Russia.. 1906—	136,049—fatal	995—Per Cent	.73

With fatalities averaging 3.32 for Austria and 6.26 for Germany, as compared with 0.49 for France, 0.70 for Italy and 0.73 for Russia, with a permanent disability average of 151% for Austria and 81% for Germany, as against .06 for Italy and .08 for Russia, the result is a sad commentary of German efficiency in not properly safeguarding its fellow workers, and suggests the need of first rectifying the cause before it advances a method for providing help for the injured, notwithstanding the fact that the author states:

"No comparative statements should be made on the basis of this table."

This statement is no doubt prompted in the knowledge that France, Belgium and Sweden include their partial with total disability, but after allowing this, the combined totals make results still more astounding for Germany. But such tables I have refrained from using on the comparative basis.

No accidental disability is recognized in Germany within thirteen weeks, while it is recognized after five days in Italy, three days in France and Russia. Consider the high percentage as would obtain for Germany were she equally watchful of the workers'

welfare by granting the disability for the lesser period.

Of course the character of employment that obtains in Germany alters somewhat the liability by making for the greater number of accidents, as compared with that of Italy and Russia, as no doubt its manufacturing and industrial interests are greater. This fact has led to better safeguarding as against other occupational pursuits.

Page 151, Dr. I. M. Rubinow says:

"Evidently the system will be best from the workman's point of view which does not put the decision into the hands of the person interested in reducing the compensation to a minimum."

As Italy has State and Private Insurance in vogue, let us see how well the workman has fared in the distribution. In 1899 private companies compensated 71.2 against 20.8 for the National Institution, and in 1905 private companies compensated 43.96 against 36.8 by the State (page 148).

Certainly from the assured's standpoint, and that's the viewpoint we must take, the argument for State control has failed, and no valid reason exists for the statement to the effect that the private insurance companies by profiteering reduce the returns to the claimant.

The percentages on adjustments for illness on a comparative basis with foreign countries as compared with our country, likewise showed to the disadvantage of Austria and Germany as indicated by my contribution on the subject to the Los Angeles Times not long since, indicating:

Death rate for Germany	15.6
Death rate for Austria	20.5
Death rate for Hungary	23.3

as compared with 13.9, and further reduced in 1915 to 13.5 in the United States.

If fifty-five per cent of the population of Berlin lives one whole family to a room, and works from ten to twelve hours per day, as stated by our former Ambassador Hon. James W. Gerard, four years accredited to the Kaiser's Court, it is not well to accept of any guidance from the source that makes it possible, when relief to the worker is sought both in environment and the dangers that make for illness and disability.

SPRING IN CALIFORNIA

Through cherry-blossoms atilt in the trees
Is wafted the balmy April breeze;

A mockingbird calls from airy height,
Proclaiming abroad joy's magic might.

Orange-petals besprinkle the lawn,
And incense waft to greet the dawn;

Bright sunshine floods the morning scene—
Earth holds no fairer sight, I ween!

Belle Cooper.

Gasoline Manners

"In the olden days a gentleman used to call upon a lady with much formality and stately ceremony."

"Well?"

"Now he merely drives up and honks for her to come out."—Kansas City Star.

The Cost Burden of the War

Certain Important Sources of Revenue—Opportunity for Club Women

By John S. Chambers, State Controller of California



IN the preceding two articles of this series dealing with the growth in public expenditures, I emphasized in particular the great opportunity presented to the women of California, through their club organizations, to assist materially in educating the people as to governmental matters and in creating an intelligent pub-

lic sentiment that would go a very long way toward placing the management of our various forms of government upon a more efficient business basis. In my second article, I dealt at some length with actual expenditures and bond issues upon the part of the State Government and the governments of the counties and the cities, concluding by declaring myself in favor of highly centralized financial responsibility in the State Government, under full publicity, and corresponding centralization in the governments of the subdivisions. I wish in this article, which probably will be the last of the series, to discuss pre-war encroachments upon State sources of revenue by the Federal Government, the cost burden of the war, and some of the problems that peace will bring.

If, in addition to an undue increase in public expenditures, we also are threatened with either a partial or a total loss in connection with certain important sources of revenue, it is obvious, of course, that the situation will become just that much more complicated and critical.

I wish to say here, that in discussing encroachments by the Federal Government, I am referring to the situation before the war began. In no sense must I be understood as criticising the course of the Government at Washington since we entered this war. I am for the war first, last and all the time, no matter what sacrifices may be necessary, and I believe that our various forms of government should be just as willing to sacrifice themselves as the individual citizens. I want to make my position in this particular very clear, indeed.

Now, to get back. In 1909, the Federal Government levied a tax upon the incomes of corporations; in 1913, it levied a tax upon the incomes of individuals, and early in 1916, it levied a tax upon estate transfers and inheritances—all before the United States became involved in the world war. The States, or many of them, had found the taxation of general property unsatisfactory, and so they began to look around for new sources of revenue. They selected and developed with very great success in most instances a tax upon corporation revenue, a tax upon individual income and a tax upon inheritances. As time went by and the Federal Government's fiscal affairs became more and more involved, the officials at Washington also began to cast about for new sources of revenue. Attracted

by the success which had met the efforts of the States, Congress, in due time, proceeded, also, to tax the particular sources of revenue which the States had developed so successfully.

It is not that Congress did not have the legal right to do what it did, but there is a grave question as to its moral right. In other words, the Government at Washington, except in war times, has not the right to seek to surmount its own fiscal troubles at the expense of the States. The danger from both Federal and State taxation is that the rates in time will become so high that one or the other of these two forms of Government will have to recede or abandon certain sources of revenue entirely. The Federal Government being the stronger, the probabilities are, of course, that the States will be the first to give way. And then what remains for them to do? General property has not proved a success.

Let me give an illustration of my meaning as perhaps presenting the case better than I could do in any other way. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1917, I collected, as Controller of the State of California, \$4,000,000, in round numbers, from inheritance tax sources. I assume, with the increased Federal rates, that the Government at Washington is now collecting in California from this source as much as is the State Government. For such a year's business, therefore, as was transacted in 1917, this would mean a tax upon one source of revenue, in a State whose population does not exceed 3,000,000, of at least \$8,000,000.

I believed before we entered the war that the Federal Government would raise its rates from time to time, and, of course, with the coming of the war and the reconstruction problems that are to follow, it seems absolutely certain not only that the central Government will continue to tax this and other so-called State sources of revenue, but that it will very materially, from time to time, raise the rates.

The Federal Government is now exercising very close supervision over the inter-State railroads of the nation. Should this supervision ever be changed to direct ownership, it would mean that neither the States nor their political subdivisions could tax either the physical properties or the gross earnings of the railroads. Unless Congress should make some arrangement for refunding to the States a certain proportion of the collections, based, say, upon the amount of business originating in the State, upon the mileage within the State, or some other plan more or less unsatisfactory, a crisis would ensue. The State Government of California is now collecting in the shape of a tax upon the gross earnings of the railroads over \$5,000,000 a year. If this should be lost, or any considerable portion of it, plus the growth in expenditures and the other encroachments through Congress, it should be obvious that we would be facing more than a critical situation—a disastrous one.

Representative Green of Iowa some time ago in-

troduced in the House of Representatives at Washington a bill calling for the taxation of real estate and personal property in the various States of the Union for the payment of the interest on and the redemption of Liberty Bonds. Now, the Liberty Bonds and the interest thereon must be paid, and paid by the American people. The only thing to do is to discuss the matter dispassionately and intelligently and devise the best means of meeting this huge obligation. We can not now escape this debt if we would, nor do I believe the American people, knowing what they know now, were the choice to be made over again, would do anything other than to pursue the paths they have pursued. They are in this war to win it no matter what the costs may be, no matter what revenue and taxation problems they may have to face later. But that does not mean that we should not give intelligent consideration to the situation now.

What about the cost of the war and the problems that will come with peace? In our first year of participation in the world conflict, the Federal Government at Washington expended for war purposes, including loans to allies, \$9,000,000,000, and it is planning to expend this year for war purposes and loans something in excess of \$21,000,000,000, or within \$5,000,000,000 of all that this Government expended from 1791 until the day we entered the war. No one can say how big the tax burden will run, how vast will be our issues of bonds. The bonds may go to \$25,000,000,000, they may go to \$50,000,000,000, they may go to \$100,000,000,000. But wherever they go they will have behind them the American people. The money will be advanced and the debt in due time redeemed. But, nevertheless, the complexities of our revenue and taxation situation will be just that much more heavily increased, and just to that extent should we begin now to consider the situation that we face.

It has been very evident from the beginning that the President realizes the war can not be won without the assistance of labor, and that he believes, in the final adjustment, many of the demands of labor and Socialism must be granted if we are to have an enduring peace. The Labor Party, as represented by the conference held in London last February, and which was attended by delegates from all the countries involved in the war save the United States and Russia, is the only party that has had the courage to go distinctly on record in a platform as to the war, the terms of peace and the problems of reconstruction. It is evident from the demands as set forth in this pronouncement that labor expects to be represented at the final peace conference, and plans to force upon the governments concerned the adoption of many of its views along human welfare lines. These mean, in the main, the adoption of new or the enlargement of old functions. This means, in addition, an increase in the cost of government to a very large extent. Great social, economic and political changes are under way, and peace will emphasize them.

The President, in a message to the Democrats of New Jersey, urged this thought upon his followers in that State. He warned them to forget old party slogans and traditions, that the country was facing new and vital issues, that the returning soldiers, munition workers and others would not be satisfied

in the future with "empty phrases," but would demand "sincere thinking" and "genuine action." And that this view is shared by others high in authority, in close touch with the situation, and students of history, is obvious.

So this is why I am urging so strongly that we put our house in order. I urged this more mildly before we entered the war, and since then, as I have grown to realize more and more what the war means and what peace means, I have been urging it more strongly than ever. We must educate our people. And again I want to say that here is the opportunity for the organized womanhood of California to render a tremendous service to their beloved State.

We must adopt practical methods that will make for curtailment, greater co-operation and increased efficiency. We must have practical budget systems, uniform accounting, expenditure limitation, and, possibly, a central board to control bond issues.

In such a nation as ours, under such a government as ours, as I stated in a previous article, the responsibility, in the final analysis, lies with the people. If, through ignorance or indifference, they fail to respond, then the fault is almost wholly theirs. The American people must be awakened. The people of California must be aroused. The time not only has come, but it came long ago, for the brakes to be put on. We must prepare for the new and vital issues that peace will bring.

THE BOY WHO FIGHTS FOR HIS MOTHER

By Fred Emerson Brooks

On the lips of each flower is a kiss and a prayer
From the mothers of men to their boys everywhere;
'Tis the love of all mothers to each valiant son
Who has sworn to turn back the red scourge of the Hun.
Tho the blossom may wither, the love still endures—
In the land of the free every mother is yours.
Man honors the brave as he honors no other,
And God loves the boy who will fight for his mother.

A LIBERTY BOND VERS LIBRE

Yes sir, the Third Liberty Loan
Impends
And everybody buys a bond,
In the cities
Society ladies and stenographers fair,
Clerks and money kinds,
Millionaires and messenger boys,
Bindery girls and bootblacks,—
In the cities, I say—
Everybody buys a bond, at least
One bond.

And in the country, what?
Can the farmer man afford to buy himself
A Liberty Bond, or not?
Yes, sir, I shout it aloud to all
The heavens.
He can afford to buy a bond,
A Liberty Bond.
Only unfortunate tightwads
And inhabitants of the poorhouse
Are too hard-up
To chip in a little on this Third
Liberty Loan which impends.
You bet the farmer man
Buys a Liberty Bond.—Farm Life.

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer



Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from April number.)

PRACTICING law is the daily setting forth upon a voyage of new discovery. Every case furnishes a fresh adventure in pursuit of wrong, to overtake malice, "to establish justice and promote the general welfare."

The excitement created by the case of the Crocker Old People's Home vs. Elmira Starke had hardly subsided when another and a more heinous offense if that were possible, against society was reported at my office.

Long before the Starke case I had appeared in several bouts where wealth, entrenched behind gold bars and bank vaults, had wrought disaster and ruin to the weak and ignorant—those who had neither the courage nor the knowledge necessary to defend themselves against oppression.

My modest law office had become a sort of labor bureau,—a rendezvous for the poor and sick and despairing, the ex-convict, the drunkard, and our weak little sisters of the so-called underworld. From the day of my admission to the bar and even while yet a student I frequently received substantial fees from those who were able to pay liberally for my forth-right way of handling their business. After caring modestly for my own household and meeting my office expenses in a most economical manner I spent every dollar I earned in helping men, women and little children. The sick I frequently took to my home; the poor I aided; the hungry I promptly fed and provided with meal tickets until I secured employment for them. From my meager wardrobe I clothed many a penniless woman that she might be presentable while seeking employment. I kept myself continually impoverished by what my friends declared was unwise generosity.

Be that as it may, I was all attention when young Alfred W. von Schmidt walked into my office, his eyes blood-shot, his front teeth gone, a raw scar upon his cheek, his whole frame trembling with emotion, and announced that he had just escaped from the Home for Inebriates, an institution existing and maintained without authority of law, and to which men and women were sent and there confined without examination or commitment, held in

(Continued on Page 14)

VOGUE COMPANY

The Store of Truth, Courtesy and Correct Style

The Shopping Place of Those Who Know and the Reason Why

First—Vogue clothes are selected by expert buyers, whose lifelong training enables them to distinguish between the real and the shoddy.

Second—Vogue buyers are experts and specialize in the knowledge of best materials, perfect tailoring, smart and correct designs. A Vogue Company label insures you the very best.

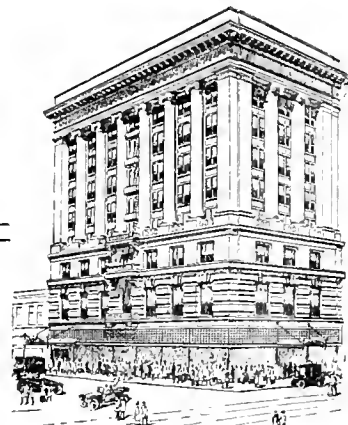
Third—NO STORE IN AMERICA GIVES BETTER VALUES THAN VOGUE COMPANY. A \$25.00 suit or dress is individually selected with the same thoroughness and care as the \$100.00 garment.

Fourth—The shopping facilities are delightful everywhere—sunshine floods the store, and one cannot help but feel harmonious in light, airy, beautiful surroundings.

Fifth—Our suits, dresses, coats and gowns are shown on the second floor, where privacy, comfort, light, air and beautiful appointments are not equaled by any other store in America. You should visit this floor before making your Spring purchases.

Sixth—Our salespeople are kind, courteous, helpful and intelligent—trained to know your needs and to assist you in making satisfactory selections.

Seventh—"TRUTH, COURTESY AND CORRECT STYLES PREVAIL THROUGHOUT."



MERRITT BUILDING
BROADWAY AT EIGHTH

Our Street

By Aramantha Miller

OURS is rather a short street, extending only nine or ten blocks. At its southern end it just begins right at the edge of the cross-street without any ado at all, and after proceeding in a nearly level fashion for most of its length, in the last block it climbs a long steep hill, makes a beautiful curve and stops under a great arc light as abruptly as it began.

This is a quiet residence thoroughfare which business has not invaded; John Pearl's lilliputian grocery, Mr. Clintonbeard's full-grown drug store and Miss Hilda Tovee's parlor millinery emporium with a few "creations," demure or perky as the case may be, displayed in the window, are all there is to suggest the commercial world.

As one of the old highways of the city it has very few modern dwellings to adorn it. Modest cottages and larger residences of a by-gone style are most common; a few modern apartment houses with fancy windows and highly-ornamented doors furnish variety. Well-kept lawns everywhere please the eye. For several blocks the dwellings on the west side stand on a terrace considerably above the level of the street, while beyond rises open hilly country, with tall eucalyptus trees forming the background.

In these comfortable homes live for the most part good citizens—industrious fathers and patient mothers. In the summer evenings they sit on the front porches and discuss the war, the high cost of living, the weather, the fashions, the latest movie "thriller," the children's progress at school and all the other popular topics debated in every street in America. Happy children play on the lawns and all in all life is orderly with us. But sometimes a flurry of excitement disturbs our serenity; a few months ago auto bandits kidnaped and robbed an inoffensive young man walking in our street. And once a wicked burglar poured acid into the eyes of a little baby to prevent its seeing him at his nefarious work and giving the alarm by crying.

Occasionally the fire engines dash along; and every day the creamery wagon goes calmly past, the driver placidly smoking a cigarette, pleasantly conscious that the flavor of his delicate goods will be improved by his self-sacrificing thoughtfulness.

The most numerous passers-by are the ordinary speed maniacs who burn up the pavement at an unbelievable rate, as no argus-eyed traffic officer ever appears, and there are very few heavy vehicles to interfere with the gasoline fiend.

A noticeable indication of the age of our street is the presence of numerous trees, so lacking in many of the city's new streets that stretch away bare, staring, empty and depressing, notwithstanding the more pretentious architecture that ornaments them. Evidently no systematic design guided the planting of the "green umbrellas" here, for nearly every species of shade tree in the city is represented, arranged in an entirely haphazard manner.

The beautiful date palm, so symmetrical and vigorous, the raggedy fan palm that always has such a distracted and untidy appearance, the tall plume-

like eucalyptus with its spicy fragrance, the charming foreign-looking pepper, at the proper season gorgeous with its coral berries, the straight, sturdy, common-sense black acacia, thick foliaged, the trim camphor and gravillea, the always-solemn pines which the moonlight turns into mystic retreats fit for dryads, all assist in the ornamentation of our street.

Our street is also generously shaded by telephone and electric light poles,—necessary evils, it seems, at this stage of our civic development, but let us hope that a better way may be found to furnish these modern magic devices to our homes.

We possess a few specimens of those masterpieces of modern architecture—the oil stations. Their gay facades and brightly lighted interiors make cheerful the otherwise dark corners, while their oleaginous treasures are as grateful to a way-faring man in an auto as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Other and further decorations intended for our exhilaration are offered by the bill boards, whereon are represented flighty mixtures of tobacco, bread, chocolate, griddle cakes, gold dust twins, Aunt Jemima, and the latest shriek in motion pictures, with stars, double stars, near-stars and star-ettes, depicted in all manner of repulsive posings.

The milkman visits our street on his mad midnight lacteal rounds.

Of course we harbor the baby that cries, howls and shrieks at half past eleven o'clock at night.

We have with us the young lady, Miss Erma-donna Smith in our case, who starts in at unearthly hours to play the scales in C major and A minor, with the windows wide open and the loud pedal on. I tremble to think of the Karma she is laying up for herself.

There is neighbor Green's auto which comes snorting home at half past midnight every night—from joy ride, or just plain business trip, who knows?

At the Archer's next door is the player piano whose repertoire of "Dixie," "Hearts and Flowers," "The Flower Song," and "Old Black Joe" floats on the air every Sunday afternoon. As "Old Black Joe" happens to be my bete noir in melodies I send out a mental S. O. S., hoping that sooner or later relief will come in a change of program.

A school house stands in our street, surrounded by the usual California school yard, hard, bare, grassless, shrubless, flowerless, (with the exception of a few discouraged geraniums under the windows in a bed nearly six inches wide). It seems curious to the uninitiated that so little effort is made to have the public school grounds in California attractive to the eye.

Here on a corner is a little church, quiet, unobtrusive, plain, and in a gray dress, prepared to safeguard our spiritual welfare.

Loyal citizens live on our street. Many tiny service flags tell of sons, husbands or brothers gone to serve with the colors. Red Cross members and

Liberty Loan subscribers are numerous, and Food Administration cards indicate that in the kitchens many housewives are helping to conserve all the food products so necessary to the carrying on of the war, and are conscientiously trying all the new-fangled edible concoctions of the day, for the delectation of their families.

We have many war gardens of more or less extended proportions. Rows and rows of beans, and cabbages, fragrant onions, corn and peas, spinach and squash, tomatoes and turnips, and above all, potatoes, decorate the landscape, and awaken visions of good dinners yet to be.

And so, with our souls and our minds well provided for, and our hearts in the right place toward our country, we look the world straight in the face, from our street.

Madame Woolley

Gowns

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MAY, 1918

No. 4

MEMORIAL DAY

Fraught with unusual solemnity must be the forthcoming thirtieth of May. The Grand Army of the Republic, whose diminished ranks again remind a grateful people of heroic battles fought against misguided but equally heroic brothers are today marching side by side in our own united and beloved land. Upon foreign soil the sons of the Blue and the Gray are fighting shoulder to shoulder with our Allies for the freedom of the world.

"And here's to the Blue and the Gray as One!

When they meet on the fields of France,
May the spirit of God be with them all
As the Sons of the Flag advance!"

In 1867 a coterie of patriotic women in the little town of Columbus, Mississippi, conceived the idea, or we may more truly say, were divinely inspired to strew flowers alike upon the graves of the Union soldiers, as well as upon the Confederate fallen. This tender and impartial tribute to the memory of friend and foe inspired the pen of Francis Miles Finch, who wrote "The Blue and the Gray."

In 1868, General John A. Logan, then Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R., issued the first order setting aside the thirtieth day of May for the decoration of the graves of comrades. This order soon became the common custom which was gradually enacted into law throughout the Union and once in each year,

"Columbia pauses to spread

A tribute of love on the graves of her dead."

COMPULSORY EXAMINATION OF CHILDREN

In commenting upon the plan to make compulsory the physical examination of children attending public schools, Peter V. Ross, attorney of the San Francisco bar, says:

"The physical examination of an unoffending child, made by school or health authorities without the consent of the parents, is nothing short of assault and battery.

"So aggressively has this policy been pursued in

recent years," declares Mr. Ross, "that our educational system is in fact passing under the domination of health and medical officers, while the rights of parents and pupils, especially the rights of the latter to privacy and exemption from physical interference and medical attention, are all but ignored. This dangerous tendency calls forth protests from people of all classes. Dr. Lewis P. Crutcher, president of the Board of Education of Long Beach, California, himself a well-known practicing physician, in raising his voice against the system, reminds its proponents that it is the school, not the child, that is public.

"In this epigram, Dr. Crutcher, whether or not he recognizes it, touches a firmly established legal principle; for the law accords to every individual the right of privacy and will not permit the sacredness of his person to be invaded or violated. Hence the law protects unoffending school children from physical examination made without the consent of their parents.

The first guarantee that civilization extends to the individual is security for his person. No higher right is known to the law than the right of the individual to immunity from physical interference, so long as he comports himself with due respect to the rights of others.

The person of an individual, whether child or adult, is peculiarly sacred, and no one, under ordinary circumstances, has the right to physically examine him without first obtaining permission to do so. In the case of children the permission must, of course, be had from parents or guardians."

The New American Woman quotes the foregoing with approval. There is a growing tendency to interfere with private rights by self-appointed private interests, which the people cannot rebuke too soon.

The Legislature of California has thus far not attempted to confer authority to physically examine our public school children, nor will it attempt to do so, unless it would disregard the constitutional right of every citizen to be secure of person against any and all interference.

THE FEDERAL AMENDMENT

Where, Where, Now, Are Its Opponents?

Annie Bock, for instance, where's that erstwhile leading light of the Political Equality League of Los Angeles? who told a committee of the House of Representatives in Washington that she was "only a mere woman [funny] speaking for my fireside, my flag, my faith; I have no meaningless, intangible, garbled statistics to present; no profound philosophy to expound, nothing to tell but my own simple experiences. [Almost too simple to be true.] I had expected now to be in old Madrid, but here I am. I want to tell once more in Washington how sad and depressed I feel to think I ever worked for woman suffrage." [Ay, most sad.]

"And now I will endeavor to show you gentlemen, and point it out to you Honorable Sirs [go to it Annie], that woman suffrage is a failure for the following reasons:

- (1.) That woman does not care for the ballot.
- (2.) That a few women are trying to force it on all women.

- (3.) That woman seeks political honors.
- (4.) That she is intolerant.
- (5.) That enfranchisement robs woman of her finer qualities and changes the attitude of man.
- (6.) That woman has proved herself not profound, but impulsive.
- (7.) That the capitalist is condemned for child labor and the low wage of woman, and the evils that they say result therefrom.
- (8.) That women use unfair means to urge their cause.
- (9.) That she indorses militancy.
- (10.) That the suffrage movement is fundamentally Socialistic.

"And listen to me, gentlemen—out in California the men gave suffrage to women, and now the women refuse to accept it. Women in California don't want it, they declare they won't vote and they are asking the men to repeal the law! [Oh, little swan, go swim.]

"Now, by additional observation I would emphasize some of the points made.

"Do women want the ballot When at voting time I went about urging women to do their duty and vote, these were some of the things they said to me: 'I have not registered,' came from some. 'My son supports me and does not care to have me vote,' replied a sweet-faced woman in widow's weeds. 'You had better go in off the street,' a resentful one flung at me. 'I do not care to vote,' responded another. 'My father and husband do the voting for our family,' was said in a self-satisfied tone by another. A big Irish woman screamed, 'Vote? An, sure, Tim would bate the life out o' me if I voted, an' sure I'd deserve it.' 'I am not going to vote. I think that if every girl does just the very best she knows how, she does not need to vote,' was the expression of a department store girl. Anyone can get like answers over and over again if he takes the time and goes about it as I did."

"The women in California, who go to club meetings and hear public questions discussed probably voted, but they are only a small number. The other women have not voted."

Miss Bock in Error

California women vote in almost equal numbers with men; they serve on juries, hold important positions on State and County commissions, are presiding as judges upon the bench, and in almost every instance men commend them for their intelligent patience and their loyal devotion to the duties they are called upon to discharge. These civic duties have been but a small part of the work of women of California, for here, as in every State in the Union, women have organized themselves as an army working for the Red Cross.

Since the day America entered the war women have devoted their time and responded with their money in every emergency. They have knitted and sewed hundreds of thousands of garments for our allies and our boys "over there," and they have invested in Liberty Bonds other millions of dollars. All these things and more women have done, are doing, and will continue to do until barbarity has been whipped from the world and peace with victory established.—[Editor New American Woman.]

A PLATFORM THAT RINGS TRUE

If the sincerity of a candidate for Governor of California can be judged by his declaration of principles and purposes then we may safely regard with favor the candidacy of Mr. J. O. Hayes. There is nothing flamboyant, nor of the four-flush variety in his life or character. He is representative of the very best manhood of the nation, and may be depended upon to treat with fairness the humblest as well as the proudest citizen, and he will execute the laws with absolute fidelity to his oath of office.



J. O. HAYES
Republican Candidate for
Governor

In considering the various candidates for Governor, we must if we would be worthy of good government, inquire carefully into the character, the habits and life of the respective candidates as lived within this State and elsewhere—in other words, we must know what manner of man he truly is before we decide to invest him with the greatest constitutional privileges, and confer upon him the highest honor within the power of the electorate to give.

The people of California are weary of class treatment as well as of class legislation, and they will not continue in office a representative of an "Illustrious Predecessor" if they are wise enough to see through a stone wall. We commend a careful reading of the platform submitted by Mr. Hayes. His private life is an open book to the people of California, especially to his old-time neighbors among whom the writer is proud to be numbered.

If Mr. Hayes shall be elected Governor, we predict a wholesome change in the personnel of the executive office at Sacramento, and even those who have not supported him at the polls will be welcome at the State Capitol, and their business will receive respectful consideration.

THE RESURRECTION

The works of Count Leo Tolstoi have attracted wide attention throughout the world because of the conditions that existed in Russia, but none of them have been more widely read than "The Resurrection," which not only exposed the wanton cruelty and brutality experienced by Siberian prisoners, but made a terrific onslaught upon the double standard of morals. This book has been turned into pictures by Paramount with Pauline Frederick in the leading role of "Katusha."

A Pessimist's Paradise

Farmers in Sussex county, Delaware, report that the caterpillars are killing the leaves on the apple trees; snails are damaging the roots of the cucumbers; moles are killing off the potato plants; wild garlic is spoiling the milk; cool nights are retarding the growth of vegetables; the grapeberry worm is boring into the grapes; cut worms are killing the tomato vines; wet weather has damaged the strawberries; the cultivation of the corn crop is being retarded by the wet fields, and the rust is in the wheat. Outside of these few things Sussex county is all right and will raise big crops.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

But why not pull up and go to California? That's the answer.

THE STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF A WOMAN LAWYER

(Continued from Page 9)

solitary confinement by the dominating, cruel-hearted Doctor —.

Immediately I proceeded to examine as to the truth of the young man's story. It seemed incredible that within a stone's throw of the heart of the wonderful city of San Francisco, right beneath the sheltered temples of Him Who said, "Love ye one another," a hideous inferno actually existed, officered by several of the city's most exemplary citizens. It is but fair to say that though a Board of Directors of responsible men reputedly governed the institution it later appeared that only one of them had ever visited the place, or had taken the least interest in its management, or made any effort to learn as to the qualifications, the professional skill and human sympathy of Doctor — for the responsible position which he held by their authority.

The gripping story of my new client aroused all my sleeping resentment against so-called public institutions operating for private greed in the name of philanthropy, officered by pets of the promoters whose fitness and efficiency were in proportion to their ability to bullyrag, dominate, humiliate, beat and bruise the unfortunate charges who fell beneath their power. The Starke case had taught me the depths to which women could descend to torment their innocent victims, but the story of the outrages committed by men upon young Alfred von Schmidt at the Home for Inebriates was horrible beyond belief, and I lost no time in preparing to expose and abolish it.

First, I determined to learn for myself the facts of the whole matter. With my client I went direct to the office of the San Francisco "Examiner," where a careful interview with the city editor, Mr. Andrew Lawrence, resulted in sending a reporter, supplied with money to pay the price of "incarceration," who was instructed to affect a proper degree of intoxication, raise a brawl in the street opposite the entrance of the "Home," where a humane and faithful police officer, in citizen's clothes, who had been let into the secret of the purpose, would appear to arrest "the drunk" and deliver him into the custody of Doctor —, pay for one week in advance and request him to hold the drunk—promising that if he had not completely sobered up by that time he would call and pay for another week.

The "Examiner" boys, as wise and kindly a bunch of good fellows as ever did service upon a great daily newspaper, matured their plans and carried them out to perfection. Mr. Lawrence assured me that he proposed to go to the bottom of the story, to investigate the charge of cruelty made by young von Schmidt against Doctor — and the so-called nurses of the Home for Inebriates; and if they were found true, that he would assist me in the forthcoming Legislature with a bill to abolish the institution.

Mr. Albert Munson, the reporter detailed to spend a week at the Home for Inebriates, was a prohibitionist, had never been drunk, nor ever indulged in so much as a glass of beer. Nevertheless,

he acted the part assigned to him, the officer was strictly on the job and arrested the "drunk" and led him straight to the big iron door of the "Home." Without ceremony the Doctor accepted from the police officer on behalf of the "drunk," \$15.00 in advance for one week. The perfectly sober and talented reporter was admitted into the "Home" as an inebriate without inquiry or examination of any kind, or commitment by a magistrate or by any other legally constituted authority, and confined in a filthy cell with two other poor devils, who as it seemed, were of the real drunk variety.

Mr. Munson, though a delicate man and unequal to the hardships of the place, stayed by his part of the enterprise and wrote his great story, "One Week in a Mad House," which was published in the San Francisco "Examiner" on the 23rd of May, 1895. The whole city of San Francisco was aroused over the disclosures.

Alfred W. von Schmidt's agonizing story which he had related to me—how, while suffering an attack of angina pectoris, he had been arrested and taken to the mad house, thrown into a cold, dark and filthy cell, gagged, handcuffed and strapped to an iron bed, beaten and starved almost to death, was more than corroborated by the "Examiner's" investigation.

The whole city as one man condemned the so-called "Home for Inebriates," and denounced the big swell-headed functionary mainly responsible for the outrages proven to have been committed against the unfortunate men confined within its walls.

According to my avowed determination I brought suit on behalf of my young client, Alfred W. von Schmidt, for \$100,000 against the "Home for Inebriates," joined as defendants Doctor — and each of the seven directors, and won a verdict for my client. The "Examiner," true to its promise, supported my efforts in the following session of the Legislature to abolish the place by defeating a bill proposing an appropriation of \$135,000 to erect an addition and maintain this home of iniquity. The bill was defeated and later the "Home" went out of business, the big bully of a Doctor also.

The Senate Committee on Public Buildings, of which Senator Androus of Los Angeles was chairman, decided unanimously that the so-called "Home for Inebriates" was "not a proper institution to receive appropriation or legal sanction."

(Continued in June number.)

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Home 52667

Bresee Brothers



Undertakers



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Los Angeles has a total population of 600,000, including approximately 150,000 of alien born. A majority of these, it may safely be said, cannot speak nor read the English language. Beyond the city limits, within the County of Los Angeles are many more thousands of alien extraction.

As a rule, these compose an industrious, law-abiding, self-respecting people. They are engaged in fruit raising, vegetable gardening, farming, and in many other lawful pursuits.

Under the immediate jurisdiction of the courts of Los Angeles County may be found thirty nationalities, Armenian, Italian, Mexican, Greek, Hindu, Syrian, Japanese, French, Chinese, Negro, German, Austrian, Dalmatian, Egyptian, Croatian, Russian, Belgian, Indian, Brazilian, Rumanian, Swiss, Spanish, Slav, Russian and German Hebrew, Filipino, Swede, Polish and Turk, a very large number of whom speak in a foreign tongue.

These good people are industrious and frugal. They are unacquainted with business rules; they are inclined to hold their savings in secluded places, in preference to depositing them in banks or with trust companies.

To meet a long-felt want and to furnish a business necessity for our foreign brothers and sisters, where manager and employees will speak to them in their own language concerning their accounts, deposits and investments, the WOMAN'S BANK OF ALL NATIONS is in contemplation. Of

course all American women and men, naturalized or native born, will take a personal interest in this forward step in banking, and will become stockholders and depositors.

The New American Woman cordially invites capital to investigate this proposed new step in the science of modern banking. We invite correspondence and will welcome and publish clear, definite and intelligible articles concerning banking.

History shows that women were first to recognize the value of safe depositories for their money; they were first to pay tribute to the new idea and their deposits became and ever since have been the foundation of every solid bank in Christendom.

The WOMAN'S BANK OF ALL NATIONS will be a new factor in a new world.

Send for booklet, now in preparation.

Address, Organizing Committee,
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724 Merchants Trust Building

'Tis Human to Err

Collector: But you said you would pay me if I came today.

Mr. Billdew: Well, my friend, you know how it is—the best of us sometimes say things that we are sorry for.—Boston Transcript.

Home A-3013

Main 3622

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ
Attorney and Counselor at Law
General Practice

723-724 Merchants Trust Bldg.
Second and Broadway Los Angeles, Cal.



We have received from Sergeant Paul F. Collins, of Battery A, 143rd Field Artillery, the following recognition of the meaning of Mother's Day to the soldiers at Camp Kearny:

National War Work Council
ARMY AND NAVY
Young Men's Christian Association
Camp Kearny, California
Mother's Day
Camp Kearny.

My dear Mrs. Foltz:

Soldiers, soldiers, more soldiers, writing, writing, everywhere, for this is Mother's Day. The famous 144th band is playing martial airs, flowers in fruit jars and in large bunches everywhere in this Y. M. C. A. No. 2 building fill the air with sweet perfume.

The efficient secretaries are working as hard as ever. Their dear wives and families are resting near by reading or looking through the many periodicals strewn carelessly about on the benches and tables, or they are writing letters as the soldiers are doing.

"Mother's Day"—indeed it is the very best day of the year to every good soldier. This is the feeling and the spirit in camp today. The white carnation appears to be the choice flower of the day. Why not? White denotes purity; it is emblematic of our love and faith in our mothers.

In the Y. M. C. A. building we had Mother's Day services. Chaplain Thompson, from Los Angeles, prominent in athletics in Occidental College, had charge of the services. He is certainly a fine speaker.

I am very proud to be from Los Angeles but much prouder to learn that it has gone over the top by nine millions in the Third Liberty Loan.

Sincerely yours,
PAUL F. COLLINS.

A TOAST TO CALIFORNIA

Here's a toast to California,
The land of the farthest west;
Queen of the proud Pacific;
State that I love the best.

Golden the heart of her mountains,
And the fruit on a thousand hills;
And golden grains lurk in the sands
Of her rushing rivers and rills.

Mother of stalwart children;
Home of the weary and weak,
Who on her bounteous bosom,
Not vainly a refuge seek.

Fill up with her own red wine,
And raise the cup on high,
As I drink to California!
Oh there, let me live and die!

James T. Eagny.

We cordially invite the attention of our readers to the following fine vision of the future of Los Angeles by Attorney Will D. Gould:

Editor New American Woman:

Opportunity beckons Los Angeles and through her the State, the nation and the world.

Transportation demands union depot north of Plaza with 600 acres for trackage to be increased indefinitely up the river and down the river to San Pedro, and the removal of the railroad from Alameda Street to the river bank and the immediate building of a subway from the Plaza down Main Street to Jefferson, afterwards to be extended to San Pedro.

Educational facilities should be the most economic, the highest and the best the world ever knew with a University not far from the Union depot in Elysian Park of six hundred acres, to which should be added a little more for better frontage on streets and rounding out the most wonderful location for a great university ever known in America..

To this university and lesser colleges, and the Polytechnic and other public schools, should be invited the wealth of the world for educational facilities for the rising generation.

During the university life the children need the home and the home needs the children.

With a great university in Elysian Park children of four million people could live at home and daily attend the university while having the loving wonderful home protection so much needed in those days of character formation.

Permit me to add another thought; the neutral Gibraltar for defense of our Pacific coast, south of San Francisco, is the San Pedro hills and the Government should immediately acquire all of those hills from San Pedro to Redondo over which and on which and under which and adjoining which all Government plants should be established and maintained for ship building, for army training, for aviation and other cantonments, and underneath which should be vast stores of everything required in a protective defense and bases for sending out America's mighty forces in a time of war and over some portion of that splendid property should be established an enlarged soldiers' home for better conditions and maintenance of our country's defenders when disease or wounds or old age retire them from active service.

WILL D. GOULD.

Paraphrasing a toast given to women a decade ago in Denver, "Here's to the men, once our superiors, now our equals."

THE CHARMING WIDOW FROM CANADA

Dear Editor New American Woman:

This horrible war has even thrust its heartaches into the fashionable world of the West, as is evidenced by a request from a most charming woman from Canada, who, knowing that I had been an old friend of her late husband, asked as a special favor that I call on her for the purpose of giving to the readers of your valuable publication a glimpse into the innermost recesses of the secluded yet enticing splendors of her second year of war remembrances. Being very wealthy in her own right, she is enabled to humor her extravagant and grief-stricken fancies in the most fashionable and appreciative manner by erecting an elegant home in one of the most exclusive districts of Los Angeles.

With the request fresh in my mind that I accoutre myself with the "blackest of ink and whitest of paper," I proceeded to fill a special appointment with the fairest of widows. Ringing for admission at the appointed hour an old servitor, whose ebony-hued skin gave evidence of unusual care, led the way to the presence of a year's widowed, winsome woman, of perhaps twenty-eight years of age. "Oh!" she said, "I'm so, so glad you have come, as I wish to show you my room since it has discarded its dusky habiliments of woe and betaken to itself the brightness of second mourning. You know that for a year I've been in the deepest of grief and black (and she sorrowfully let her voice fall and drooped her long fringy lashes), but now that is over and I believe I have the only room on this coast properly fitted up for this second stage of widowhood. Of course, "it's English, you know," she said with a sweet smile, "but we have to take our fashions from somewhere, and why not from Merrie England?"

I followed my hostess up the stairs, and for a moment stood upon the threshold enrapt in gloomy admiration of a large square room. Two bay windows were almost hidden with the heaviest of black rep curtains, draped back with black and white chenille cord and tassels, exposing to view the inner curtains of heavy white silk bordered with deep insertion and edging of lace. The floor was of black and white tiling, and in the center was spread a tawny leopard's skin imported from India, on which our footsteps fell noiselessly. An ecstatic joy and visions of delightful repose came to me as I listlessly sank into the downy embroidered pillows on an ivory-framed divan with ebony carvings and upholstered in black silk rep with white satin cordings. The bedstead, dressing table and escritoire were all of ivory with ebony tippings. The bedspread and pillow-shams were of black satin, with the monogram of the widow embroidered in white silk, all edged with lace to match the curtains. The escritoire and dressing table had drapings of the same style in black and white. The bed covering

was thrown back for my inspection, disclosing to view white washable silk sheets hemstitched in black and edged with Spanish drawn-work in white. Black silk covers on the pillows with overslips of white silk with drawn-work in black on the two ends, the pattern corresponding with that of the sheets. The lady said, "I was quite gloomy sleeping in all black, but since the white is so carefully intermingled I have regained most of my gaiety. I rather like it now and don't believe I shall ever sleep in plain white again." Then she said, "I dress in second mourning from head to toe, and it is so becoming," (and again there was that charming drooping of the lids and lowering of the voice). "I wear black silk underwear trimmed in white. My corsets are of black satin embroidered in white and my hose are black silk with white clockings."

BELLE CUTTING,
Monrovia, Calif.

NO ROOM FOR LOAFERS

There is no room in this country today for loafers, men or women. Parasites are they, one and all, who sit supinely down when the whole world is calling for help.

There are thousands of idle men and women who not only refuse to serve others, but themselves demand to be served. Let us begin by enacting a city ordinance making loafing a misdemeanor with a heavy fine and the rock pile as punishment.

THE SPIRIT OF DISCONTENT

There is a wrong and a right kind of discontent; the wrong kind is infirmity of will, a want of self-reliance; the right kind of discontent is the best foundation of character; it fills one with ambition to succeed, to win, to achieve and to change conditions for the better. That is the discontent which accomplishes the things worth while and impels men and women to devote their lives ceaselessly to the discovery of truths for the benefit of others.

Thousands of young business men, thousands and hundreds of thousands of young men in California are chock-full of the discontent that will make heroes of them. Having conquered the things nearest at hand, like Alexander the Great, they will sigh for more worlds to conquer and right "over the top" they will go to larger and better fields.

If you do not possess this kind of discontent then you have not the right kind of stuff in you.

Women citizens are multiplying as the sands of the sea. Here's to the new American women! May they never grow old.

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So much is said in the courts, upon the witness stand, and even from the bench condemning the mother of one or the other of the unhappy married, seeking divorce, that we reprint the following tribute to the most abused of all persons, and the most worthy:

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

She was my dream's fulfillment and my joy,
This lovely woman whom you call your wife.
You sported at your play, an idle boy,
When I first felt the stirring of her life
Within my startled being. I was thrilled
With such intensity of love, it filled
The very universe! But words are vain—
No man can comprehend that wild, sweet pain.

You smiled in childhood's slumber while I felt
The agonies of labor and the nights
I, weeping, o'er the little sufferer knelt,
You, wandering on through dreamland's fair delights,
Flung out your lengthening limbs and slept and grew,
While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you.

She was my heart's loved idol, and my pride.
I taught her all those graces which you praise,
I dreamed of coming years, when at my side
She should lend lustre to my fading days,
Should cling to me (as she to you clings now),
The young fruit hanging to the withered bough.
But lo! the blossom was so fair a sight,
You plucked it from me—for your own delight.

Well, you are worthy of her—oh, thank God—
And yet I think you do not realize
How burning were the sands o'er which I trod.
To bear and rear this woman you so prize.
It was no easy thing to see her go—
Even into the arms of one she worshipped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the power
Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart,
For one who never bore a single hour
Of pain for her; which tears her life apart
From all its moorings, and controls her more
Than all the ties the years have held before;
Which crowns a stranger with a kingly grace—
And gives the one who bore her—second place.

She loves me still! and yet were Death to say:
"Choose now between them!" you would be her choice.
God meant it to be so—it is His way—
But can you wonder, this thought hurts like a knife—
"No longer necessary to her life?"

My pleasure in her joy is bitter sweet,
Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart,
Because for her life's drama seems complete
Without the mother's oft-repeated part.
Be patient with me! She was mine so long
Who now is yours. One must indeed be strong
To meet such loss without the least regret,
And so forgive me if my eyes are wet.

Fred E. Pierce
Frank I. Wheat

W. H. Pierce
C. C. Pierce

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The Golden West.

The scope of it! The hope of it!
This country of the west;
To every one who asks of it
It gives its very best.
The wealth of it! The health of it!
The winds that sweep it clear;
The life of it, the strife of it,
The gladness, and the cheer.
The youth of it! the truth of it!
The way it sees things through,
The length of it! the strength of it!
The skies of heaven's own blue.
The width of it! The breadth of it!
Its fertile fields of gold;
The laugh of it! The halt of it
May not be sung or told.
The hue of it! The new of it!
God made it last, and best!
Fresh from His hand,
the Sunset Land,
The Great Big Golden West!

Elizabeth Gordon



Betty Corbell-Melcher



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Genius

Surely the jewelled pieces, the case pieces, the new costume jewelry, the rare bits of craftsmanship shown here, are none other than the productions of a genius---so typically original as to be entirely different from anything shown elsewhere in America. Striking a note in exclusiveness that every visitor to Southern California can well enjoy at the west's most unusual store.

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The *New* AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. III NO. 5
LOS ANGELES, CAL.


JUNE 1918

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THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. III.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, JUNE, 1918

NO. 5

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

Loyalty to Our Country in War

By Hon. Henry Z. Osborne, Representing California Tenth Congressional District

MANY of our people do not yet fully realize the extent of personal sacrifice to which as individuals we all must submit uncomplainingly, in order to render full loyalty to our country in war.

Not only must we submit to many personal discomforts, in giving up during the war customs that have been the habit of a lifetime, in the way of food, travel and amusements, but we must also consent to the limiting of speech and publications that would tend to distract attention from assembling the great physical power necessary to win the war, or which might tend to discourage the public and weaken the morale of the people in the great struggle. Such limitations would be unconstitutional in times of peace; but in time of war they are entirely justifiable and necessary.

Our German enemy is most skillful in disseminating disloyal propaganda in foreign countries and particularly our own, and nothing so completely works into his hands as reckless and unrestrained criticism, either by the vicious-minded, or by those not intentionally disloyal, but who are afflicted with a censorious habit of mind which never works in any other direction than that of criticism and denunciation of every one who may happen to be in power, and of everything that exists. The unrestrained indulgence of the destructive talent of such people, whatever might be its intent, would in this time of war tend to result in precisely the same way upon the morale of the country as would the poison propaganda of the German spy system.

Complete loyalty will cause us to carefully weigh every word and act that may directly or indirectly tend to affect the conduct of the war. We should assume that those who move the great machinery of the nation in war, and those who move the smaller parts of the machinery, are presumably capable, and are actuated by the same loyal motives that actuate ourselves. Generally that would be a justifiable assumption.

We all have been called on for some sacrifice. Those who are at the front in France today, presenting their young lives in resistance to the onslaughts of the savage and numerically stronger enemy, are the ones who are making the greatest sacrifice. Next come the wives and mothers of our brave soldiers, who have submitted to the tragic separation from their best-beloved. All the other sacrifices have been of comfort, of custom, of money and of material things. How unimportant in comparison with what the soldiers and their

wives and mothers have given—who also in many cases have gladly made all the other sacrifices as well.

Let us all renew our resolves of complete and unquestioning loyalty to our country, to its brave soldiers wherever duty calls them, to the brave women who bore them, to the younger women whose lives have been joined with theirs in the solemn ties of marriage, and to the children whose entire lives will be affected by the sacrifice which the soldier-father is today making for his country.

A NEW DEPARTURE

A Woman's Bank for Los Angeles

The bare announcement in the last issue of the *New American Woman* that a Bank of All Nations was in contemplation brought to the editor's desk many inquiries.

Men with capital and experience in banking and women who feel the need of special banking facilities have offered to join the enterprise and are eagerly awaiting an invitation to meet and participate in the work of this new organization.

It has been suggested that we should forego the organization until after the war, when it is believed, this new idea of a Woman's Bank will be a welcome financial adjunct in the reconstruction of the disordered conditions of the country.

The committee having the matter in hand invites the co-operation of bankers and business men and women; to the committee it is already apparent that no difficulty whatever will be found in securing the necessary capital for a National Bank.

But it will require careful investigation and considerable time to secure a Board of Directors whose experience, efficiency and proven integrity will enlist the approval and co-operation of all classes.

In the meantime the Woman's Bank committee are listing the names of those who may desire to become stockholders or who are otherwise interested in the future organization which for want of a more appropriate name we designate THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN BANK.

ASK THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

If the *Clubwoman* would know the author of "Here's to the Blue of the Wind-swept North," write to Anne Rankin, the brilliant editor of *Southern Woman's Magazine*, Nashville, Tenn., or examine more carefully the April number of the *New American Woman*.

Is Commercial Jealousy the Cause of the War?

By Dr. Axel Emil Gibson

IN a recent war talk by a prominent lecturer of this city, the statement was made that every war from the time of the Egyptian dynasties to the present strife of nations, was caused by commercial jealousies.

This explanation of wars and their causes is based upon the materialistic view of life, that man is a victim of his environment, and that every unfavorable incident in his existence, from an attack of measles and typhoid fever to that of an earthquake or tornado has its meaning and explanation in the ever-present tendency of a ruthless universe to destroy the individual.

So far from this being the fact, modern science begins to recognize that every disease, from a toothache to a cancer, is an effort of nature to save the individual from the consequence of his own ignorance, and that without this constant redeeming and restorative tendency through every manifestation of life the race had long ago, either eaten, drunk, or fought itself out of existence. . . . Now as to the general causes of war, it is historically beyond dispute, that the wars, let us say of Mohammed, Cromwell and Lincoln, in place of being caused by commercial jealousy, had their rise, the first in fanaticism, the second in religion, and the third in morality.

To account for the present world tragedy, with its trail of unspeakable barbarism, vice, and suffering, on a basis of commercial jealousy, is to form an altogether too cheap estimate of the forces and principles—the super-human courage, devotion, and voluntary self-sacrifice, evolved in the very midst of this colossal struggle.

Taking for granted, however, that the lecturer in his estimate did not include the motives back of the entrance of the United States into the war, we have very convincing reasons for the belief that the moral indignation over the fate of Belgium held the major consideration of Great Britain in her crossing the Rubicon.

It is indeed more than doubtful that our far-visioned, peace-loving President would have decided to order our sons from their homes of love and promise, to be hurled into the Moloch jaws of a soulless war machine, had he looked upon the war as a mere contest between commercial prize fighters.

And furthermore, if action and reaction are fundamentally and inseparably equal and an effort springs from a cause as a fruit from a tree—how is it logically and philosophically possible, that a war, like the present one, if propelled and gauged by no deeper motives than a cheap, puerile commercial jealousy, could have the power to give rise to emotions and inspire feelings which in their world-sweeping humanizing intensity in the service of man and principle, are unparalleled by any historical movement inside or outside of Christendom.

Again, if the tree is to be judged by its fruit, and the effect from the cause, then the present outbreak

of utterly unjustifiable war-atrocities on the part of the Germans, can have their only explanation in the consciousness of a people, who from beggar to prince, from servant to master, is in the grip of a gross, soul-smothering materialism.

For it is only a matter of plain logic, that a people without the elevating concept of immortality and associated instincts of individual responsibility and immutable, divine justice, should trample under foot any obstacle interfering with the possession of their self-appointed aims.

Never since the latter days of the Caesars has the baneful effect of materialism upon humanity been in stronger evidence than at present in the relation of modern Germany to the non-Germanic nations of the world.

Under the influence of this imperial materialism, imposed during the last twenty years with systematic, Satanic craftiness upon the moral, mental, and physical consciousness of the German people—in the school and pulpit, in science and fiction, in philosophy and art, preventing the expression of any ideal or spiritual elevation as a basis for honor, love, virtue, faith, holiness—it has been made possible for this Kaiser to lead his subjects into the perpetration of crimes and atrocities, challenging every vestige of soul, and without precedent in the annals of even the remotest tribal savagery.

It is this materialism, with its brutal unbelief and irreverence for every quality of life which does not make for material possessions and secular power, that causes the individual to regard himself as a mere biological unit, a vital machine isolated from the deeper, reciprocal life of responsible manhood and to turn into a cold, unfeeling automaton—an irresponsible, self-seeking, self-loving, self-serving fiend.

But in the searchlight of a deeper-going psychology we shall be compelled to see that with all the inhumanity of the Teuton mind this world tragedy could not have been staged had it not been for the presence in the minds of other nations, in lesser degree, of the same spirit of materialism, the same sensuality, and the same egotism in personal aims, which, at present, like conducting wires between nodal points, transmit the destructive charges from foe to foe into definite currents of subconscious polarization.

And this alone will mark the extent and confine the scope of the conflict,—the participation of the egotism which in its concentrated convulsive outbursts has turned Germany into a raging cancer, eating itself into the system of a diseased humanity.

But the surgeon has arrived and is already at work on the removal—safely, carefully, definitely—of this monster growth of cumulative soul-hardening egotism from the heart of the world.

And the surgeon who is to redeem humanity in its unspeakable distress and make democracy, which is brotherhood, safe to the world, is the morally and spiritually awakening consciousness of the American people and its allied forces.

The Two Jerusalems

(By May Whitney Emerson)

The author of the following article recently spent a year and a half in Palestine under conditions peculiarly favorable for research. The military Governor of Damascus received her officially as Delegate at Large from the Woman's National Press Association, the first woman who was ever so honored. The Patriarch of the Greek church in Jerusalem was extremely interested in her mission; the Mufti, head of the Mohammedan faith and a descendant of Mahomet, was her friend; prominent Jewish residents whose ancestors for two thousand years had been Jerusalemites, gave her every possible assistance with translations of ancient manuscripts and historical legends. She was formally adopted into the family of Sheikh Raschid El Arikat, head of all the Jordan tribes of Arabs and original of "Sheikh Ilderim" of the Ben Hur romance, and was for several months a guest in the house of Ahmed Bedawy El Khalidi Bey, Judge of the Court of First Instance of Jaffa. These friends and others opened to her many doors usually closed to Christians, especially women. She chose native models, conveyed them to sacred places, photographed them in character-costumes, made color sketches and "absorbed local Karma," bringing home five hundred wonderful pictures for the illustration of her three books and several scenarios which will unspeakably enrich literature and the silent drama. Some of these pictures were taken for her scenario, "Saul of Tarsus."

The illustrations used with this article are the first of her collection to be published.

The "Royal Arch,"—well known to Masons, has an emblem devised by her for this picture, "The Flaming Cross" upheld by the girl-martyr, Chryse, when she gave her life on this spot.

THE ancient city of Melchizedek, of Abraham, David, Solomon and Herod, once sat like a Queen on a throne of four high hills, divided by two deep valleys crossing at the center, forming four trafficways of singular significance and beauty.

The modern city, recently rescued from the Turk by General Allenby, stands on the accumulated rubbish of twenty-eight sieges and eight destructions, of which the last was absolute, not one stone remaining upon another which fire could burn or human ingenuity destroy. The malice and greed of man has changed the very contour of "the four high hills," and the valleys loved by the "singing king" are filled to overflow with the discard of ages of strife.

Kedron valley, on the east, is more than forty feet higher than in the time of Herod. Its very bed is lost, and the early and later rains make for themselves whatever channels they can over and through the debris of 4088 years which have elapsed since Abraham sacrificed on the Rock of Ages.

The Tyropean valley, which once separated Zion, the residence-hill, from Moriah, the hill of the Tem-

ple, is today almost obliterated. There is scarcely a depression where the gorge existed down which, through marble channels, Herod once conveyed "water in bulk like a river," flushing and cooling the city's pavements twice daily.

In the "Valley of Fire," south of the city where once the wives of Solomon sacrificed to Moloch, the green-gray olive trees now sink their rootlets into forty feet of soil made by the "moulding dust of the dead."

The streets of modern Jerusalem are today from twenty to ninety feet above the pavements of the old city, though the

Temple Enclosure and a few streets near, —cut in the living rock, must of necessity be the same as in Solomon's time. Many of the modern houses, hospices and churches are standing on the roofs of ancient homes, three deep, into which one may penetrate by means of stone staircases, and ninety feet below the sunshine we may drink crystal-clear water flowing from unknown sources through ancient aqueducts into long-forgotten cisterns. Standing at the top of such staircases and calling into the depths one may hear a thousand echoes responding like voices of dead ages suddenly awak-



May Whitney Emerson in Costume of a Bethlehem Woman.



The Stables of Solomon.

ened to new joys and hopes.

It would be difficult to comprehend such vast changes if we had no credible witnesses concerning their cause.

When Titus conquered Jerusalem in the year 70 A. D., he left Rufus Terentius in charge of the desolate mountain ruin. Vast quantities of gold, silver and precious gems were known to have been in the city, and after the heat of the burning abated Rufus "ploughed Zion as a field" and made the place to "become as heaps" in order to uncover the spoils of war. The debris, thoroughly sifted, was dumped into the valleys, Kedron and the Tyropean getting the greater share.

One day, during the sifting out of the center of the Temple Enclosure on Mt. Moriah, came a man clothed in white and wearing a purple cloak richly embroidered and jewelled.

"Call to me Terentius Rufus," commanded this man, as one having authority.

Rufus came, greatly amazed at the emergence of a man from the apparently solid rock floor. He soon discovered that his Romans had conquered and destroyed only one Jerusalem; another, and a greater, undreamed of and still unconquered, lay under their feet. They had butchered thousands of Jews in the Temple and in the streets and had taken their treasures, but a vast army and the richest part of the city's wealth was still securely hidden in the caverns and sub-structures of whose existence they had no suspicion.

Simon, son of Gioras, the man of the purple cloak, was in the upper city when resistance to the Romans was found to be useless. He had gathered multitudes of Jerusalemites, among them expert stone-cutters with their tools and all the provisions they could secure, and these he led by subterranean ways known only to the priests and governors, into the vast caverns under Zion, connecting with the Temple enclosure and the Cotton Grotto at the north gate.

There was a passage running from near the Damascus gate under the whole city and opening into the south valley near the Dung gate. Through this passage (now used as a sewer), Ibrahim Pasha with an army of Arabs once entered the underground Jerusalem, passed through its entire length unsuspected and "poured out of the earth like ravaging locusts" at the gate of the Cotton Grotto.

There was, and still is, a passage leading to the Mount of Olives, issuing near the Church of St. Mary at the Kedron bridge. Under the Crusader's Church on Mount Zion there is a passage leading all the way underground "two hours into the country," emerging near Jericho, in the Jordan valley. This passage, it is claimed, was excavated by Herod in order to connect his palace on Zion with his favorite home in Jericho. Its entrance in the city is from the house of a Rabbi and is to this hour most carefully guarded.

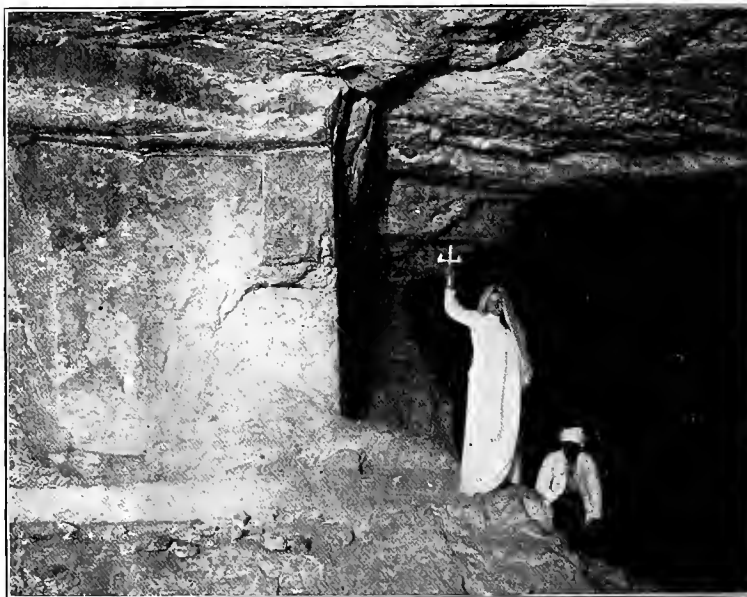
Still another passage, perhaps the most important, was from "Moked," the northwest room of the Temple, to the palace of Herod on Zion, by means

of which he kept watch over his soldiers and was in constant touch with the priests of the Temple service. This passage is still in existence, in good repair, and in daily use by a Moslem family living in a house over the unguessed staircase.

The underground city was undoubtedly planned by some master-architect as a city of refuge to which the entire population might fly in time of siege or other danger. Simon, son of Gioras, hoped his people would be able to hew their way out to the western valley and escape the enemy which were encamped north, east, and south, filling the valleys and making escape impossible by the ancient passages. Failing to hew a way out through the soft limestone hills, he believed they could live hidden underground until the Romans were gone.

The caverns were, and are, absolutely dark, but they are warm and there is abundance of water. The great spaces left by the stone-cutters, who separated and prepared the huge blocks for use in the upper city, were shaped into chambers, with vaulted roofs supported by square columns of living stone. The City of Refuge thus made would house, if needful, more people than the upper city and that in perfect safety.

But food began to fail. Humans by scores died of hunger, darkness, inaction, and lack of pure air. They failed to cut a way out to the western valley, though a brave attempt was made, the results of which are still visible. The caverns became horrible by reason of the dead and dying. Then Simon, son of Gioras, "made appeal from the ground" to



"The Royal Arch," Eastern End, Where a Massacre of Christians Took Place Soon After the Crucifixion.

Terentius Rufus for help.

Rufus and his Romans doubted the tale of Simon and were afraid to follow him into so palpable a trap. At last, tempted by curiosity and greed, Rufus and a handful of his friends decided to investigate, and the search began. Terrible were the cries which echoed through the caverns, silent since time was, as Roman soldiers marched through the mysterious passages, stumbling over the fallen, slaying

those who fled, searching everywhere for treasure, taking captive only those who won their pity or who promised spoils or sport. Over two thousand persons died of hunger and the Romans, and Simon of the purple cloak was taken to Rome to grace the triumph of Titus, after which he was put to death.

All this "he who runs may read," and if he runs far and soon enough he may see for himself the "Silent City" which remains practically unchanged since Terentius Rufus pillaged and desecrated it.

Of this sub-city the outside world knows almost nothing. Even the natives do not dream of what exists under their feet. I am still smiling at the stunned amazement of a party of 33 persons whom I invited to go with me to be photographed under the still-adhering fragment of "the Stone that was rejected of the Builders," which became the cornerstone of Solomon's western wall. Not one of the 33 had ever heard of such a place, though most of them were natives, born in Jerusalem. True, Baedeker's Guide Book of Palestine on page 106, has a small map of the Cotton Grotto which is interesting, though imperfect and unsatisfactory. But the general public does not read Baedeker unless traveling, and usually the tourist is shown only the entrances to the Grottos.

Well has the Moslem guarded his two Jerusalems, and for this all honor to him, for one charge of dynamite exploded in the chamber of the "Royal Arch" under the Temple Area would send the sacred mountain into space in clouds of impalpable dust.

The "Royal Arch" is a natural span fortified by Solomon and known to all Masons. It is the broadest natural arch yet found on earth. The photograph here given was taken by the author with flashlight, and is the first photograph ever made in the underground city. It shows the eastern end of the Royal Arch at the point where a massacre of Christians took place immediately after the Crucifixion. The girl and her servant were the last of one hundred and twenty persons who died for their faith in this spot. The two were safely hidden and might have been overlooked, but they scorned to escape martyrdom shared by all their companions and came forth voluntarily to meet their fate.

Among the greatest marvels of the hidden city are the stables of Solomon under the southeast corner of the Temple enclosure.

"And Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen."

(I. Kings IV., 26.)

These stalls sheltered two thousand horses in Crusader days with their Crusading riders. There are thirteen rows of vaults for stabling, clean, dry, well-lighted and with ample water-supply.

From above, the stables may be reached through an arcade in the southeast corner of the Temple area, passing down 32 steps to a chamber, upheld by columns, called the "Cradle of Solomon." From this room we go down many more steps and through several passages to the vaulted chambers of the stables.

In the sixth row of stables passing west is the single gate, opening south toward the King's vale. Out of this gate poured all the chariots and horsemen of Solomon and Herod in their day.

At the west angle of the wall is the double gate, the ancient "Huldah Portal" of the Talmud, which should stir our hearts, for it was the "Judgment Gate" to which Jesus was brought from the house of Caiphas at sunrise of Friday, day of the Crucifixion.

After the destruction of Solomon's Temple and palaces this gate, preserved through all changes, was called the "Gate of the Porch." Here all common cases arising during the preceding night, were tried and here, with certainty, Jesus received his sentence. The gate is in perfect preservation except that one lintel is broken. Ezekiel XL. 24-49, gives us a perfect description of it written 2492 years ago, 574 years before Christ was born.

"Behold a gate toward the south; and there were windows in it and in the arches thereof. And there were seven steps to go up to it and the arches were before them. It had palm trees, one on this side and another on that side (carved) upon the posts thereof * * * * And in the porch of the gate were two tables on this side and two tables on that side to slay thereon the burnt offering, and the sin offering and the trespass offering."

It is well worth a journey over the "sea of tumbling tides" just to sit for an hour in this ancient room and project one's soul back to that morning which was His last. One can almost see Him standing by the carved palm-tree "column of the prisoner." His eyes cast down, His pale lips silent: "As a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth."

As this scene reveals itself to human consciousness, with what followed before the day was done, one almost rejoices that Terentius Rufus, only thirty-seven years later "ploughed" Zion as a field" and made Jerusalem "to become as heaps," and that not one stone of Herod's Temple was left standing upon another.

THE SONG OF THE SOCK

With fingers nimble and quick,
Working for Uncle Sam,
A woman sits in womanly grace
Knitting up wool from the lamb.
Stitch—stitch—stitch—
Keeping time with the ticking clock,
And in a voice of musical pitch,
She sings the Song of the Sock.

Work—work—work—
All the livelong day,
And work, work, work,
Till the stars get in her way.
But she tries to keep awake,
And she will never shirk,
As long as there are socks to knit,
And this is Christian work.

Knit—knit—knit—
Till the head begins to nod,
Knit, knit, knit,
Till the eyes are heavy as sod.
Purl and slip and knit,
Knit and purl and slip,
Till over the sock she falls asleep
And dreams of a sinking ship.

O, woman with loved ones dear,
O, woman who's kind and true,
'Tis not all yarn you're knitting in,
But love and kindness, too,
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
As firm as the firmest rock,
Knitting at once with a good strong thread
A HOME as well as a SOCK.

—New York Times.

Come on You Kiddies!

By Thomas Fitch

IT IS summer sure enough. Whatever may be the case in Maine or Minnesota, hereabouts winter has been thrown out of the lap of spring, and has fallen upon the verdant lawns with a dull sickening thud.

Come on, you kiddies! Come, boys, and babies, and even you who are foully named by grumpy race suiciders, as "brats." Come, you fatherless and motherless tots. Come out of the children's homes, the asylums and the houses of shelter. Come, you little boys who are clad just now in short frocks, and who are anxiously awaiting the hour when breeches shall adorn your nethermost parts. Come you dear little girls, whose bright eyes fill with tears of joy when a little pink or blue sash is pinned around your waists. Come away from your single finger exercises on the piano, where you pound over and over again the first bars of "Home Sweet Home" within sound of where a half-crazed editorial writer is trying to concentrate the gray matter in his brain so as to bring it to an understanding of the military movements on the west front. Come, dears, with your ebon tresses or your hair of fine-spun gold, and dolls pressed against breasts that even in infancy unconsciously long for the sweet tyranny that accompanies motherhood.

One of these days you little girls will be "grown-ups," and will cast coy, coquettish, inviting glances—sometimes feigned—at the youth who will abide with you seated on the sofa in the parlor, with his arm around your waist until a warning voice from up stairs advises you to bid him good night and obey Hoover's injunction to remember the gas or electric light bill, and save money for the boys in the trenches.

Come you little fellows, breeched and unbreeched. Bye and bye you will be bearded like pards, and you will strut, and swell, and finger your watch chains, and join lodges, and talk about economic changes, and the laws of supply and demand, and the relative values of a pair of deuces and a bob-tail flush, and other things about which you will know little then, and happily know nothing now.

But now, oh now, dear girls and boys, as the summer Saturdays come around some of you shall climb into great Cyclops-eyed scarlet, and white and green, and gray autos that will honk with delight as they carry you out of the crowded streets and glide swiftly along smooth roads, through fields arrayed in living green, fringed with blossoming trees and shrubs and flowers, until they halt on the shore of the sweet salt sea that is longing to kiss your feet with its lips of foam. Down in the clean sands with you. Roll over in them. Make sand houses whose erection will give you greater pleasure than the building of sky scrapers and palaces will afford you when you get to be grown up folks. The waves will tumble in all the way from the Orient to meet you and greet you, and sea and sky and shore will all be yours.

"Where does this magazine come in?" do you ask, old Quid Pro Quo? It will come in when its

writers look into the hundreds of little faces it will have helped to make happy for a day. It will come in again years from now when those writers will look down from the stars and recognize the grand men and women inhabiting this city of 2,000,000 people who will be readers of the greatest and best and most influential monthly periodical in California, and some of whom will remember how, when they were kiddies, life was made sweeter to them for a day by the *New American Woman*.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FAITH

"This is my faith. I have never united myself to any church, because I found it difficult in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of belief and confessions of faith.

"When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul."

SO SAY WE ALL

How ringing are the words of Field Marshal Haig who said:

"Many amongst us now are tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. There is no other course open to us but to fight it out.

"Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind depend alike upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment."

AN INCH OF RAIN

When the Weather Bureau reports that an inch of rain has fallen, it means that the amount of water that descended from the sky in that particular shower would have covered the surrounding territory to a depth of one inch, if none of it had run off or soaked into the ground.

It means that on one acre of ground enough water to fill more than 600 barrels of forty-five gallons each has fallen. That quantity of water weighs more than 110 tons. If the rainstorm covered 1000 acres, which would be a very small shower, indeed, 113,000 tons of water would fall from the clouds.

Rainstorms frequently cover whole States and often two or three or five inches of water fall in one storm. In that case the weight of water that falls to the earth is simply enormous. A single widespread and heavy storm might result in 100,000,000,000 tons of water.

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer



Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from May number)

ELATED by my success in defeating the bill in the Legislature to appropriate \$135,000.00 to enlarge and maintain the Home for Inebriates at San Francisco and in having it branded as a "private prison with no legal right to exist," I left Sacramento by first train, avoiding as far as possible the congratulations which were literally showered upon me for my triumphant victory over entrenched graft, and the exposure of an institution wherein the weak and unfortunate were imprisoned without authority of law and subjected to the most shocking treatment in this modern temple of Juggeranut and which like unto it, cast its victims out upon the sands for their bones and skulls to whiten the arid plains of India.

The investigation and the denouement of the Home for Inebriates seemed to furnish the *raison d'être* for a universal house-cleaning, and both public and private institutions of the City and County of San Francisco were compelled to undergo a complete overhauling.

I took no part in these proceedings. I had incurred much enmity for my assault upon the management of the Crocker Old People's Home and the exposure of the Home for Inebriates, and I at once turned my energies in other directions.

I had been retained to defend James E. Wells, once a well-to-do real estate broker in San Francisco, who was charged as co-defendant with Ollie Gilbert Hutchins, with having impersonated Miss Emma L. Dick and forged a mortgage upon her property whereby they secured the sum of \$8000.00. It was claimed by the prosecution that the parties divided the money between them, all of which my client stoutly denied and I believed him.

I thought that as between Ollie Hutchins, who had fled between two days to parts unknown, and Wells, who had remained at home with his wife and children, with no outward show of prosperity, the burden of guilt rested, apparently, upon the woman. Upon that theory I began preparation for a hard fight.

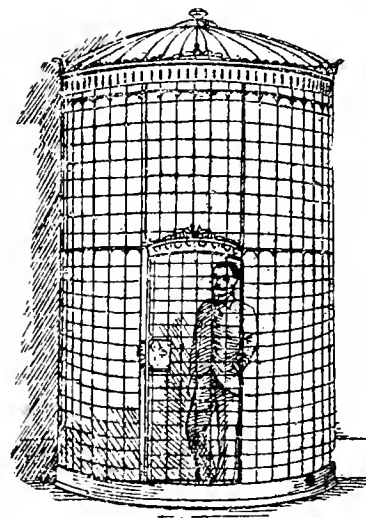
A demurrer to the information was interposed and sustained. An amended information was filed

which stood the second demurrer and the time was fixed for his arraignment.

That I might again confer with my client before court would convene at 10 o'clock A. M. the following day, I called at the City Jail on Broadway about 9 o'clock to learn that Wells had been handcuffed and carried in the jail van to court, whither I followed in haste. I went directly to Department Eleven, determined to speak again with my client before he would be called to plead to the charge against him and to assure him of my confidence in his defense and of my loyalty to his interests.

I entered the court room and walked directly to the desk in front of the Court's bench, behind which sat the clerk, a large, middle-aged man with a huge mustache. I inquired for the defendant James E. Wells and shyly stated, in a sort of excuse-me-for-living manner that I was Mr. Wells' attorney and that I desired to speak with him before court convened.

"Well," said the clerk, "don't you see him over there?" pointing to a corner of the courtroom. Following the index finger my eyes fastened upon a huge wire cage.



The cage.

Hastily I crossed the large court room and stood in the presence of my dejected client.

I tried the door of the cage but at once observed that it was padlocked. I shook the door until it rattled so loudly that the bailiff, George E. Macrett, came almost in a run to learn the cause of the confusion.

"What's the matter with you, woman?" inquired the bailiff.

"What's the matter with me? There is nothing the matter with me, sir, but there is something wrong here and it must be corrected this hour. My client shall not remain in this open court room jail. The law presumes him innocent until proven guilty."

Here Macrett broke in, "Well, you might as well stop your fussin'; I'm the patentee of that cage—got it from Washington, and its goin' to stay right there, and another one like it is in Judge Murphy's courtroom, and all the police courts are going to have 'em. When criminals get arrested they've just got to go right in there," pointing toward the product of his mechanical genius wherein my poor

client sat shivering—and, as he later told me, afraid lest I would attempt to break open the door and the bailiff would arrest me for disturbing the peace and handle me roughly.

At this point Hon. James M. Troutt, always urbane and with that fine bearing which characterizes the well-bred judge, entered the court room and took his seat upon the bench. "The State of California vs. James E. Wells." Bailiff Macrett pompously strode to the cage and unlocked the door; the defendant came quickly and took his seat by my side—the while I was secretly vowing that I would not tolerate the presence of such a relic of barbarism as an iron cage to hold men in a court room dedicated to justice.

That night in my office I sat alone long after the city streets were deserted and every other honest woman was asleep, writing a letter, or rather a petition to the Mayor and Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco, which I presented the following morning and which was published in the San Francisco Chronicle October 11, 1892, to the amusement of a few, but to the disapproval of many. I here reproduce the petition, headlines and all, believing that it will be of interest to my readers:

"CAGED LIKE TIGERS"

THE CARE OF PRISONERS MADE EASY THE WORK OF AN INGENIOUS BAILIFF

Ladies Who Declare War on the System—Judge Murphy Doesn't Like It

To the Honorable the Mayor and the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco:

Gentlemen:

Your petitioner would respectfully call your attention to an outrage constantly perpetrated in Departments 2 and 11 of the Superior Court of this city.

In the courtrooms of these departments is an iron cage similar to those used to confine tigers, hyenas and other ferocious beasts of the jungle. These cages occupy a conspicuous place in the courtroom and are used to incarcerate men and boys on trial for offenses against the law.

The law presumes these persons to be innocent until proved guilty. The records show that four out of five of those arrested are discharged as not guilty. These men, innocent and guilty alike, are put into these cages as though they were wild beasts and held there for hours in the presence of court and jeering bystanders.

There is no necessity for this. Officers are in attendance with locust clubs and bulldog pistols and can readily prevent an escape if attempt were made, and statistics show that there are fewer escapes from the courtroom than from County jail or State prison.

These cages ought to be removed. They have no place in the courtroom; they are no part of the proper machinery for the administration of justice; they are not necessary for the trial of any man.

It is a disgrace that our courtrooms, dedicated to securing the sacred rights of man, should be converted into common jails for the incarceration of men whom the law presumes innocent.

The use of these cages is unlawful; it is contrary

to the Constitution; it is in violation of the statute; it is at variance with the decisions of our Supreme Court, and it is obnoxious to the whole spirit of our laws. A new trial would be granted by the Supreme Court to any man caged in one of these courtroom jails during his trial. Moreover, these cages are a standing falsehood, an infamous invention, born of cowardice, that brave men have no use for. They falsely imply that the officers of the court are cowards, afraid to have the accused sit in open court by his counsel, as he has done for 169 years.

Incarceration in these courtroom jails is an outrage upon the accused and a menace to every citizen. The most upright man is liable to arrest and trial upon a false charge, and however innocent, he will be made conspicuous by confinement in these prison cages and will suffer the jeers and flings of the courtroom mob, which, like human buzzards, daily come to feast on the misery and woe of their fellow men.

With bowed head, humiliated, dejected, spirit-broken, while yet confined within this worst of jails, he will listen at last to the solemn mockery of the court as it instructs the jury to bear in mind that the accused is presumed to be innocent until found guilty, and wonder why the law does not treat him as it presumes him.

These disgraceful, illegal, cowardly emblems of barbarism, fit only for an inquisitorial age, are a libel upon our civilization, an invasion of personal rights and an outrage upon all the better sentiments of human hearts.

Your petitioner therefore solemnly protests against these courtroom jails and respectfully petitions your honorable body to remove them.

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ."

The petition addressed to the Mayor and Board of Supervisors caused much comment. There were not a few who declared that it was "none of that woman's business," and predicted that the Supervisors would tell her so.

The cages stood bolt upright in the courtrooms of Departments Two and Eleven. Lawyers and laymen looked in and smiled and turned away with a sort of its-none-of-my-business air, but Judge Troutt promptly declared his objections to the presence of the cage in his courtroom, and commanded its removal.

Judge Murphy also expressed his opinion that an iron cage to hold accused persons had no place in a courtroom.

In closing this chapter I am glad to be able to relate that within forty-eight hours after I had filed the, by this time famous petition I emerged from the Assembly Chamber of the Board of Supervisors with a resolution passed by that body, signed by the Mayor and attested by the Clerk, directing the removal of the prison cages from the courtrooms of Departments Two and Eleven of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco.

(Continued in July number)

Women citizens are multiplying as the sands of the sea. Here's to the new American women! May they never grow old.

Looks Are Deceiving

By Don Marlin

ONCE it came to pass in the town of La Punk, situated "somewhere out West," that in the public square, on a much initialed, paintless park-bench, an exceedingly farmy looking gent was seated chuckling to himself over a newspaper.

Presently another figure loped into the square and seated himself beside Azariah Eben Spudds. The newcomer, Mr. Alvin Petersmuth, was one of the shrewdest "con" men that ever tramped the pavements of the Big Burg of Domineering Cops.

The "con" person calmly, and with much ostentatious swagger, rolled himself a cigarette and scratched a match with his thumb-nail a la William S. Hart, a feat which many of us have attempted—with rather burning results. The effect of this bit of bravado was entirely lost upon the engrossed Azariah, who, blissfully unconscious of his companion, laughed unmusically to himself.

For a while the New Yorker contented himself with sizing up his bench-mate, whose increasing merriment, after a bit, prompted him to ask, "Whatcha laughin' at, ho?"

Azariah looked up with surprise. "I beg pardon," he said, in soft tones.

The con grinned. "I said," he repeated, "what's ticklin' yuh?"

"A funny story here. It's good! Care to read it?" And he proffered the paper.

"Nix, I don't read newspaper bunk. Give me good litterture, like Nick Carter."

Azariah smiled and resumed reading. Petersmuth idly traced figures with the end of his cane in the soft earth, now and then looking sideways at the rube, much as a sophomore regards a freshman.

"Spiel me that yarn, will yuh?" he asked suddenly. Azariah enthusiastically put his paper away.

"In this story," he commenced, "two fellows started out from different points to seek adventure. In the course of their travels they ran across each other, and struck up an acquaintanceship, something like you and me. Both were dead broke, and—"

"Something like you and me," the New Yorker interrupted.

"Yes! Very much so. After exchanging their experiences, which were more or less alike, they came to the conclusion that there was nothing really adventurous left. Therefore, they created their own situation. It was nearly dinner time and they were both pretty hungry.

"Something like you and me," came another interruption.

"Yes. Very much so. So, Reynolds, the shorter of the two, suggested that they should go and eat at the most fashionable hotel in town, and order only the best on the menu. After the meal they were to toss a coin. The loser was to stay and square himself the best way he could, first giving the winner an opportunity to slip away; this suited the other fellow.

"According to the story they had a sumptuous repast of choice viands, wines and good Havanas, at a place they had both decided on. When they had finished eating the waiter brought the bill. While

his back was turned they tempted fate and Reynolds lost. In order to give his friend a chance to slip away, Reynolds reminds him, when the waiter was again within hearing, of the telephone call he has to make. The winner does not take this cue because he says that he never yet had the pleasure of seeing a man arrested for swindling a hotel out of a meal and he wants to stay and see the fun. The waiter stood near to be paid. Reynolds, much to the surprise of his partner, initials the bill and confesses that he is a regular patron at this hotel and has a charge account with them."

"And the other fellow?" Petersmuth inquired eagerly.

"The other fellow also had a confession to make. He owned the place."

"Thell," the New Yorker cried disappointedly, making a grimace like the boy who was led to suspect that the much abused domestic beverage, castor oil, was good—but alas, to his sorrow discovered. . .

Azariah returned to his illustrated section while Petersmuth fell to watching some distant sign painters. It was a beautiful forenoon in mid-June. Everything was quiet and peaceful save for the drone of passing street cars and the clatter of other vehicle life. In the center of the square a miserable dilapidated structure offended the eye, which Webster was indiscreet enough to dub in his dictionary, a fountain. It shot up an emaciated tepid stream. The only remaining evidences of the lawn that the square once boasted, were the weather-beaten signs that imperatively ordered you to "Keep off."

Around the fountain several noisy pickaninnies were laboriously endeavoring to give their mongrel playmate a much needed bath. The ungrateful canine stood about as still as an old man with an acute case of St. Vitus dance, much to the exasperation of his well-wishers. Once he managed to escape but was apprehended after several blocks and brought back, plus a beating.

Directly in front of Petersmuth three or four sparrows were greedily picking at a mud-bespattered apple core. An itinerant umbrella merchant created a din with his handbell, as he passed by, frightening them away. A puff of steam floated lazily skyward when the round-house whistle shrilly proclaimed the hour of noon. Instantly factories began to belch forth those whom they stomached.

In a moment the dormant town became a maelstrom of life, pulsating with activity. Hungry individuals hurried in all directions. Banterers were laughingly exchanged, politics loudly discussed. Girls playfully jostled one another, and a corner street fight took place between two school boys. Motormen impatiently clanged their gongs. Drivers called cheerfully to their nags to bestir themselves, which they did readily enough, now that the nose-bag was in sight.

And as sudden as this levity took its birth from the noon whistle, equally sudden was its demise, when the last of the seventeen people turned down

(Continued on Page 14)

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CONTENTS

Loyalty to Our Country, Hon. H. Z. Osborne.....	3
Is Commercial Jealousy the Cause of the War? Dr Axel Emil Gibson	4
The Two Jerusalems, May Whitney Emerson.....	5-6-7-8
Come On You Kiddies, Thomas Fitch.....	8
Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer, Clara Shortridge Foltz	9-10
Looks Are Deceiving, Don Marlin	11-14
Across the Editor's Desk	16
Grandmother's Memories, Minnie Hoover Linton....	18

THE NATION'S GREATEST ASSET

Woman—The Last Reserve

WOMAN is at last here—though for that matter she has been here ever since she arrived by way of a rib in the Garden of Eden, eons of ages gone.

But during the centuries of her semi-nearness to the first party she has been camouflaged, hidden from sight while doing her part in the world about her, until at last she burst full grown like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, and lo! she lives and moves and has her being among the vital things of earth.

The mother of the human race has but ill performed her highest function; she has been hampered throughout all time, denied education, opportunity, freedom; hands and feet have been literally bound. No wonder that civilization halted in her womb; no wonder that hosts of her children have been weak and malformed, malicious and cruel in mind and lacking in the greatest of all things—spirituality.

But the storm of resentment that broke with the beginning of the present century has cleared the horizon and woman, the new and glorious comrade of a mate yet to be developed, stands forth in the splendor of a new born day. Henceforth she will be the nation's greatest asset.

As lawyers, physicians, philosophers, teachers, and in every profession, trade and calling, these new creatures are here to stay. She is no less useful in practically all of the trades and callings which enlist the energies of man.

The employment of women as farmers has aroused a great deal of interest throughout the whole country, and this is no new thing for women.

For generations they have raised and harvested the crops in Europe. For centuries, and probably to this day, in Germany women were harnessed to the plow, often leading the ox in the furrow.

Since the outbreak of the war French, English and Canadian women have successfully performed the duties of every branch of agriculture. In England women dropped their propaganda for suffrage, called off their parades, stopped hectoring their statesmen, rolled up their sleeves and went to work in field and factory and in munition plants, handling the heaviest machinery, risking their lives in the creation of the death-dealing missiles. Practically all the able-bodied women, among them the leaders of society and members of the nobility, are at this very hour performing the tasks of their sons who are yet fighting the greatest battle ever fought for freedom, or who have already alas! made the supreme sacrifice.

And so it is, the new women of this new world, bathed in the blood of their sons, who died fighting for them, are now in their place and stead ploughing, sowing, harvesting, ditching, and performing all kinds of market gardening and dairy work, driving motor tractors and transports.

These are but the few things which the new woman is doing; meanwhile she is bearing children, as everywhere the crowded maternity hospitals amply testify. She has not and never can, if she would, lose in this larger field, the maternal heart, nor fail the child in the larger mind.

Indeed woman has "set herself to man as perfect music unto noble words." And who shall say that from out the frightfulness of the most dreadful tragedy of all time the mothers of the race shall not rise to their supremest function and bring to earth a nobler, a more perfect race, whose law shall be Love, whose paths Peace?

LOAFERS ARE SLACKERS

Economically it is not necessary now, if it ever were, for women to get married to be supported. They are a prime necessity in every business house of any importance, and they are no less in demand in the smaller stores and factories. No woman need be in want for life's necessities, nor accept immoral support from men under the flimsy shameful plea that she has to live.

Everywhere in America remunerative occupations await the willing-to-work woman, and no excuse may be offered by any woman for not coming out into the open where she will become interested, and work efficiently without compulsion in some one of the useful and varied employments vacated by our intrepid sons fighting and dying in foreign lands.

There are loafers and slackers among women as well as among men in Los Angeles as elsewhere. Every one of them should be smoked out and compelled to work—otherwise committed to the rock pile. Every idle window shopper, and perpetual golf player, and habitual film fan, and all of the lazy rich as well as the indigent; the society-owes-me-a-living dub is as undesirable in this country today as the meanest I. W. W. that ever tramped a continent or dynamited an industrial plant.

Loafers are slackers and should be registered as aliens. They are more despicable than the Hun. Every reader of this magazine knows one or more

of them and just where they are located. The government officials are entitled to this information, and to withhold it is giving aid and comfort not only to the slacker, but to the enemies of our country.

MILITANT AMERICANISM

A note of militant Americanism was struck by Dr. Edward Ochsner, eminent Chicago surgeon, at a recent meeting of the Vermilion County Medical Society at Danville, Ill. Dr. Ochsner, in reply to a question as to how compulsory health insurance would affect the medical profession, said:

"Take the city of Danville for instance: Every physician will be given a chance to join the panel. If he declines, he will be out absolutely as far as practice among the wage-earners is concerned. If he goes on the panel every move he makes must be approved by the officials and he must do the work at the prices fixed by the Commission. It probably will not be more than 50 cents per call—in Berlin it is 12 cents for an office call and 24 cents for a house call. Then when he becomes a panel doctor those under the act will have the opportunity of choosing him as their physician for one year. He must take all who come—white, black, yellow and tan—until he has on his list the number fixed by the Commission as a maximum—probably 500.

"Personally, it will not mean a dollar to me one way or the other. I will not go on the panel—I don't have to. But I am opposed to the system because I have seen it in operation in Germany, where

it originated, and I know that it has played an important part in bringing about the present world war. Had it not been for compulsory health insurance and old age pensions, the German war party could not have controlled the Socialist vote in the Reichstag and without the Socialist support there would have been no war.

"I warn you men, that if you introduce compulsory health insurance in this country, you will give autocracy a firm foothold in the land of the free. It may come in the guise of democracy, but it will be autocracy nevertheless.

"My observation and experience in Europe, my study of monarchies and my life in this free country, have given me a passion for democracy—and my ideas on this question were fixed long before the war. The Germans are a great people—but not so great as in the days of Goethe, Schiller and Heine. Autocracy has produced mass efficiency at the cost of self-reliance, individualism and independence and in the terrific struggle in which the nations of the earth are now engaged, autocracy and mass efficiency must and will be crushed in order that democracy, individualism and independence may not perish."

In his prepared paper Dr. Ochsner quoted official figures to prove that sickness and death rates are higher in Germany than in this country and contended that the compulsory health insurance system requires the sober, thrifty workman to help pay for the delinquencies of his dissolute and immoral fellows.

Women's Land Army of America

A Logical Appointment



MRS. MYRTEL SHEPHERD FRANCIS
AND HER SON

MRS. Myrtle Shepherd Francis is distinguished by her vivid personality and poise in the new and untried enterprise—THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY OF AMERICA—for which she is State chairman, for she is the daughter

of the late Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd, California's noted pioneer and first hybridist and seed grower.

Mrs. Francis has continued her mother's work, specializing in petunias. She developed the seed-producing double petunia, which is of great commercial value, and which has created wide-spread interest among geneticists. This floral novelty of California is especially interesting, since it is used in the genetic experiments at Cambridge University, England.

At a meeting of the American Genetic Society, at the University of California, in 1915, this beautiful petunia was presented by Mrs. Francis and made the subject of her thesis.

Mrs. Francis received the Gold Medal award for both double and single petunias at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and Silver Medal at the Panama-California Exposition (no gold medal issued). She is the first and only woman to serve on a Horticultural Jury of Awards in an international exposition, for which service she was awarded a personal Gold Medal. Mrs. Francis has read many papers before scientific and horticultural bodies, and for the past two years she has been a member of the Women's National Farm and Garden Council. The appointment of this efficient and gifted woman as State Chairman of the Women's Land Army of America is logical and gives universal satisfaction.

Looks Are Deceiving

(Continued from Page 11)

a side street. Even the coal black roses and their dog had mysteriously disappeared.

Azariah turned to Petersmuth. "Hungry?" he queried.

The peterman tightened in his belt. "Let someone introjuce me to a T-bone steak and a parcel of French-fried, and I'll call him father for the rest of me natchural days," he replied, almost reverently.

After a five minute silence, he asked, "Got any kale?"

"Why—no!"

"And I'm so stony that if a pink-eyed wop was peddlin' gold bricks for cigar coupons I couldn't afford to take a look."

Another silence followed. Then brightening up, "Say, did yuh ever play the game of Chance?"

"No! And I don't want to, either. A Chinaman once taught me how to play poker...."

Petersmuth laughed; "I don't mean a game that you play with a deck of leaves. I mean Adventure—Chance—anything yuh care to call it, as long as it's exciting. I've got a scheme. Are yuh on?"

"That depends entirely on the scheme," Azariah replied cautiously.

"The niftiest hash-barn in town is the one opposite the station, eh?"

"Ye-s."

"Got a charge account there?"

"Behave!" Azariah pleaded mournfully.

"In that story yuh just read those two guys were game to take a chance but they played a sure thing against each other. Now with us it's different. I'm not the boss of a hotel and you're not handicapped with a charge account. What d'ye say?"

"Nothing doing!"

"Aw, come on. Wa'd'ye afraid of?"

"Hobies," Azariah said seriously, "and others, have worked that game on this town so often that a law was passed making it a larceny offense. Any-one guilty of beating a restaurant out of a meal would be publicly horse-whipped and run out of town. The moving picture censor says he's going to make this place a credit to the Union.

"What's the movie hick got to do with it?" Petersmuth asked in surprise.

"Everything! He's the City Council."

"He!"

"Yes.. And the mayor, and the chief of police, all rolled in one."

"Petersmuth solemnly checked off on his fingers, "He—City Council—Mayor—Chief of Police. Oh, boy!" And a paroxysm of mirth shook his frame such as was never experienced by any inhabitant of La Punk. "Fan me," he gasped between breaths, "fan me," and another fit of laughter overtook him as if some one had suddenly crammed the manuscripts of Potash & Perlmutter down his throat.

Spluttering like an infant with cutting teeth he managed to gain control over his articulation.

"That horse-whipping law is just a phoney stall. To prove it, I'm still game to take a chance if you are," he said.

Azariah wavered. Petersmuth was quick to take advantage of his indecision.

"Yuh don't live here, do yuh?"

"No."

"Then it's a cinch. And the guy that loses can get out of it by doing chores, or by cracking a coupla funny stories. I know a few that'll knock 'em dead."

"If a quarter will do any good," Azariah suggested dubiously.

"Keep it," Petersmuth advised, "and after the feed we'll toss for the rawhide massage." Grinning over his own quip, Petersmuth locked arms with Azariah, and herded him, protestingly, into the "Hall of Eats" of the Hotel La Punk.

Ushered to a table, he took it upon himself to act as master of ceremonies. Of the indigestion aggravators that were listed on the menu he knew little. But steering by dead reckoning, he called only for such delicacies as had a substantial figure to the left of the decimal point. With the thirst extinguishers he was more at home.

As a social function the orgy was not a howling success. Petersmuth was too occupied bailing out his soup-plate to indulge in idle prattle. Between courses, however, he essayed, "Eat and drink heartily, son, because each bite is going to cost us a pound of personal beef."

Azariah was silent. Once embarked on the Adventure, he attended strictly to the business of demolishing the nation's food supply, stowing away an enormous quantity of provender and sluicing it down with the fermented extract of grape. When Petersmuth essayed his painful remark he had discarded his table implements and was engaged in a catch-as-catch-can bout with the leg of a fowl that required the ferocity of a Captain Kidd to make an impression on it.

The waiter circled around them like a vulture over a prospective victim, now refilling a glass; now removing a plate; or popping another cold bottle, in advance appreciation of the fat tip that he saw and saw only in his mind's eye.

The "damme-tas" having been served, Azariah finally shoved his chair back and went through the rites of the finger-bowl. Petersmuth signaled the waiter and requisitioned the damage. While he was gone Petersmuth said, "Shoot!"

Angling through his pockets, Azariah fished out a quarter so new that the mint still clung to it. Lapping his forefinger over his thumb, he placed the coin on the bridge and spun it into the air.

"Heads!" he cried, a moment later, as the palm-covered coin was put on the table. For just a minute he hesitated, and then removed his hand, And—heads—it—was.

"All yours," Petersmuth laughed.

Azariah took his hat from the rack and shook hands with his late companion. Half way to the door he turned and walked back.

"For the waiter," he said, tossing the quarter on the table. Petersmuth nodded. A few minutes later the waiter approached him bearing on a small tray, a wineglass, and a cigar.

"For you, sir," he said. "The other gentleman bought two fifty-cent cigars, for himself, and this five-cent one, for you. He said that you would settle for it all. And not to forget to tell you that

this hotel is owned by the moving picture censor. He said you would understand."

Petersmuth felt the willies take possession of him.

"Is the—the censor anywhere around?" he asked, uneasily.

"Yes, sir."

"Ask him to hoof it this way, will yuh?"

"Yes, sir."

Left alone his eye fell on the lone two-bit piece.

"For liniment," he muttered, reaching for it.

Tender thoughts were his as he waited the dread coming of the last man whom he wanted to see on earth. Tying absently with the specie he dropped it. Reaching down, he made a discovery as he picked it up.

"Waiter!" he bawled, excitedly.

"Here, sir."

"See if you can find the gazebo that I came in with. Hurry!" The waiter departed, and returned in five minutes with the information that the gentleman was seen to take the local to the next town. "Nothing wrong, sir, I hope," he added tactfully, as the moving picture censor approached.

"No," Petersmuth said grimly. "I just wanted to ask him where he got this quarter—with a head on both sides."

Men ought to be mighty good to women, for Nature gave them the big end of the log to lift.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A TOAST TO THE FLAG

Here's to the Red of it—

There's not a thread of it,
No, nor a shred of it
In all the spread of it
From foot to head,
But heroes bled for it,
Faced steel and lead for it,
Precious blood shed for it,
Bathing it Red.

Here's to the White of it—

Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it
But feels the might of it
Through day and night;
Womanhood's care for it
Made manhood dare for it;
Purity's prayer for it
Kept it so White.

Here's to the Blue of it—

Heavenly view of it,
Star-spangled hue of it,
Honesty's due of it,
Constant and true;
Here's to the whole of it,
Stars, stripes, and pole of it,
Here's to the soul of it,
Red, White and Blue.

Pride

By Vera Heathman Cole

Many a man has lost good opportunities to better himself in life because his pride played peek-a-boo with his ambition.

There is a pride that helps a man's condition in life and a pride that harms it; the one is true and worthy, the other is false.

A man without pride is a man without hope; for if a man does not believe in himself he cannot expect others to think anything of him or his accomplishments.

A man must be willing to acknowledge his worth if he expects to be considered at his face value.

A good dose of pride is a fine tonic for men who have been forced to eat out of somebody else's hand.

A man who is too proud to accept favors from those who would like to help him usually knows in his heart that he is not deserving of them. He could work his own way out of his difficulties if he were not too lazy.

Pride that prevents a man or a woman from association with people who are not so well off in the world, shows that wealth has warped their heart out of position. They are deformed and deserving of pity.

There is a pride common to all men, and it is a man's greatest asset in life—a man's opinion of his mother.

Many a man who has had too much false pride to acknowledge that he has changed his mind upon a question for fear people will call him inconsistent, has suffered bitterly while enjoying his consistency.

One should be as proud of another's good name as of his own; as proud of another's success as of his own; and too proud to prick either of them with the pin point of slander.

We have often heard that it never pays to malign one's own family; family pride should extend to all humanity.

Success in life comes only when a man has pride enough to do his work well.

It is sometimes hard to acknowledge the smart children of our neighbors, because the mountain of pride which we have for our own so obstructs our view that we are not able to see beyond our own gate.

If a man is not proud of his country, proud of his State and proud of his town he had better either move out or clean it up. Such pride is a part of every good citizen.

Pride which seeks to elicit compliments from another and then feeds on them and advertises them is something which a man of real worth cannot understand.

A man should have a purpose in life of which he is proud.

A man who is too proud to acknowledge that he is in the wrong when his obstinacy works harm or anguish to his brother man is one of the weakest and most dangerous links in the chain of mankind.

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WE THANK YOU ONE AND ALL

Ringling with good cheer are the letters from far and wide which daily reach the Editor's Desk. Mr. Carleton D. Babcock, Secretary of the Insurance Economics Society of America, writes as follows:

Editor the New American Woman:

I wish to congratulate you upon the high character of your publication. It no doubt will exert a very wholesome influence on public affairs in your State and it will continue to increase in power with the passage of time. The West has attained a degree of political independence unknown in the East and in such a field, there is room for the exercise of wisdom and discretion in the discussion and disposition of public matters. I take it that your paper, while it stands for progress, reserves the right to go slow until it is fully satisfied that to move forward would be a step in the direction of true progress and reform.

I note your opposition to the Social Insurance movement which certain interests are trying to put over in your State.

I am concerned, as an American citizen, who has but little use for, or faith in, the doctrines of Socialism. As you doubtless know, Social Insurance was conceived by Bismarck as an antidote for Socialism in the German empire. It is being promoted largely by Socialists in this country, and Dr. Rubinow, in 1916, appeared before a committee of Congress in Washington to urge an appropriation for a Federal investigation of Social Insurance, stating that he did so as a representative of the National Socialist Party of America.

There is another feature of the movement that I do not like. Certain interests in New York, which are kept carefully under cover, are carrying on practically a nationwide campaign to bring about the enactment of this legislation which is not wanted by employers, by labor, the medical profession or the general tax payer. If State politics can be so manipulated from New York, the same thing can be done from Berlin or Tokio. I sincerely hope that the people of California will rebuke at the election in November the hidden forces back of the American Association for Labor Legislation, but which do not in any appreciable degree represent that great organization.

Assuring you of our appreciation of the work you are doing in opposition to the un-American propaganda for Compulsory Health Insurance, I remain,

Sincerely yours.

C. D. BABCOCK.

SHE HITS HARD

From the able editor of the Southern Woman's Magazine published at Nashville, Tenn., comes the following straight from the shoulder:

My dear Mrs. Foltz:—

If there were more suffragists like you I believe the world would have been entirely converted long ago. Consequently—contrarywise—let's be thankful there are so few like you!

The broad-minded attitude of your magazine is one of the reasons I have enjoyed it so thoroughly. Most of my suffragist friends, and I have a number that I am devoted to, are as narrow and resentful

as any old Puritan that ever burned a witch.

Later I will write you what I think about it all and will hit from the shoulder.

I wonder if you would really want what I would write about suffrage. In reality I do not believe in suffrage at all. I believe in a division of labor and that women have the right to expect men to fight their battles and furnish them good government. If men do not do it the best that can be done, it is our fault for not raising them right.

I believe that the world is already ours for the taking and that our hands are too full of good things and true things and great things to have any room to hold either ballots or muskets. I cannot quite get into my head why we should want something that adds to the splendid work which is already more than we can do.

There is a lot more to say, but I know you are not going to agree with me. I am afraid if I keep on that you would cut me off of your exchange list forever.

Cordially,

ANNE RANKIN

Los Angeles, June, 1918.

My Dear Mrs. Foltz:

Although there is a most terrific strain on our purse strings these war times, I feel that it is incumbent on all of us to help keep alive and encourage such a great power for good and uplift as the NEW AMERICAN WOMAN. I therefore am sending you my check for a year's subscription.

With periodicals of the class of the NEW AMERICAN WOMAN and the wonderful energy and co-operation being displayed by the citizens of these great United States, there will be no question about the world being made safe for democracy.

Please accept my sincerest wishes for your most deserving success.

Respectfully yours,

J. W. SHEELEY.

Los Angeles, June 3, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I have been a reader of your magazine for several months. The first copy caught my eye. Its title attracted my interest at once.

Your bold stand for the freedom of women and for the rights of the under dog calls for the commendation and support of every true patriot and humanitarian.

Next to Vance Thompson's "Woman" yours is the strongest note calling to both men and women to come forward, and take their full share of responsibility. No slacker will be tolerated.

Mr. Knight's article on Social Insurance is timely and very interesting. I enjoy reading your own

"Struggles and Triumphs" very much. I hope to see them in book form.

With the very best wishes that you may boldly serve the good of all, I am,

Very truly yours,

J. M. BLOCHER.

Harold Bell Wright, the distinguished author, sojourning somewhere in Arizona, is taking considerable interest in California's gubernatorial campaign.

Mr. Thomas Lee Woolwine, candidate for Governor, has many admiring friends, among them the famous author. In a letter to his friend, Mr. C. K. Clarke, the genius who harnessed the Colorado river, Mr. Wright says:

"By the way, I see that Tom Woolwine is fixing to take the next step on his road to political usefulness. Well, here's more power to him! California will certainly do herself proud if she will put Tom on the job. You know, 'C. K.,' that I have been in close touch with him—close enough to know him inside and out—and I must say that I never knew a fairer, squarer, whiter, more up-and-down, all 'round American citizen. His sense of honor is as great as his heart is kindly, and his ideals are fine as his intelligence.

"There is more genuine man to the cubic inches of him than in most men of our acquaintance, and God knows in these days we need such men in the positions of public trust. It is a big job all right, but, big as it is, Tom Woolwine is bigger. I must drop him a line, at least to wish him luck, and I hope you will do the same.

"As always,

"Your friend,

"HAROLD BELL WRIGHT."

The New American Woman thinks a lot of you, Tom, but you are still young—too young to be Governor; you lack experience, and come to think of it, experience is about all in which you are shy.

You have made of yourself a capable District Attorney, but let not "ambition o'er-leap itself."

Hon Hugh J. Crawford is a candidate for reelection to the office of Police Judge of the City of Los Angeles.

There are few men who are better qualified to fill this important judicial office than is Judge Crawford. The duties of a Police Judge call for a sound sense of human equation; he should be ever alert to detect the malice of a prosecuting witness; he should be prompt to convict the lawbreaker and equally prompt to dismiss the unjustly accused. These virtues are exercised to a marked degree by Judge Hugh J. Crawford.

It is proposed to prosecute attempted suicide by making persons guilty of a misdemeanor who try to take their lives. Another attempt to regulate the human mind by statute. Suppose the attempt is a success, then what? Such a law would be a boost for a successful suicide. "We are governed 2-mutch."

There are 5867 voting precincts in California.

"THAT ALL WHO RUN MAY READ"

Denunciation of Alcohol

By Robert G. Ingersoll

I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man who manufactures alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worms in the distillery until it empties into the jaws of death, dishonor and crime, it demoralizes everybody that touches it, from its source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the object without being prejudiced against the liquor crime.

All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream—of deaths, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the ignorance, of the destitution, of the little children tugging at the faded and withered breasts of weeping and despairing mothers, of wives asking for bread, the men of genius it has wrecked; the men struggling with imaginary serpents—produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this damned stuff called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, old age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hopes. It produces weakness, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, invites cholera, imports pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, misery, crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims for your scaffold. It is the life blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife and the child to grind the patricidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box and stains judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; injury, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness, and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation and unsatiated havoc. It poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputations and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's own best friend and God's worst enemy.

GRANDMOTHER'S MEMORIES

Compiled by Minnie Hoover Linton

John, my boy, 's out with the Home Guards,

They meet every Wednesday to drill,

And Mary, his wife, 's at the Red Cross,

Working with right good will;

The children have gone to the movies,

Eileen has gone to a dance,

And Willie, their boy, 's in the trenches,—

Somewhere over in France.

And as I sit here in the firelight,

Watching the glowing embers,

The curtain to yesterday rolls away

And my soul with pride remembers

How "the breaking waves dashed high

On a stern and rockbound coast,

And the trees against a stormy sky

Their giant branches tossed";

And I see that Pilgrim band,

Braving the unknown sea

And the terrors of a foreign land

"With the anthems of the free."

The flames leap weird and high

While the witches hold their sway,

And King Philip's hordes go marching by

As the flashing embers play;

Then the Boston patriots brew

Their famous cup of tea,

And on the screen come back the tales

My grandmother told to me.

"'Tis like stirring living embers

When at eighty one remembers

All the heartaches and the trials

Of the times that tried men's souls;

When I speak of Whig and Tory,

When I tell the Rebel story,

To you the words are ashes,

But to me they're burning coals."

And I hear her sweet voice quiver

With patriotic pride

As she tells of Lexington's battle

And Paul Revere's wonderful ride,

And I see and hear the tumult

"In that quaint, old Quaker town,"

Where "the streets were rife with people

Pacing restless up and down."

And my eyes gaze at the belfry

Where the old man waits to hear,

The first whisperings of Freedom

Ere he spreads it far and near.

"Ring, grandpa, ring, oh ring for Liberty,"

The clear tones pierce the sky

And Liberty Bell proclaims the truth,

Which "please God shall never die."

And there is born that starry flag

Whose broad stripes and bright stars today

Are floating over my grandson

In the trenches, so far away.

Then in memory the reels roll by

And I am kissing my husband "goodbye":

"For mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord,

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword,"

And "John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave"

While into the ranks of the eager and brave

Assemble the Blue and the Gray.

While "up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered towers of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland."

And Barbara Frietchie leans out o'er her sill
And shakes that flag forth with a royal will;

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag, she said."

And after the years of carnage were o'er,
Our country, firm and united once more,

Met as one to honor their dead,

And peace was assured when their voices said:

"No more shall the war cry sever,

Or the winding rivers be red,

Ye banish our anger forever,

When you laurel the graves of our dead.

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day;

Love and tears for the blue,

Tears and love for the gray.

Then my eyes saw many wonders—

Thirty years of peace and gain,

Till our calm was rudely shattered

By the sinking of the Maine;

And John and David marched away,

Under that starry banner so gay;

"And one kissed a ringlet of soft gray hair,

One kissed a lock of brown,

Bidding farewell to the Stars and Stripes,

Just as the sun went down."

John came back from San Juan Hill,

But David sleeps where he fell,

While I live on gray-haired and old,

The tale of the years to tell.

When the strains of "Tipperary"

Came echoing o'er the sea,

Our Willie, hearing their message said:

"Dad, they are calling me."

So "It's a long long way to Tipperary,

It's a long long way to go,

It's a long long way to Tipperary

To the sweetest girl I know;"

So it's "Good bye to Broadway,

Farewell Herald Square,

The boys in khaki are on their way,

Over there, over there, over there."

So I sit here and dream, while the young folks dance,

And Willie is fighting "Somewhere in France."

And I know we will win in our strength and our might,

Because we are armed for the truth and the right.

And to hearten my country I oftentimes repeat:

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat,

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat,

Oh, be swift my tongue to answer Him, he jubilant my
feet,

Our God is marching on."

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1918

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VOL. III NO. 6
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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“The Star- Spangled Banner”

*By
Francis Scott Key*

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs' bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
Oh, say, does the Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
In full glory reflected—now shines on the stream!
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution,
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation:
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a Nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust"—
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE NEW AMERICAN WOMAN

VOL. III.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, JULY, 1918

NO. 6

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right"—Abraham Lincoln

Compulsory Health Insurance is Not Progress

Written for the New American Woman

By Carleton D. Babcock, Secretary Insurance Economics Society, Detroit, Michigan



CALIFORNIA has earned a reputation for progress in public affairs of which it may well feel proud.

In common with other progressive States, it has discarded the vicious employers' liability system and has substituted therefor the modern Workmen's Compensation plan as the more equitable method of recognition of the ancient rights of the injured workmen. California has given the ballot to women, an act of elemental justice against which there has never been any valid or logical argument. California has broken the shackles by which its people were bound to the railroad interests, has fortified itself with direct nomination and election machinery, and in various other ways has shown its determination to give the common people of the State the fullest measure of freedom and protection that may be obtained by legislation. If mistakes have been made they were temporary and transitory in character and will pass away; the good that has been done will endure and add to the strength and happiness of a great people.

However, it should not be overlooked that the forward movement in California has proceeded at all times strictly in harmony with the spirit of American institutions and the ideals of democracy. The central thought in all that has been done has been to bring back to the people the power that was once theirs and of which they had been despoiled.

Now the State is confronted with an entirely different sort of proposition. Compulsory Health Insurance, authorized by Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 26, originated about thirty-five years ago in the fertile brain of Prince Bismarck, Germany's man of blood and iron of that period. It has since spread into several other countries, including England. It was introduced in Germany to appease the discontent of the masses in the industrial centers, who were notoriously underpaid and overworked, and who through their organization, the Social Democratic party, were threatening the supremacy of the Junker government. The German system was copied by England under some-

what similar circumstances, in a political and industrial crisis, following a series of great strikes which shook the tight little isle to its depths.

Let us approach the problem with open minds and without bias or passion.

Is there any comparison between the conditions of European workers and their American brothers which makes compulsory insurance legislation desirable or necessary?

Who is promoting Compulsory Health Insurance and what are their motives?

What is the attitude of organized labor?

What is the status of voluntary insurance in this country as compared with other countries?

Is not the compulsory system antagonistic to American ideals?

Will the system enlarge or restrict the rights and privileges of the individual?

The first question is best answered by a report prepared by Gustavus A. Myers, research expert and writer, for the League of National Unity, and summarized in the *Economic World* of April 13, *Literary Digest* of May 11, and *New York Times* of April 7. Mr. Myers finds that "before the war, conditions under which German workers and farmers lived and worked were intolerable in the extreme; women and children worked like beasts of burden on farms and in the cities; sweatshops abounded; the majority of workers lived in foul, wretched tenements; they suffered from lack of food and fuel, and worked for stretches of hours unparalleled in other countries for starvation wages."

The Myers report shows a condition of the labor market that is amazing. Women are paid \$1.67 to \$2.38 per week in the textile industry, and in other leading industries, 47 to 67 cents per day; women employed at farm labor receive from 38 to 48 cents per day; children over 12, on farms, 24 cents per day without board; girls in the canning industry, 3 to 4½ cents per hour and they are required to work from 13 to 18 hours daily.

The pay of skilled male labor in all the principal industries ranges from 86 cents to \$1.72 per day. Male farm labor, 72 cents per day.

In the highly skilled trades the employee works from 57 to 60 hours weekly and in other trades from 12 to 14 hours per day.

There are more than 100,000 sweat shops in Berlin alone.

Workers were not allowed to organize until quite recently and in 1912, more than two-thirds of the

strikers were compelled to return to work without securing any of their demands.

Labor meetings are under strict government surveillance.

Before the war one-third of the economic labor of the empire was performed by women, every second woman earning her own living.

Up to September, 1916, prices of foodstuffs had increased an average of 100 per cent, men's wages 46 per cent, and women's wages 54 per cent.

\$140 to \$155 per year is required for the barest subsistence of the poorest paid adult living on the lowest possible scale, and pitiful inadequacy of the benefits paid by the social insurance system is shown by the fact that in 1913 the average of invalidity, sickness, old age, widows' and orphans' pensions was 87 cents per week, ranging from 35 cents for widows to a little less than \$1.00 for sickness.

Surely no one will maintain that there is the same need for charity insurance among the **well-paid, home-owning American workmen** that there is in a country like Germany, where the working classes are paid barely enough to keep body and soul together, with no possibility of accumulating a nest egg for sickness or old age. There is no question that there has been an improvement in health conditions in Germany, which had one of the highest death rates in Europe thirty years ago. However, there is no lack of official data to prove that there has been greater progress in this country under strictly **voluntary American methods** and that the death rate in the United States is lower than in Social Insurance countries. There likewise has been a steady increase in number and duration of cases of illness in Germany and Austria, an interesting fact when considered in connection with the extravagant claims of the advocates of Compulsory Health Insurance legislation.

The chief proponent of Social Insurance in this country is the American Association for Labor Legislation. Just who and what is behind it is not known. The men who operate in the open are John B. Andrews, secretary; Dr. I. M. Rubinow, born in Russia and educated in a German school; Joseph P. Chamberlain, of the legislative drafting bureau of Columbia University, Miles M. Dawson, an actuary, and Dr. Irving Fisher of Yale, all believed to be Socialists. By methods best known to practical politicians of the old school, the Association has secured for its pet hobby the endorsement of five State federations of labor and eight international labor unions.

However, labor is beginning to exhibit more interest in the motives of an association which it does not control and with which it is not even connected. This is shown by the adoption of the following resolution by the American Federation of Labor at its annual convention in St. Paul last month:

Resolution No. 101—By Delegates John F. Stevens, of the Boston, Massachusetts, Central Labor Union; P. Harry Jennings, of the Massachusetts State Branch; Martin T. Joyce of the United Brotherhood of Electrical Workers:

"Whereas, During the past few years great efforts have been made to obtain the approval and support of organized labor to a scheme for Social Health Insurance, promoted by persons and organizations

who have no affiliation with the Labor movement; and

Whereas, Owing to the intensive and costly campaign which the promoters of this scheme have carried on during the past two years, at one time seeking to have this legislation adopted in twenty-eight different States, suspicion has been aroused that this scheme is supported by those who, for years, have sought to disrupt and retard the cause of the workers; and

Whereas, The Executive Council in their report, submitted to this convention, have pointed out the necessity of investigating this matter; and

Whereas, We believe that the best interests of the Trade Union movement demand that an immediate investigation be made of the subject in order that the workers may be authoritatively advised of the benefits or dangers of this scheme and the advisability of supporting or rejecting it; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Executive Council are hereby instructed to make an immediate investigation of this question and to point out its dangers or benefits with their recommendations thereon as soon as possible, and the Executive Council are further instructed to ascertain, if possible, what are the financial resources of the persons and organizations promoting this scheme and what relation they may have with those interests who are opposed to the best interests of the Labor movement; and, be it further

Resolved, That the report of the Executive Council on this subject and their recommendations thereon be printed in the American Federationist when completed."

Also the Federation specifically refused an endorsement of the principle of Compulsory Health Insurance and of the American Association for Labor Legislation.

This attitude of the American Federation of Labor is the best possible evidence that the sentiment for Compulsory Health Insurance is artificial and not real, that the Association for Labor Legislation **does not represent labor** and that the best judgment of labor is against the European system of **charity** insurance.

A striking illustration of the prosperity and providence of the American people is furnished by the universality of savings accounts, the huge deposits in United States Postal Savings banks, the ownership of Liberty Bonds and war stamps, the holdings of building and loan association stock, the widespread ownership of voluntary insurance in stock and mutual companies, fraternal and benefit funds.

It is not my purpose to weary the reader with a mass of statistics, which show, as a matter of course, that we are the richest people in the world and the most heavily insured, also that this wealth and protection against the contingencies of accident, illness and death are more generally and widely distributed among the masses of the people than in any other country in the world.

The doctrine of *laissez faire*, which is decried by Professor Howe and other pseudo-Socialists as the product of our immature, Indian-fighting days, has produced on the North American continent the finest type of manhood that the world has ever seen.

With increasing age and population, with coincident increase in the complexities of our community life, we have found it necessary to modify this doctrine of "every man for himself." But all our progress has been voluntary and individual rights have been cheerfully waived whenever it became apparent that the common good demanded a departure from the established practice.

An American citizen who wants a fight usually can have it by telling another American citizen that he "must" do something. Our people do not take kindly to compulsion. The proposals of the California Social Insurance Commission contemplate a system of insurance of which compulsion is the keynote and foundation. The workman will be compelled to register and exhibit his card before he can get a job. Eventually he will be compelled to undergo periodically a rigid physical examination and if found unfit will become an object of charity. He will have to submit to the extraction from his pay envelope of a stipulated amount weekly or monthly, knowing that part of his hard-earned money is going to pay a cash benefit to Bill Jones, who was on a drunk Saturday night and was unable to show up for work Monday morning. When he is sick he will be limited in his choice of physicians to certain "panel doctors." He will have to take his prescription to an "association drug store." If he needs a nurse the "association" will send him one from its waiting list. He will be compelled to submit to restrictions and dictation that he never has known before. The employer will find that his payroll has been increased from four to ten per cent. to cover the burden of Compulsory Health Insurance. He will be compelled to increase his clerical force to care for the extra accounting and to make deductions from the pay of his employees. He will be compelled to give considerable personal attention to the administration of the insurance funds and the various hearings and committee meetings will consume a constantly increasing portion of his already crowded day.

The practice of medicine will fall from its high estate to the level of second hand merchandising. The physician will be compelled to choose between dignified inactivity and a mad scramble to enroll as a panel doctor and treat as many as possible per day at 25 to 50 cents each. He too, will find much of his time taken up by wrangles, disputes and hearings. If he has a conscience, he will not sleep well of nights, because he will be forced to prescribe cheap drugs when the patient should have the best, and to earn his daily wage and maintain his political standing he will find it absolutely necessary to support many fraudulent claims for benefits.

Tens of thousands of residents of California—farmers, the self-employed, and others too numerous to mention—will be taxed to the tune of forty or fifty millions per year to support an enormous political machine that will benefit no one except the politicians.

Shades of Patrick Henry! Have we come to this? I think not—not at least while we are fighting in France to free the world from the menace of German-made autocracy and institutions.

The National Industrial Conference Board in its Research report No. 6 shows that while Compul-

sory Health Insurance would cost not less than \$7.00 per year for every man, woman and child in the United States, it "proposes to reach only a portion of one class of the population," and offers no remedy for such vastly important problems as are presented by venereal diseases and feeble-mindedness.

The Board advocates sickness prevention in lieu of a system the chief function of which would be to pay the worker a pittance for time lost by sickness.

I have barely sketched a few of the objections to a system of insurance that was conceived by German Kultur as a substitute for a decent wage and tolerable living conditions. It is impossible, in the limitations of a magazine article, to cover the subject thoroughly. It should be said, however, that now, of all times, is the least appropriate for the adoption of any such system in the United States. In its essence, it is antagonistic to every impulse of our national being. It is revolutionary in character and would divert our energies and vast sums of our money from the paramount consideration, the destruction of German autocracy and all of its works. It has no value to this country as a war measure, because European experience has shown that it is merely a charity pension scheme and has but little if any influence in the prevention of disease.

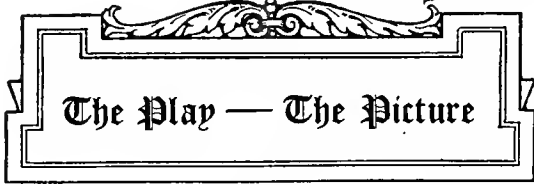
In conclusion, because my motives probably will be misconstrued, I shall venture to impose on the good nature of the editor and the readers of the New American Woman by inserting a few words of a personal nature. I rejoice in the political progress of the people of California and the other States of the Northwest; I have no respect for an institution solely because of its antiquity and no fear of anything because it is new, providing it is economically and politically sound. I own no insurance company stock and am not on the payroll of any insurance corporation. By nature and training I am a "reformer" and I have a very lively recollection of taking an active part in procuring the enactment of the Oregon Blue Sky law, designed to put in the penitentiary the promoters of crooked corporations. I did my bit to eliminate the institution of employers' liability insurance in the State of Oregon.

If I could bring myself to believe that Compulsory Health Insurance was good American doctrine, that the American Association for Labor Legislation was honest and patriotic in its advocacy of the system, and lastly, if the good in the plan would greatly overbalance its inherent evil and be of real and substantial benefit to the working men and women of America, I would be for it, heart and soul.

But the preponderance of the evidence is against it and I am satisfied that when the votes in California are counted they will be found with the evidence.

Returns from 25 States show that nearly 3,400,000 women have registered for war work under the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense.

Saying nothing at the right time is equivalent to saying the right thing.



The Play — The Picture

A FAVORITE WITH THE BROTHERHOOD PLAYERS

MADAME de la Plate, whose portrait appears on the cover of this issue of the New American Woman, has created and feelingly interprets the role of Lady Sujata in the dramatization of "The Light of Asia," now being produced by the Brotherhood Players at the Krotina Stadium, Hollywood.

She plays the part in perfect sympathy with the distinguished Shakespearean actor, Mr. Walter Hampden, of New York, who was especially engaged to create the role of Buddha in this magnificent out-door spectacle. The inspiration, the exaltation produced upon the audience by Mr. Hampden's conception of Lord Buddha, "All honored, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful," is lasting and ennobling, and Madame de la Plate's support is all that could be desired.

Lady Sujata goes forth to pay homage to the wood-god for the gift of a son sent in answer to her petitions, and finds the Buddha in the forest, weak from years of suffering and faint from lack of food. Believing him to be the wood-god, she prostrates herself before him, begging him to accept her offering of snowy curds contained in the golden bowl which she presses to his lips; his strength is restored as though by miracle.

"What is this that thou hast given me?" he asks. In her reply, Lady Sujata reveals the secret of her happy and contented life, saying:

"What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well."

Then he questions her, "Does love content thee?"

And she replies:

"Worshipful! my heart is little.
It is enough for me to feel life's sun
Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile."

In parting the Buddha says:

"Peace go with thee, and comfort, all thy days!
As thou accomplishest, may I achieve!"

With earnest eyes she returns:
"May'st thou achieve."

Madame de la Plate is the wife of Charles de la Plate, the famous grand opera singer. She is versatile, singing as well as acting. She recently returned from Europe, where she studied grand opera for five years. She is a graduate of the Cumnock School of Expression, Los Angeles; the Angel city is justly proud of this gifted young woman. She is an artist with a charming personality, and a great future lies before her.

"LOOK PLEASANT"

The title alone of this extravaganza ought to carry it to success. Mr. Morosco is a great builder of things theatrical, and his genius once applied to whatever defects may be discovered in the first weeks of its production will result in their disappearance.

The theme is archaic, the characters anachronisms. We have come a long distance since Hoyt's "The Contented Woman." Again, we are a bit uneasy, not to say impatient, with ever so fine an impersonation of a drunken man.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Walter Catlett and

his excellent supporting company confound the audience with their merriment, and one and all fairly burst with laughter and recalled this whole-hearted prince of fun-makers until in very self-defense he refused to respond.

"Look Pleasant" has journeyed on to the Big Bay City. San Francisco will not fail to recognize the possibilities in this latest musical comedy of Mr. Elmer Harris, whose name alone assures it welcome.

Much of the music is exceedingly catchy, and "Look Pleasant" has a fine chance to become as popular as its predecessors, "So Long Letty" and "Canary Cottage."

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The Truth About a Dangerous System

By Peter V. Ross of the San Francisco Bar

Vicious Class Legislation

CALIFORNIA is confronted with a proposition to amend the State Constitution so that unemployed persons and their children can be ignored and outlawed by a scheme for compulsory health insurance formulated by the State Social Insurance Commission. The way is already open, without any constitutional amendment, to establish a just system of health insurance applicable to all people alike without favor or discrimination; but the Social Insurance Commission and its friends are not promoting such a system.

Rather they are seeking power to put in operation a scheme of insurance which will ignore the very people who most need help, that is, the unemployed and their families. But the State Constitution stands in the way of such injustice and discrimination. Hence the Constitution is to be wrecked by a treacherous amendment, unless the voters at the November election are awake to the danger.

Equality Before the Law

The fundamental principle of our government is the equality of all men before the law. This principle had its origin in the statement of Holy Writ, "God is no respecter of persons," and in the immortal sentiment of the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created equal." In order that this principle of equal rights to all and special privileges to none should remain forever inviolate, it has been incorporated into our State Constitution. This precaution has been taken because human experience has proved over and over again that legislatures, commissions, boards, and other groups of men invested with a moment's brief authority have been prone to mete out favoritism on the one hand or unjust discrimination on the other.

Accordingly the people of California have written in the Constitution of this State these provisions: "All laws of a general nature shall have a uniform operation"; and, again, "Nor shall any citizen, or class of citizens, be granted privileges or immunities which, upon the same terms, shall not be granted to all persons."

Constitutional Provisions

If these constitutional provisions had been written into the organic law of Germany fifty years ago, and had been observed, there could have been no war. They offend no man who understands the spirit of free government, but they are a stumbling block to every advocate of privilege or oppression.

They stand squarely in the way, not of health insurance, but of the discriminatory type of health insurance which our State Social Insurance Commission is trying to force upon California. The Legislature now has ample authority to provide any just system of health insurance. No Constitutional amendment is necessary. In fact the law already provides for such a system and has put it in successful operation through labor unions, fraternal societies, and employers' organizations.

The State Social Insurance Commission and its friends, however, demand power to establish an unjust and discriminating system, that is, they propose to favor certain classes and discriminate against others. Since the Constitution of the State will not permit such injustice, the Commission proposes, by amendment to destroy the Constitution in so far as it protects the liberties of the people in the matter of health insurance.

Outlawing the Unemployed

The first definite purpose of the proposed amendment to the Constitution is to give the State Legislature and the State Social Insurance Commission power to ignore such persons as may suit their purpose, and especially to ignore or outlaw the unemployed and the children and families of the unemployed. The Commission proposes to confer the benefits of the insurance upon persons having an employer and deny such benefits to all other people. The benefits of the insurance are to run to the employee himself and to his or her children and dependents, but not to any person, nor to his family or children, who has no employer either because he is sick or otherwise unable to find work or because he is working for himself or on his own account.

Two children sit on the same bench at school; each has a mouth full of bad teeth. One of them has a father who has a boss, the other child's father has no boss. The State provides the necessary dentistry, free, to the first boy, whatever may be the cost; while it says to the other boy, whose father has no job, or whose father is a peddler, a contractor, a shopkeeper, a farmer, a farm laborer, or a soldier, "Go to the devil." Scores of similar illustrations of heartless discrimination can be drawn.

The Constitution of the State would not permit such rank injustice; therefore the State Social Insurance Commission, using the taxpayers' money to carry on their campaign, is trying to wreck the Constitution and get it out of the way by inducing the people to adopt a cunningly camouflaged amendment at the November election.

Making Outcasts of the Sick

The Commission claims that its plan will relieve the sick and poverty-stricken, and then straightway asks permission, by Constitutional amendment, to ignore the sick, the unemployed, and the down-and-outs who need help but have little political tribute in the way of votes to offer in return. This is why Dr. Rooney of New York says that the scheme is political and that the physicians of his State are a unit in opposing it.

The plain dictates of humanity would suggest that the Social Insurance Commission should give attention to the sick, the halt, the blind, along with the strong and prosperous, while the State Constitution would compel the Commission so to do. Therefore the Commission and its friends are using the devices of sophistry to induce the people to scrap the Constitution, befogging the real issue by rais-

ing a hue and cry about sickness and distress with which the scheme has no concern except to ignore and neglect.

Initiative and Referendum

And in order that the people may never be able to throw off this oppressive yoke, once it is fastened upon them, the proposed Constitutional amendment takes from the people the right of initiative. This right of citizens to propose and initiate legislation, that is, the right of themselves to make or change laws in true democratic fashion, is one of the most cherished rights enjoyed by Californians. Now the people are to be deprived of that right to participate in lawmaking, so that they may have no opportunity to interfere with the plans of the advocates of compulsory health insurance.

The referendum, it is true, is to be retained; the people may reject laws enacted by the Legislature, but they can never through petition or initiative, change health insurance laws made by the Legislature or enact laws on that subject themselves.

If anything were needed to prove that the advocates of social or compulsory health insurance have gone mad in their purpose to wreck democracy, that proof is furnished in this deliberate attempt to destroy the most democratic and progressive measure in force in California, namely, the Initiative.

The Amendment Itself

Here follows a section of the proposed Constitutional amendment which expressly sweeps away every Constitutional right and guaranty (except the referendum) that has been won in all the centuries that have elapsed since Runnymede:

"The provisions of this section shall not be controlled or limited by any other provision of this Constitution, except the provisions thereof relating to the passage and approval of acts by the Legislature and to the referendum thereof."

This single section, if adopted, annihilates (so far as social insurance is concerned) freedom of speech and of the press, religious liberty and medical freedom. Taken with the remainder of the amendment, it annuls the ancient maxim that every man's house is his castle and licenses the social insurance authorities to invade the home of the individual at will and interfere with his private affairs at pleasure.

The Hun in the Backyard

Who originated this plan for wrecking democracy? Bismarck invented it thirty years ago and applied it so successfully as to reduce the German people, so Gerard says, practically to the condition of serfs. It has at last found its way to America. It is the Hun trying to steal into the backyard while we are at a death grapple with his brothers in the front yard. If you cannot go to fight the Huns at the front, you can fight this one in the rear by voting NO on the social insurance Constitutional amendment at the November election.

"Modern efficiency means the accomplishment of a task as well as it is humanly possible to do it, with the least expenditure of time, effort and money."

THE WOMAN OF GRIT

She Succeeds in Any Undertaking

Without grit and sticktoitiveness no woman will ever succeed. She may have the talent of a second Raphael or she may have rare inventive genius, faculties of the highest order, rare as they are precious, yet without genuine grit and determination to stick to her chosen work at all hazards, sick or well, warm weather or cold, she might just as well be as mediocre as the multitude, for she will never do one whit better than the woman who is not endowed with one-half her talent.

When a woman determines on her line of action she must learn to bear what would seem absolutely barbarous in the shelter of her own home, surrounded by friends who have only words of praise for her efforts. She must expect rebuffs and still stick to it. Be not discouraged. If there is anything in her it will rise to the top and she will be all the stronger for the struggle, but she must stick. Day in and day out must see no let up in her energies. She must be ever in the thick of the fight, and unless she goes forth prepared to stand by her colors the host of wage-earners will sweep over her prostrate form and she will be forgotten in the great struggle for existence. Stubborn, plain, unalterable grit will place a woman in the first ranks, where genius, without this much cruder quality, could never hope to stand.

WOMEN OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY;



To be re-elected at the August primaries it will be necessary for me to have your entire support. The "hand that rocks the cradle" never had greater social and political power in the world's history than now.

A vote for me will be a vote for a man who is pledged to safeguard the interests of the home.

Faithfully,

(SIGNED)

SHERIFF JOHN C. CLINE

"Efficiency First" for the New Women

By R. H. Webster, Deputy Supt. of Schools, San Francisco

I HAVE observed the excellent slogan of the "Woman's Association of Commerce of the United States of America,"—"Efficiency First," and I am impelled to speak briefly of two great factors of business efficiency, to wit, individual self-training, and organization.

A little more than sixty years ago, it was a matter of course that the domain of woman was circumscribed by her home and domestic duties, ministering to the household of her parents or that of her husband and children. It was reported that, in Massachusetts, one of the most highly advanced communities in the world, there were but seven industries open to women who desired to engage in remunerative work—to keep boarders, or to set type, or to teach school, or to teach or engage in needle work including millinery and dressmaking, or to tend looms in the cotton or woolen mills, or to fold and stitch in book-binderies, or to enter domestic service. While this statement was rather too restricted, there is no doubt that the opportunities of self-support for women by honest industry were not only few but limited. Now, in Massachusetts, I read that more than 300 occupations are open to women and that over 320,000 women are earning their living in these occupations, receiving wages or salaries ranging from about \$200 to \$4500 per annum and much more than the latter figure, in some instances, as profit from business owned and controlled by them.

Today, it is entirely proper for woman to engage in any legitimate, gainful pursuit.

Thus has woman overcome many of the arbitrary disabilities under which she was formerly repressed. But other disabilities remain, disabilities caused by the environment and education of civilized women for ages; and these disabilities, while not so effective in retarding her future progress as were the prejudices of a century ago which confined her to less than a dozen remunerative vocations, yet will handicap her for years to come. Briefly, these disabilities may be stated as inferior physical strength and robustness. The common assumption is that weakness and frailty are inherent in the nature of her sex. Scientific investigation, however, reveals largely the fallacy of this assumption. Among primitive peoples free from the restraints of communities, the forms of man and woman are strikingly similar. The frames of the women are large and muscular. When, however, human beings congregated in communities, the activities of the sexes became sharply defined. Men continued in those pursuits which maintained and developed greater size and strength of body, and demanded the continual exercise of courage, pugnacity and energy, while women assumed the more plodding, static, monotonous and over-taxing duties of the camp or the wigwam. These conditions were emphasized when mankind advanced to the more highly differentiated affairs and activities of town life. These differing circumstances tended to maintain the physical development

and mental vigor of men as well as to increase the relative weakness of women.

As towns grew to large cities, luxury, fashion and often the sexual slavery of women were added factors in creating disparities of power in the sexes.

While women were confined to the monotonous work of their household, men were, by their surroundings and necessities, impelled to improve their facilities; among the nomads or hunters, their tools and implements for hunting and for battle; among the herdsmen and tillers, the domestication of animals and the crude means of working the soil, of constructing shelters and of transportation. Tending flocks and herds gave opportunity for observation of the heavens, and the rudiments of mechanics, mathematics and astronomy were thus acquired. All this came to men, while women were confined to occupations of little variety, had few activities which stimulated reason, invention and strength. And so their daughters of modern times are handicapped by the laws of heredity and environment which have been operating for ages.

Thus limited, comparatively speaking, in those powers necessary to attain success in the largest spheres of the world's activities, woman must assume an attitude regarding her physical training and mental education different from the one she has maintained in the past. If she is to participate fully in the work of men and honestly desires to share in his responsibilities and compete successfully with him, she must so radically change her habits that, as the years pass, she shall wax in strength, in the acquisition of physical and mental stamina so that the conceptions of Plato as outlined in his "Republic" concerning the education and standard of womanhood, may be realized; that the sculptured group of Electra and Orestes "wherein the physical equality of the pair in no way detracts from the woman's charm or the man's manliness" may have their counterpart in coming generations, and the frail products of our civilization be superseded by women as strong, graceful and well-developed as those of ancient Greece. This is woman's first great duty, if she really desires to attain eminent position in the domain of mind and industrial activity.

She now has her opportunity. Man in recent years has established and is establishing gradually a parity of opportunity for the sexes. Therefore, the responsibility of utilizing effectively these opportunities rests with woman. She is becoming the maker of her fortune, the shaper of her destiny. She must rise or fall in her ambition and she must progress mainly by her own efforts. And she can progress only as she becomes efficient. Denied in the past those conditions which tend to develop powers of observation and reasoning, woman has developed powers of intuition; she is, on the average, more patient than man and better able to endure suffering. These are mental attributes which aid much in the world's work. Woman's work has tended to the development of tenderness and refinement, tact and finesse and histrionic power. These

characteristics make for diplomacy and have always aided woman in obtaining recognition and will continue to contribute to the promotion of her interests. They are surely factors of efficiency.

The training and education which will enable women to compete successfully in the business of the world having been briefly indicated, let us consider for a few minutes organization as a means of promoting the status of those women who, either by choice or necessity, are involved in professional, commercial, financial and commercially industrial activities,—in short, business and professional women. The first may be designated as individual efficiency because it must be attained each for herself. The second, or organization, is **social** or communal because uniting individuals into units or associations whose purpose is to assist institutions preparing for business efficiency, to aid in finding employment for the worker and the worker for the employment, and business for the manufacturer and the distributor or merchant; to study trade and labor conditions in the different sections of the republic in order that reliable information may be obtained as a basis for the extension of employment and business opportunities for women; and further, to collect statistical data through the agency of consular reports which will aid women of business to intelligently venture into foreign trade and to invest or speculate in those commodities or securities whose demand and supply are wholly or partially affected by trade, financial or agricultural conditions in foreign countries. In this manner, to broaden woman's vision and to inspire her with larger ambitions and to aid her in the achievement of these ambitions; further, by thus extending the acquaintance of women with the multifarious business and financial activities of the world, to increase their efficiency as citizens in aiding to maintain efficiency in government, so that waste and extravagance may be eliminated from national, State and municipal administrations and good laws may be established and justly administered.

These are the motives, as I understand, that actuate the women who have established the Woman's Association of Commerce of the United States. They are not only right but are necessary; necessary not only for those women who are conducting business establishments, or who have acquired or inherited large estates and properties, but for the larger number of women, daily increasing, who are joining the ranks of workers in the many avenues of employment.

An Association with such aims will be an exchange for thought and for the formulation of policies. Into it **must** come and **will** come, women trained for the professions of law, medicine, teaching, journalism, literature and music; women who are stockholders in land, mercantile, utility, financial and transportation corporations; women who occupy managerial and subordinate positions.

Women have chiseled their names on the monument of fame. In the interpretation of the drama they are without superiors; they grace the pages of literature with fiction and poetry; they have added brilliance to courts and diplomacy. In this country, several women have shown marked ability in the management of business interests, the most eminent example being, probably, Mrs. Hettie Green, who,

inheriting \$12,000,000 at the age of thirty, left upward of \$60,000,000 at her death some fifty years later. And let it be remembered that it requires the same elements of efficiency to handle successfully thousands of dollars, and several women of our country and many of France have done and are doing this.

So, in the enlarged field of business that women are now called upon to enter, it is very opportune that some clear-visioned women, who realize the significance of the changed and changing economic conditions, have established such an organization as the "Woman's Association of Commerce of the United States of America."

Mrs. Abbie K. Wilkins represents its interests in this State, and it is fortunate that a lady of her large and successful business experience has consented to perform the duties of Governor here. To its support and to her assistance the business women of this State should rally and thus demonstrate their interest in and their fidelity to that sentiment so necessary for our individual success and the greater glory of our commonwealth,—*"Efficiency First."*

A RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT

The Times' siren, which blows each noon, reminding all to give one minute to silent prayer for the success of the Allied arms, had a strong psychological effect on a sedition case being tried in Police Judge White's court yesterday.

William B. Whurlock, arrested last Saturday evening in a cafe on North Los Angeles street, had pleaded guilty to the technical charge of disturbing the peace after it had been proved that he had loudly expressed the wish that the German army would be victorious and declaring that President Wilson is a crook and a liar. He was arrested after receiving several stiff punches from Dan O'Keefe of No. 649 Peorie Court, Pasadena.

Whurlock was in the midst of a plea for leniency when the great siren sent out its call to noonday prayer. Justice White immediately ordered court proceedings halted. Court attaches bowed their heads, a batch of prisoners waiting to be arraigned on the charge of drunkenness sobered at the impressive silence, only Whurlock remained standing holding his head high and with a sneer on his lips.

When court was resumed the prisoner again endeavored to convince Justice White that he should be dealt with lightly, but the court ordered him to stop.

"That call has just been heard by thousands of people in Los Angeles who have bowed their heads and asked the Almighty to bring success to our arms," Justice White said, "and yet you, who have cursed our President and hoped that this nation may become vassal to the worst criminal in the world, ask this court for leniency. It is refused. You are sentenced to ninety days in jail and pay a fine of \$200. I am sorry that I cannot give you more."—(Los Angeles Times.)

Waiter, hinting for a tip—And how did you find your steak, sir?

Diner—Oh! I just moved that little piece of potato and there it was.

Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer



Clara Shortridge Foltz

(Continued from June number)

THERE is a wide distinction between a lawyer and a man or woman who has barely been admitted to the bar. Hard study and years of close application are represented by the former, while under our system a brief and often desultory course of reading will enable the student to pass through and come forth equipped (?) with a mere sheepskin, which is duly framed and hung upon the wall of a 2x4 office in plain view of the trouble-seeker—or of one who has already found it, and adds to it by his or her choice of an inefficient servitor at the bar.

No, I am not finding fault with our system of legal education, nor yet with the young and inexperienced lawyer. I am sorry for the litigant who doesn't know the difference until it is too late, between a capable woman lawyer and a silly young man who thinks he knows all the law in the books!

I had been retained by Frank Shay, one of the attorneys of the Southern Pacific Company, to defend him before a jury upon an hour's notice in an action brought against him in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco upon a written contract. A young lawyer fresh from Harvard represented the plaintiff in the case. At the outset he gave me to understand that he proposed to ignore me—as a lawyer, but would treat with me as a woman only. He frankly stated that his rearing, his prejudices and his high opinion of the weaker sex would not justify him, (a graduate of Harvard,) in contending with her at the bar or elsewhere, and he gallantly waved his hand toward me as if to settle the matter. Judge Edmonds was upon the bench. He seemed annoyed, and, with considerable emphasis he directed the attorney to proceed with his case, and not to further waste the time of the court. I sat trembling as the clerk called the names of jurors who promptly took their seats in the box. I was wholly unprepared, and there was not a moment in which I might do more than read the complaint and answer. Mr. Shay had spoken to me but a few words, generally outlining the plaintiff's contentions and his answer and defense, and assuring me of his perfect confidence in me, I was left alone at the bar, opposed by a formid-

able array of witnesses, and a handsome young lawyer. I admit even now that I felt very much out of place, chagrined and humiliated. I wished I could back down and out—indeed, but for my loyal devotion to my good friend and client, Mr. Shay, who had honored me by trusting me with his case while he was busy trying a damage case in another department, I would have plead illness or something equally as silly and got away from the court room then and there. "After all," I said to myself, "my father must have been mistaken when he declared to my mother, that I was born to become a great lawyer."

While I was thus cogitating, wishing for something—anything—to happen, I nevertheless took a hand in the examination of the talesmen, and being easily pleased with each of them (though so utterly displeased with myself) the jury was soon completed and sworn to try the case according to the testimony and a true verdict render, etc.

The young limb of the law as taught at Harvard stated his case very well and announced with a pitying glance at me, "These facts, gentlemen of the jury, we shall prove beyond the shadow of a doubt (he needed only to prove them by a preponderance of testimony), and we have no fear as to what your verdict will be in this case—we shall expect at your hands, damages in the full amount sued for—thirty thousand dollars."

The statement of the plaintiff's case having been made, the jury, having no knowledge as yet, nor intimation in fact as to what the defense would be, was evidently with the plaintiff and the lawyer representing him. They too seemed to regard me as an intruder upon the scene, and my client's side of the case as wholly negligible, if indeed, of any importance whatever.

Well, from that day to this I have every once in a while wondered what happened to that young lawyer. He lost ground from the moment he began to offer his testimony. He seemed unacquainted with his witnesses, could not remember their names, called them by the wrong ones. He lost or misplaced his notes, forgot his written contract and proceeded through a maze of undigested questions, all of which were incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial for any purpose. Of course I was prompt in my objections while the court patiently looked on and ruled fairly and justly throughout the trial.

I was (I may say it with a little pardonable pride) sure of myself. I had studied law conscientiously, albeit amid the cries of my populous nursery. With the aid of two lectures a day at 8 a. m. and 4 p. m., by Professor John Norton Pomeroy and Judge Charles Slack, of the Hastings School of Law, of the University of California, I had passed the examinations creditably, and was approved by the big lawyers of the bar.

I had specialized in "Evidence," and while watching the methods of my young adversary whose opportunities to know the law had been infinitely superior to my own, I found myself overcome with astonishment at his evident want of skill, and what appeared worse than anything else, his ignorance of fundamental law. After conferring with

(Continued on Page 14)

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Compulsory Health Insurance Is Not Progress. Carleton D. Babcock.....	3
The Play—The Picture.....	4
The Truth About a Dangerous System. Peter V. Ross.....	7
Efficiency First for Women. R. H. Webster.....	9
Struggles and Triumphs of a Woman Lawyer. Clara Shortridge Foltz	11
Editorial	12
Promises. Vera Heathman Cole.....	15
Three in One—Poem. Kathleen Manning.....	15
She Will—Poem. James T. Eagny.....	16
Across the Editor's Desk	20
Song of the Sock. J. W. Sheeley	19

J. O. HAYES, CALIFORNIA'S NEXT GOVERNOR

Possibility Grows for Mr. Woolwine

It is very heartening to learn that our popular District Attorney, Thomas Lee Woolwine, has completely overwhelmed the forces of the Wild one of the Desert, and will come over the Tehachepi, down among the Angels where, irrespective of party, are



hosts of friends, differing from him of course, but who nevertheless, rejoice in the clean, high-minded patriotism which he has disclosed throughout his canvass in northern and central California. The patriotic, splendid men and women of this State have not forgotten, nor ever will forget the disloyal utterances of Francis J. Heney, for his denunciation of the Constitution of the United States and the fathers of this Republic.

Nevertheless, 1918 is a Republican year—this fact cannot be successfully gainsaid.

The contest is narrowing. Mr. Rolph will reduce the Wild one's chances by fifty per cent. Mr. Fickert is out of the race. Judge Bordwell has not yet started. Governor Stephens deserves better of his friends, but will have to accept an unhappy ending

of the unfortunate alliance with his former illustrious (?) predecessor.

Here's to our next Governor, J. O. Hayes, of San Jose!

BUSY-BODIES AND SOCIAL UPLIFTERS A MENACE TO EQUAL RIGHTS

The adoption of the proposed amendment to the California Constitution would not only involve a system of compulsion upon labor wholly contrary to the principles of freedom vouchsafed to us by the fathers of this Republic, but it would open the doors of the poor "man's castle through which kings may not enter" and compel every man and woman to disclose the private affairs of themselves and their families. The operation of such a law would be to throw open every man's door for the entrance of the fiends of commissions and other busy-bodies and social up-lifters to fatten upon the already overburdened tax-payers.

It goes without saying that we must defeat the proposed amendment and to that end we are striving to make known to the laboring man and woman the danger that confronts them.

What self-respecting American laborer would relish compulsory obedience to a mere civil duty, or who would surrender his civil rights to commissioners who at princely salaries would annually strut forth empowered to heckle, embarrass and humiliate the wage earners of the State?

Elsewhere in this issue we publish an article which we commend to our readers, by Mr. Carleton D. Babcock, Secretary of the Insurance Economics Society of America, whose exhaustive study of the subject of social insurance and its relation to labor makes his views of special importance.

Mr. Peter V. Ross, an able member of the San Francisco bar, has elaborated with great clearness the unconstitutionality of the proposed amendment, which reads as follows; Constitutional Amendment No. 26:

Sec. 22. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the State of California to make special provision for the health and welfare and the support during illness of any and all persons, and their dependents, whose incomes, in the determination of the legislature, are not sufficient to meet the hazards of sickness and disability, and for the general industrial welfare in this connection. The legislature may establish a health insurance system applicable to any or all such persons, and for the financial support of such system may provide for contributions, either voluntary or compulsory, from each of the following, namely, from such persons, from employers, and from the state by appropriations.

The legislature may confer upon any commission or court, now or hereafter created, such power and authority as the legislature may deem requisite to carry out the provisions of this section.

The provisions of this section shall not be controlled or limited by any other provision of this constitution, except the provisions thereof, relating to the passage and approval of acts by the legislature and to the referendum thereof.

The New American Woman is unalterably opposed to class legislation in any of its varied forms.

(Continued on Page 18)

WORK OR FIGHT

State Anti-Loafing Law

The time has come when loafers must be caught, rounded up and compelled to work or fight. Those who are unfit to fight should be placed where they are most needed in useful productive employment, treated kindly, and paid liberally.

No State is justified in tolerating the lazy men who infest the highways or the isolated hills, or the mere house-dog who eats the bread of the industrious, and wears the clothes provided by the frugal.

There are thousands of men from thirty to sixty years of age sneaking about from day to day, baseball fans and pool room habitués, half-afraid, though withal determined to elude the eagle eye of the Government's officials.

These slackers, many of them, have never worked and never intend to. If we cannot have a State law that will reach the idle, the profligate, whether they be rich or poor, then let us have a city ordinance with a penalty.

Whatever we do, let us do it quickly. If we are to win the war we must conserve our man-power at home in the fields of labor as well as in the trenches in foreign lands.

Women too are slackers who lie about the house or hie away to the mountains or beaches to avoid contact with the busy throng of splendid souls who are devoting their lives day and night to the work of the Red Cross or are otherwise engaged in civic work, seeking out the neglected children, teaching the poor and ignorant parents how to care for them. They contribute their money, give their clothes, and often part with valuable things which if they possessed one drop of selfish blood they would reserve for themselves.

Smoke out the slacker. You cannot do it unless you take drastic action. They are parasites upon society; they know that their safety lies in harmless easy-going methods while they eat and sleep and loiter in obscurity.

There is a large number of wealthy slackers whose principal business is clipping coupons. These wealthy idlers are worse than the lazy poor, for they not only expect other men to fight and to die for them, but they rely upon the supreme sacrifice to protect their property, that they may continue to clip coupons and shirk their share of the war.

Make refusal to work punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, and forthwith hundreds of thousands of men will be added to our man-power on the farm, in the fields and in every place where laborers are needed to save the crops and feed and arm our men that we may win the war.

In Boston

"Where can I get a New England boiled dinner?"

"Never heard of it, mister. You can get good goulash over yonder, and here's a chop-suey joint."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SWAT WORTHLESS COMMISSIONS

As this magazine goes to press it seems to be an assured fact that Hon. J. O. Hayes will receive the Republican nomination for Governor of California by a flattering plurality, if indeed, he does not win over all his opponents.

And it is right that he should win. Mr. Hayes is one of the few men of the present day who possesses the genuine unmistakable qualifications of an Executive. He is the personification of efficiency, the very ultimate in poise and withal a statesman of high order.

He is the first Republican aspirant for the office of Governor to enter this campaign. But it is not his political views that most interest the voters at this time; it is rather the dominant quality of justice and fairness to the people who pay the taxes, and his determination to rid our overburdened State of the worthless tax-eating commissions that infest the body politic.

We may depend upon J. O. Hayes to do and perform each and every act which he openly and emphatically declares he will perform should he be elected Governor. He will have no mercy for the forty fat commissions that render no service worth while to the State.

Nomination at the primaries will insure Mr. Hayes' election in November. Let all who favor the rights of the taxpayer at home and who would have a wise chief executive at Sacramento vote for J. O. Hayes.

THE WISER COURSE

All aspirants for public service are rightfully the subjects of public discussion. In these democratic days autocrats are at a very low discount. Even aspirants for judicial honors are not immune from the scrutiny of the average voter. Who is he? What does he stand for? What have been his rulings and what is his record? These and many other like questions are asked and answers sought.

As a rule, not often honored in its breach, incumbent judges, ripe in experience, of proven ability to handle the legal business of a county with a large and constantly growing population should be re-elected. This is almost universally the wiser course for voters to pursue.

Possibly there are new candidates for nomination at the forthcoming primaries who would be equally serviceable to the whole people. In any event we can hardly make a mistake in the matter of choosing our judges from the candidates seeking nomination.

Of the present incumbents, those seeking re-nomination are: Judges Houser, Avery, Valentine, Rives, Wellborn, McCormick, York, Weller.

Were we to select any from this number for favorable mention we would in very truth be compelled to include all—for it is a commendable fact that it would be difficult to find more conscientious judges or abler lawyers than those who now occupy the bench of Los Angeles County.

However, there are several new and worthy candidates for Superior Court Judgeships whose claims should not and will not be disregarded.

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STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS

(Continued from Page 11)

his client, he suddenly announced, "That is our case, your Honor." I almost jumped out of my chair. He had failed to introduce in evidence the written contract and without it his case must fall. For a moment I hesitated to take advantage of the situation; I was not the least inclined to work the further discomfort of my prejudiced opponent. I almost forgot my client's interests and half started to tell him of his grievous blunder, his oversight or whatever it was which caused him to leave open the door for a nonsuit and the ultimate loss of his client's cause.

The plaintiff had brought into court several large pieces of mining machinery, the faulty construction of which had formed the base of the suit upon the written contract. The oral testimony of the witnesses was entirely at variance with the pleadings and the written contract not having been introduced in evidence nor referred to at all and the court and jury being entirely ignorant of its substance, there was nothing for any self-respecting lawyer to do but move a nonsuit, which I did—with becoming modesty—all to the consternation of the lawyer and his disappointed client.

The motion for nonsuit was promptly granted. The Court (Judge Edmonds) smiled wanly at me, the jury seemed disappointed for a moment, and failing to rise and leave the box, the Court explained, "Gentlemen, the plaintiff failed to establish a prima facie case; you are discharged." Each juror looked inquiringly as they filed out. The foreman gallantly whispered a few very complimentary words to me and several others smiled broadly as they extended their hands in cordial recognition of my ability as a lawyer to protect my client notwithstanding any opinion they or the opposing lawyer in the case had hitherto entertained.

I am happy to record here that the defeated young lawyer soon became my staunchest friend. First he aspired to the Legislature, and I helped him to get elected; he wanted to go to the State Senate and I believed he should have the honor, and joined enthusiastically in his successful campaign. Later he ran for Lieut. Governor on the Republican ticket and I supported him. He was elected and made one of the finest presiding officers the California Senate ever had. During his terms of office he introduced and carried to success many wise measures for the benefit of the whole people of the State of California. Among these measures was the Woman's Notary Public Bill which I had prepared and which though it had been defeated in two preceding sessions of the Legislature, my good and dear friend, the Lieutenant Governor, succeeded in passing.

Some day, let me indulge the hope, I shall have the leisure and the opportunity to place in conspicuous honor the names of the noble and gallant Californians who long years before suffrage for women had been won, voted to extend many privileges to them by legislative enactment, and in the Convention of 1879 they amended our Constitution (sec. 18, art. 20, Cal. Const.), providing, "No person shall, on account of sex, be disqualified from

entering upon or pursuing any lawful business, vocation or profession," and who in ever increasing interest in woman's cause recognized it as their patriotic duty to legislate for women and children as well as for themselves. I say this much at this time lest some unforeseen occurrence may prevent an acknowledgment of my sincere gratitude to the men of California for their supremely just recognition of woman's claims to political privileges long years prior to the adoption of the amendment conferring suffrage upon the women of California.

Among these noble men may I not be pardoned in this hour of my grief over the death of my precious, my great-hearted brother, if I mention at the very head of the list the name of Senator Charles M. Shortridge, who has but just passed the portals of the life eternal. With a heart courageous and a voice of cheer he faithfully served the cause of woman suffrage; he recognized the justice and the moral right of every woman to express herself in all the relations of human activity. He was found on the firing line in every movement for the betterment of the people; he sacrificed himself and his financial interests in the first years of his agitation of the now famous proposed Federal Amendment. As editor and part owner of the San Francisco Call he boldly announced his championship of the amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Susan B. Anthony, Rev. Anna Shaw and other Eastern speakers were waging a hot campaign in the Western States. It was at this time, when the leading newspapers of the Coast had not as yet declared themselves in favor of so radical a change, that Senator Charles M. Shortridge announced his purpose to advocate the cause so ably represented by his revered mother, and by that fearless and untiring patriot, Susan B. Anthony.

For his championship of our cause against the expressed opposition of his business associates which ultimately contributed largely to his financial ruin, I and all other women of California owe a debt of gratitude, which we should never forget. Were all women for whom he did some loving act or to whom he spoke some kindly word to offer tribute his memory could not perish with generations yet unborn.

"With his cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He wandered into an unknown land
And left us dreaming, how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
Think of him still as the same, I say
He is not dead, he's just away."

(Continued in August Number)

Fred J. Spring is a candidate for Police Judge. His hosts of friends are advocating his nomination at the primaries August 27, with every faith in his certain election on November 5.

Mr. Spring believes that the relation of the Police Court to society is primarily paramount to all other courts; that the wise disposition of the wayward and the fallen who are first haled to its doors will do more for them individually and for the general welfare than can be accomplished in any other forum. This idea, though succinctly stated, is worthy of careful consideration.

Promises

By Vera Heathman Cole

I read a story recently of an aged millionaire who exacted, when dying, a promise from his young and beautiful wife never to marry again. She broke the promise and all the readers of the story were glad of it. No man has the right to exact a promise which ruins the life of another.

When a wife promises to obey her husband at the time of the wedding ceremony, her first object is usually to show her friends how easily she can break the promise.

When a man is foolish enough to pledge more than he can afford to give, to foreign missions, he should hold the promise as sacredly as the money he lost at the card table, the last time he took a hand at bridge.

Parents should not exact promises from children which the child does not comprehend or force him to make promises of which he does not understand the meaning. A promise made in ignorance is of no value.

When one is known to break promises made in the trivial, everyday affairs of life, his friends cannot help wondering how a promise which was really important would be treated.

To delay in fulfilling one's promises until it is too late and then offer excuses is as bad as breaking them.

One should consider the meaning of a promise before it is made, not after.

Promise and Punctuality are very close relatives.

Political promises made to thousands are sometimes a lot easier broken than the one promise made to the political boss.

To promise something which a man knows he cannot fulfil after election, makes the candidate responsible to each and every one of his supporters. The great crop of revengeful thoughts which such conduct engenders cannot but affect a man's success in his work.

A promise punctually fulfilled has often been the key which unlocked the door of success.

A promise fulfilled means peaceful slumber.

There is an unwritten promise which every man gives to his fellowmen: "To do unto them as he would have them do unto him," but it is frequently disregarded.

When a man breaks his promise to his fellowmen, he is untrue to himself, for they two are one.

A promise that is small should be made important by being kept on time.

The promises which Mother Nature makes to man are never broken.

Many a man has left his home rather than keep his promises, which shows that emotion rather than reason was his prompter when making them.

A promise which does not bear the same meaning at the time of its maturity as it did when made, may be broken with impunity.

We should be as careful about keeping the spirit of a promise as its letter.

A promise made calls for a promise paid.

Copyright, 1918, Vera Heathman Cole

Three Pictures in One

By Kathleen Manning

I. BEFORE

Bits of childish laughter in the air—
The streets are filled with people blithe and gay.
Their happy lives know naught of pain or care—
Why not? What harm could come to them today?

Basking in the sunshine of God's smiles
A simple people; in whose simple lives
Are joy and love, through all the peaceful miles
Of happy homes. What do they know of strife?

Yet in the east a dark forboding thing
Is menacing the welfare of the world!
The little people know it not, and sing
And dance with joy! Are not their flags unfurled?

When suddenly—a cloud of smoke—and then .
Into the beauty of the summer day
A mist arose—a dull gray mist of men—
That seemed to choke and stifle on its way!

The little country knew though unprepared,
That with her body she could stem the tide;
Though frail and slender she might be, she bared
Her loyal soul, and so she bravely tried.

Though her flesh was bleeding—though she died
A thousand deaths—she did not make a sound;
And when her neighbors came, she only sighed
And sank into a heap upon the ground.

A little people after all, you say?
But with a heart of gold, and brave and true!
Oh, little Belgium, Savior of the day!
Through all the ages we will honor you!

II. AGHAST!

Like the roar of a thousand oceans—
Like the din of the tempest blast—
They come and come—like a seething horde
Crazed with greed! With gun and sword
They have smote the people of one accord!
The whole world stands aghast!

All that we held as sacred
By them has been defiled.
Cathedrals, the rarest works of man—
Villages, homes they overran—
The things we've loved since the world began
In one huge mass are piled!

The tears and tears through the bitter years
Will weigh on their souls like lead!
By their evil deeds they have tried to kill
The soul of France—but they never will!
Her flag is free, and is waving still—
Though her heart is rung by her dead.

III. AFTER.

A little village sleeps in northern France,
In the heart of a valley cool and green.
On every side, no matter where we chance
To turn our eyes—white crosses there are seen.

Again the breezes waft the summer days
Of peace and love. And far across the plain
The little crosses, with their hands upraised
Point out the way. They have not died in vain.

A narrow road winds up a lonely hill
Then disappears again. There is no sound—
All is serene and glad, but still
We know—for there are crosses on the ground.

A little village sleeps in northern France—
Her hearts that bled, her tears have washed away.
There is no pain or sorrow as we glance
Across the years of yesterday, today.

COMMON GROUND

"Devoted to the interests of the American people of all nationalities"—thus runs the declaration made by the editor of this publication in its first issue, February, 1916, and which still stands at the top of the first column of its editorial page.

We meant what we then said, and today, in the light of the world's conflagration, we renew our declaration with a greater zeal, if that were possible. "No class nor division of interests, but the common interest of all from whatever land they came." This is the shibboleth of the New American Woman.

The foundation of all things worth while in America must necessarily be a common ground, and for a common purpose. All the nationalities of the wide world compose our complex population, and as we assimilate them we are ourselves assimilated. The interest of one representative becomes the interest of all and in the proportion that we understand this we are qualified to contribute to the general well-being of the whole people.

Subjects which concern the most obscure weak member of our composite society bear alike upon the affluent and powerful—for like a chain, a nation is as strong as its weakest link.

Stir, Fellers, Stir!

A sign on the wall of a local boarding house: "Use only one lump of sugar in your coffee. Stir like hell, for we don't mind the noise."



John T. Curtin

Candidate for

Justice of the Peace

OF LOS ANGELES CITY
(POLICE JUDGE)

Resident of Los Angeles City 16 years.

Active law practice 7 years.

Served in the Spanish-American War and Philippine Insurrection in the Philippine Islands.

Understands the needs of the men in the service, having been one himself.

Primary election August 27th.

THE LAW OF THE CASE

A master or employer cannot be held liable for injuries occurring to a workman who performs work outside of his regular duties.

Notice to one of several purchasers of real estate under a deed of trust that there were illegalities in the proceedings, is notice to all.

A bank is not liable for the neglect of its correspondent in the collection of a note where good judgment has been used in the selection.

Where the benefit of a trust fund accrues to both the income and fund itself, the expenses of its administration must be equally divided.

In order to make a public official liable for the misuse of a trust he must be shown to have had the right and authority to exercise such trust.

In giving evidence as to probable life of an injured person a physician must use mortality tables in stating his opinion as to expectancy.

If you buy a note not yet due and have no knowledge of any defect in the consideration for which it was given, you are protected against any such claim.

Where a minor buys a bicycle and fails to make all the contract payments and the wheel is taken by the seller, the "kid" can recover the payments made.

If you buy a piano of an agent and know him to be an agent, you're a chump if you make the notes given for the instrument payable to him as an individual.

The exemption of personal property from forced sale while the debtor has a family does not continue in his favor after the other members of his family are dead.

If your horse runs away being frightened by the honk of an automobile or by steam escaping from a locomotive, you cannot recover damages if there was nothing unusual about the circumstance.

A man cannot make a will providing that 25 years after his death his property shall be divided among his children leaving them without the power to dispose of their interest.

Where a mortgage was executed both on realty and personalty but recorded only as a real estate mortgage, it is void as against creditors of the mortgagor as a chattel mortgage.

If you buy a piece of land and have and keep the money on hand to pay for it as soon as the title is cleared up, you are entitled to interest on the money for the time you are waiting.

SHE WILL

Beneath the shining stars I wait,
And all is calm and still;
And though my lady love is late,
I trust that come she will.

Now in the deep'ning dusk I hear
The water by the mill;
It seems to sing a song of cheer,
That says, "She will, she will."

Across the fields I hear the song
Of distant whip-poor-will,
And when my heart asks, "Will she come?"
He answers, "Yes, she will."

And so, although my love is late,
Oh, beating heart, be still.
For I am sure that come she must,
When all things say she will.

JAMES T. EAGNY.



Orfa Jean Shontz

A WOMAN JUDGE FOR THE SUPERIOR COURT

Why not? The dawn of freedom for all women has broken the gloom of ages of servitude, and lo! they stand free, unshackled and unafraid.

Wherever human rights are assailed women are found breaking down the doors of entrenched prejudice; wherever human suffering is, there women are organized, baffling pain and healing wounds. They are hearing and deciding cases in law touching the rights of women and children.

Among these latter Orfa Jean Shontz is a leader. For four years this splendid woman has sat as Referee of the Juvenile Court; she has heard and determined thousands of cases of wayward boys and girls and her decisions have been universally upheld.

Representative men and women who have been in close touch with the work of Miss Shontz in the Juvenile Court are unanimous in her praise as a sound lawyer with a finely poised mind.

It is generally conceded that out of twenty departments of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County one at least should be occupied by a woman judge. The notable fact that we have in Miss Shontz one whose legal qualifications are ample to cope with every problem likely to arise within her jurisdiction justifies the almost universal approval which her candidacy has called forth.

Women voters not connected with clubs are lining up for Miss Shontz, while clubwomen everywhere throughout the County are with one voice supporting her. A further fact, and the one most complimentary of all is that men, Judges of the

Superior Court and members of the bar generally, have espoused her cause and universally approve her candidacy.

The editor of the New American Woman heartily endorses Miss Shontz for Judge of the Superior Court.

Orfa Jean Shontz is an Iowa girl. Now's the chance for the big-hearted, patriotic men and women from that great State who, it is said, compose one-sixth of the population of Los Angeles County, to show what they can do for one of their own.

HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL

"The services of women during this supreme crisis of the world's history have been of the most signal usefulness and distinction," said President Wilson in reply to the memorial forwarded to him by the French Union for Suffrage, bearing the indorsement of the equal suffrage organizations of Great Britain, Belgium, Italy and Portugal. Acknowledging the receipt of that memorial, President Wilson declared his earnest hope that the Senate would pass the suffrage amendment to our Federal Constitution before the end of this session and asserted without reservation that "the full and sincere democratic reconstruction of the world for which we are striving will not have been completely or adequately attained until women are admitted to the suffrage."

He rested his judgment upon the considerations expressed in the paragraph that follows:

"The services of women during this supreme crisis of the world's history have been of the most signal usefulness and distinction. The war could not have been fought without them, or its sacrifices endured. It is high time that some part of our debt of gratitude to them should be acknowledged and paid, and the only acknowledgment they ask is their admission to the suffrage. Can we justly refuse it?"

No, we cannot, nor does any real American, native or naturalized, think otherwise. Cannot the opponents of the amendment pending in the United States Senate, see the hand-writing on the wall?

FREEDOM'S BRIDGE

A bridge of boats is rising and falling on the sea,
It bears to France an army to fight for Liberty.
Like the rainbow of God's promise, it stretches from shore
to shore.

And soon there shall pass o'er it a million men and more.
When Pershing said, "We're here at last," by Lafayette's
sacred tomb,

The sentence then was spoken that told the Kaiser's doom
Proud Prussia sowed the winds of wrath in hatred strong
and deep,

And now upon the fields of France she must the whirl-
wind reap.

The bridge is growing daily: stronger, and ever wide,
Under it flows an ocean, and o'er it a human tide.

JAMES T. EAGNY.

BELGIUM

May God help the world forget

The crimes that have stained the soil
Of the fairest land. May His blessed hand

Wipe away the tears that stand

In the eyes of men. With a soul more grand
To rebuild it in honest toil.

—Selected.

BUSY-BODIES AND SOCIAL UPLIFTERS A MENACE TO EQUAL RIGHTS

(Continued from Page 12)

We are opposed to parental government and like unto our forbears, we insist upon obedience to civil authority, but we maintain that every American citizen is a part of that authority, that "he is and of right ought to be free and independent; that he is endowed with certain unalienable rights among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

No State or authority may with impunity infringe those rights, and it is the duty of the people of California to wrench from the plunder-bund of taxeaters and fat commissions the powers they assume and to strike a death blow at this latest attempt to dominate the law-abiding taxpayers and the wage-earners who are the foundation and the super-structure of organized society.

COMFORT FOR THE PORTIAS

The original of Shakespeare's Portia was Cassandra Fidele, who was born in 1465 and at the age of twenty-one received the degree of LL. D. She was renowned for her erudition, resplendent genius, and great personal beauty. She was conversant with all the known languages. At the age of twenty-two she pronounced the Latin oration at the University of Padua and conferred the degree of LL. D., so that she must have been professor of jurisprudence or dean of the faculty. The chairs of the universities of Italy and Spain at that time were filled with learned women. This Portia refused all offers of marriage, and lived to be one hundred and one years old.

THINK UPON THESE

That Hugh J. Crawford is a candidate for re-election for Justice of the Peace.

That John T. Curtin is a candidate for Police Judge.

That Congressman H. Z. Osborne, whose faith-



Compulsory Insurance in Germany

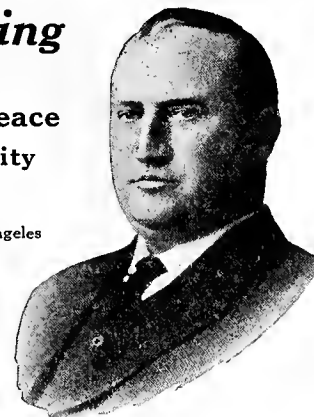
Fred J. Spring

CANDIDATE FOR

**Justice of the Peace
of Los Angeles City**

(POLICE JUDGE)

32 years a resident of Los Angeles



Primaries

August 27, 1918

Election

November 5, 1918

ful services at Washington have challenged even our Democratic friends, is a candidate for re-election in the Tenth Congressional District.

That Sheriff Cline is a candidate for re-election with a host of friends supporting him.

That Miles S. Gregory is a vote-getter.

That Dr. Jessie A. Russell knows what she wants. That she is a candidate from the Glendale District for the Assembly; that the New American Woman approves her candidacy, and recommends her election.

A GREAT PRIVILEGE DENIED

Why Women Should Vote

- BECAUSE those who obey the laws should help to choose those who make the laws.
- BECAUSE laws affect women as much as men.
- BECAUSE laws which affect WOMEN are now passed without consulting them.
- BECAUSE laws affecting CHILDREN should include woman's point of view as well as the man's.
- BECAUSE laws affecting the HOME are voted on in every session of the Legislature.
- BECAUSE women have experience which would be helpful to legislation.
- BECAUSE to deprive women of the vote is to lower their position in common estimation.
- BECAUSE having the vote would increase the sense of responsibility among women toward questions of public importance.
- BECAUSE public spirited mothers make public spirited sons.
- BECAUSE about 8,000,000 women in the United States are wage workers, and the conditions under which they work are controlled by law.
- BECAUSE the objections against their having the vote are based on prejudice, not on reason.
- BECAUSE to sum up all reasons in one—IT IS FOR THE COMMON GOOD OF ALL.



The editor of the New American Woman regrets very much the mistake by which the following poem, published in the June number, was credited to the New York Times, instead of to our well-known Angeleno attorney, Mr. J. W. Sheeley, who contributed it to the New American Woman.

THE SONG OF THE SOCK

With fingers nimble and quick,
Working for Uncle Sam,
A woman sits in womanly grace
Knitting up wool from the lamb.
Stitch—stitch—stitch—
Keeping time with the ticking clock,
And in a voice of musical pitch,
She sings the Song of the Sock.

Work—work—work—
All the livelong day,
And work, work, work,
Till the stars get in her way.
But she tries to keep awake,
And she will never shirk,
As long as there are socks to knit,
And this is Christian work.

Knit—knit—knit—
Till the head begins to nod,
Knit, knit, knit,
Till the eyes are heavy as sod.
Purl and slip and knit,
Knit and purl and slip,
Till over the sock she falls asleep
And dreams of a sinking ship.

O, woman with loved ones dear,
O, woman who's kind and true,
'Tis not all yarn you're knitting in,
But love and kindness, too,
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
As firm as the firmest rock,
Knitting at once with a good strong thread
A HOME as well as a SOCK.

J. W. SHEELEY, Los Angeles.

Dear Mrs. Foltz:

I regret that there has crept into my letter, published in your June issue, reference to the American Association for Labor Legislation as a "great" organization. I think possibly you have confused this organization with the American Federation of Labor.

Certainly the American Association for Labor Legislation has none of the attributes of greatness as the word is commonly used and understood. Its purposes and sources of support are shrouded in mystery and its title is patently misleading. This is shown by the recent action of the American Federation of Labor which refused a vote of appreciation to the Association for the latter's alleged efforts in behalf of labor.

For the American Federation of Labor under the wise and patriotic leadership of Samuel Gompers and his associates, I have nothing but words of praise and appreciation.

Sincerely yours,

C. D. BABCOCK

The following kind words come from Dr. Axel Emil Gibson, whose interesting article, "Is Commercial Jealousy the Cause of the War?" was published in the June issue of this magazine.

Dear Editor:

Allow me to express my appreciation of your excellent-

ly edited magazine, "The New American Woman." The publication is not a stranger to me.

I do not need to congratulate you upon your work in journalism. You are quite conscious of your success, as without this consciousness you would never have succeeded. But I will say this much, however, that your magazine, no matter its title and declaration of principles, has as much of a message for mere man as for woman. It is widening my vision right along. If you were to be analyzed in a single sentence I would define as your keynote, absolute straightforwardness and justice, based on fearlessness and sympathy. Is that a contradiction in terms? Nevertheless that is your key. With sincere wishes for your continued success, I remain faithfully yours,

AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

THE LAST RESERVES

By Eliabeth Curtis Holman

They are calling up the women, the women, the women,
Whose place, they said, was in the home, the kitchen,
and the kirk;
They are calling forth the women from the special sphere
assigned them,
And those last reserves are coming, through the blood,
and hell, and murk.

The healers, and the binders, the watchers, and the lovers,
The mothers, and the daughters, and the sisters, and the wives,
The lads they bore are calling them, with thirst-mad
throats are calling them,
To come, with women's hearts and hands, and save their
souls and lives.

The last reserves are coming! A cheer goes up to meet
them!
A cheer that's half a choking sob, and half a stifled
groan:
"We were waiting just the word, lads!" the women shout,
a-running,
"Just the trumpet-call of freedom, to bring us to our
own."

"We cannot call the angels down," so we must call the
women,
Call them from the kitchen stove, the byre, and shel-
tered roof,
To wash and mend life's garments, that the wasteful boys
have trampled,
And weave love's shining pattern in the soiled and tat-
tered woof.

COME KNIT AND SEW WITH US
RED CROSS AUXILIARY OF LOS
ANGELES MILLION CLUB

1025-1026 Story Building
Every Tuesday and Thursday from 10 a. m.
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Mrs. Frank E. DeLong, Chairman

Mrs. Carl Stilwell, Secretary

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Mrs. Chase Terry, Purchasing Agent

SCRAPBOOK HISTORY

Clipping from "The Fra," written by the beloved
and ever lamented Elbert Hubbard,
victim of the barbarous Hun

"EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE EVERYTHING," said Thomas A. Edison at a great convention of Jovians where he was the guest of honor. "What's the need of talking of what we have done when there is so much yet to do?" said Edison, in reply to one of the many speakers who referred to the great achievements of the master who had honored them by his presence. "You fellows make too much of me," he said. "I am just an old chap who is working and discovering a few things which the world should have always known, and which it perhaps knew and then forgot. Why, boys, we have not done anything in electricity yet."

The Workingman and His Wife

"There should be electric light and heat in every little house where the workingman and his wife and their children live. Everybody should have an electric runabout, that will cost only a few hundred dollars instead of those big expensive motor cars. We ought to be able to have an electric car charged every few miles anywhere, and we ought to have roads that would make an electric car a delight. It is bound to come. What's the use talking about luxuries for the rich? Everybody should have everything."

The Bumblebee a Bird

"We will discover a way to fly, too, as soon as we get a good look at the bumblebee. The bumblebee is the real bird after all. His body is several hundred times heavier than his wings and yet he beats the air with such tremendous rapidity, that he lifts his weight, goes where he pleases and comes down when and where he wants to. Flying is a matter of striking the air enough times per second. The atmosphere is solid when you hit it quick enough."

Attention to Another World

"I suppose the trouble is we have been paying so much attention to another world that we have almost forgotten about this. Now that we are centering on this good old earth right now and here, there certainly is hope for the race. We are not troubled about dying—that will be easy—but what we want to do is to live. I really feel guilty running away from my work. I left so much to do there in the shop at Orange, but some of you fellows just insisted that I come over, and now that I am here I know what a fool I was to come, and so do you, for I haven't anything to say to you anyway."

"And yet it was a fine ride over. The country was so green and beautiful, and a bumblebee flew right into the machine and I caught him in my hat. But you had better run along now, all you boys, and do this convention business. And if I can find a clean shirt I am going to dress up and come on the stage, because Sam Insull and Joe McCall say I must."

Mr. Edison told us he was going to leave town at six o'clock the next morning, before the bunch was out of the hay. He was very much bored with hand-shaking, and there was a crowd around him all the time so that he could scarcely move.



ELECT
MILES S. GREGORY
FOR SUPERVISOR
THIRD DISTRICT

*Who will lower our taxes and put County on War
basis*

Primary: August 27. Election: November 5

Headquarters
318 BRADBURY BUILDING - THIRD & BROADWAY
Phones: 14847 - Broadway 1213

Thousands of Government Positions Open

Clerk-Typists, Stenographers, Clerk-Bookkeepers—
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**ONLY COMPLETE BURROUGHS' SCHOOL
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and other interesting departments

MOST UNIQUE SYSTEM OF SCHOOLS IN AMERICA

A. C. HOFF, Training Expert

Civil Service and Commercial
7th Floor Grosse Bldg.

NIGHT SCHOOL OPENS APRIL 1st

"I am off at six o'clock in the morning," he said. "If you happen to be up, come down to the office—I'll tell you something."

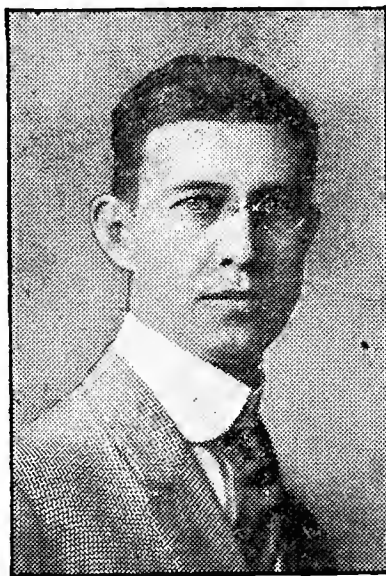
At five forty-five in the morning I was in the office of the Bellevue-Stratford. Five minutes later the Master came shuffling down the stairway, rather than bother having the elevator run up to meet him.

He wore a baggy suit of gray, with a nondescript hat, and might have been taken for Josh Whitcomb, in "The Old Homestead." "Well, this isn't much of a convention. Where are all the delegates? Nobody around yet? That's strange. A convention ought to begin at six-thirty in the morning and run straight through sixteen hours a day. That's the way to work. We all of us sleep too much; also we eat too much. A cup of coffee and a good cigar—why, that's enough to start the day on. Isn't the dining-room open yet? Well, never mind—you clerk there, just run out to the kitchen and fetch in a pot of coffee for me and the boys." And what did the clerk behind the desk at the great Bellevue-Stratford do? Well, he could have done several things. He might have explained that the dining-room was not open until seven; or he could have called a boy and given the order; or he could have intimated in cold-storage tones that this wasn't an all-night Baltimore Restaurant. Instead, he did a thing that he will never do again. He made a rush for the kitchen and in two minutes came in with a tray, a gallon-pot of coffee, and cups and saucers, a peck of biscuits and a pound of butter. He had grabbed the stuff off the "help's table." And the coffee was served right on the office-desk of this palatial hotel. Also, there were no checks and no tips. Edison poured the coffee himself, and sipped some of it on the register. And nobody minded. It was a fine thing to see that clerk rise to the level of events and personally wait on Thomas A. Edison; and then Edison insisted that the two night-clerks and the cashier and his chauffeur should have coffee, too, and he poured it for them. Edison is a democrat of the democrats. And before the six-thirty whistles had blown, Edison shuffled out and climbed into his car. He waved his hand to us, and as a parting shot said: "Give my regards to the boys! Tell them I could not wait to see them all. Sorry, but it's work first!"

"Safety First"

Edison motored over from Orange, New Jersey, traveling at the rate of twenty miles an hour and no faster. He says that that is as fast as any one should go in a motor car. Edison is a big and most romantic figure. His head is massive. His hair is snow-white. His face is lined with individuality. I do not see how it is possible for any one to look upon this man's countenance and not realize that he is in the presence of one of the greatest men the world has ever seen. There is something elemental and strangely honest about the man. You can not imagine his dealing in subterfuge or entertaining a dishonest thought. He ranks with Moses, who led men out of captivity.

John Wesley Luter



For
**Police
Judge**

(Justice of
the Peace,
Los Angeles
City)



PLATFORM
Justice,
Equality,
Efficiency,




Enforcement of all laws equitably, according to American idea of Democracy.

Endorsed by leading lawyers of Los Angeles for place.

Five generations American.

Has practiced law in the City of Los Angeles for 9 years.

REMEMBER THE NAME
JOHN WESLEY LUTER



—a night dollargram.

Retrospection


The thoughtless possibilities of today are clearly seen in the retrospection of tomorrow. Money—like opportunities must be capitalized today.

Tomorrow we have only the vision of "what-might-have-been."

And that will not buy LIBERTY BONDS.

Save today—today. |

**This is the Bank That
Is Open All Night
and Day.**



**NIGHT
DAY**

Wellman

Bank

COMMERCIAL
TRUST AND
SAVING

SIXTH AND MAIN

FIFTH AND HILL
BRANKINS THIRD AND SPRING
BANK AND HOOVER



Three American Graces—Elizabeth Cady Stanton,
Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott

WHERE DO WE STAND?

"On which side does the United States Government stand on the subject of woman suffrage? Beside her Ally, Great Britain, or beside her Teutonic foe? Are we Huns or are we blood brothers of England in the world fight for democracy? The eyes of the whole world are turned toward the United States Senate. To them will belong the splendid honor of deciding the question to the everlasting credit of the United States or the obloquy of keeping American women in the same class as those of their Teutonic foes."—Nashville, Tennessee, Tennessean.

THE FEDERAL AMENDMENT—WHAT WILL IT ACCOMPLISH?

"Just what does the pending Federal Amendment for woman suffrage mean? What women will it enfranchise? On this point there is some misunderstanding and a great deal of misrepresentation.

"Opponents often assume that, when passed by Congress and ratified by the Legislatures of thirty-six States, it will enfranchise all the women in the country, regardless of their qualifications. As a matter of fact, it will enfranchise only those women in each State who come up to the qualifications now required of men in that State. For instance, Massachusetts has a reading and writing qualification for suffrage. When the Federal Amendment is adopted, it will enfranchise in Massachusetts only those women who can read and write. Rhode Island still has a property qualification for certain elections. The only Rhode Island

women who will be able to vote in those elections will be women who possess that property qualification. Many of the Southern States have rather elaborate qualifications for suffrage for men. The only women enfranchised in those States will be the women who come up to those qualifications.

"The Federal Amendment simply forbids the United States or any State to debar women from suffrage on account of sex. It leaves them the same rights that they now have to maintain other qualifications; and under it the women will automatically become subject to the same qualifications that the different States now require of men. A clear comprehension of this fact would do away with much misunderstanding."—Exchange.

AN OUTLOOK AND A PLEDGE

For the next decade we will have to furnish our Government huge sums of money, and if we are taxed to death, how can it be done? The necessities of public expenditure should be carefully considered, and the financial affairs of the County at all times be kept on a sound, economical and business basis, discarding all non-essentials.

If elected Supervisor I pledge myself to give an administration of strictest economy.

MILES S. GREGORY.

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